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TOPLAY

combined with The Mirror

MARCH

15¢

N. FONTAINE
PAUL HESSE

*A personal
story on*

*Clark
Gable*

by

*Adela Rogers
St. Johns*

Want Softer, Smoother Skin?

It's yours—with just One Cake of Camay!



"I'll always be grateful to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for the softer, smoother look of my skin," says this lovely Camay bride, Mrs. John L. Cross, Jr., of Mountain Lakes, N. J.

Skin tests prove Camay's *marvelous mildness*. Complexions grow lovelier... day by day

Tests on skin like yours!



Your complexion will grow fresher, more velvety soft . . . with just one cake of Camay! Yes, change to proper mild care . . . to the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET. Skin specialists tested this care . . . on over 100 complexions! And the very first cake of Camay made most complexions bloom!—softer!—fresher!

Mildness that cleanses without irritation!



These tests demonstrated Camay's mildness . . . proved how it can benefit skin. "Camay is really mild," the specialists said, "it cleansed without irritation." Remember this . . . and stop being haphazard in your skin care. Get Camay . . . and see the fresh new radiance that comes to your skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



Take only one minute—night and morning. Cream Camay's mild lather over face—nose, chin. Rinse with warm water.
Dry skins like a touch of cream too. Oily skins benefit from a lively cold splash after the warm rinse. That's all—and skin's lovelier with one cake of Camay!

TREASURE YOUR CAMAY—

Make it last as long as possible—for soap is made of precious materials. Use just enough Camay to work up a good lather. And keep your soap dish dry—wet dishes waste soap.

After Hours—

win romance with a bright, sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

THERE'S a victory to win—and you're working hard! But after hours, you're *you*—with your girl's heart and time for romance. So wear your feminine frills and furbelows. Yes, and call on the most fetching charm of all—a radiant smile!

Remember you don't need beauty to win happiness and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. And even the plainest girl—with a sparkling, attractive smile—can turn heads and win hearts!

So make your smile gay and radiant—a

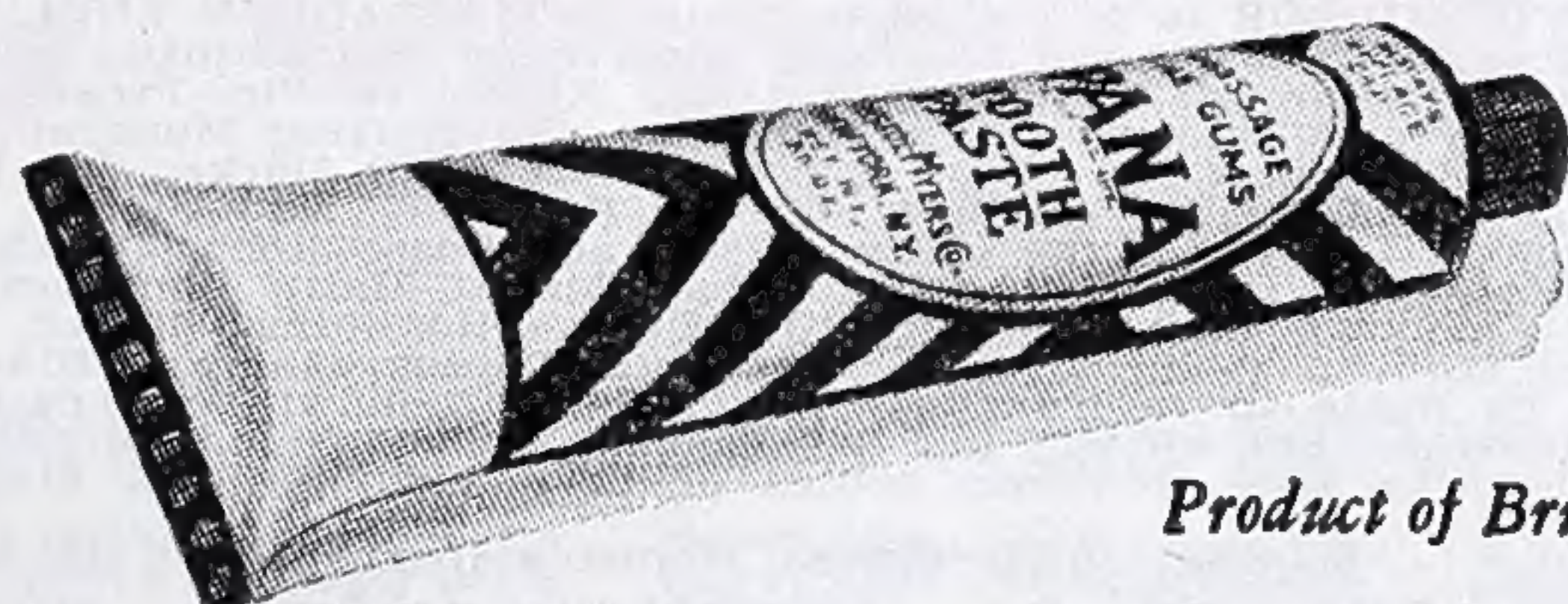
smile that is the real YOU. And remember, healthy gums are important if you want to have a bright, sparkling smile.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by our soft foods. Like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid

the health of the gums as well. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a lovelier smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Your Country needs you in a vital job! .

3,000,000 women are needed to serve on the home front—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now.

What can you do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

Start today WITH Ipana AND massage

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

A legend currently circulating among airmen reveals that when General Chennault, commanding his Flying Tigers, climbed into the cockpit of a plane he said,

"When I'm at the stick I'm just a guy named Joe."



M-G-M presents Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne in Victor Fleming's production of "A Guy Named Joe".

With Van Johnson, Ward Bond, James Gleason, Lionel Barrymore, Barry Nelson, Esther Williams.

Screen play by Dalton Trumbo, adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, directed by Victor Fleming and produced by Everett Riskin.

That's the entire billing and it's an honor to be on it. "A Guy Named Joe" is a great memorable picture.

Spencer Tracy gives the outstanding performance of his career. It is way ahead of his shadow life as an aviator in "Test Pilot".

Irene Dunne surpasses her best work, not excluding "The Awful Truth".

Victor Fleming's direction makes you remember that he also directed "Gone With The Wind".

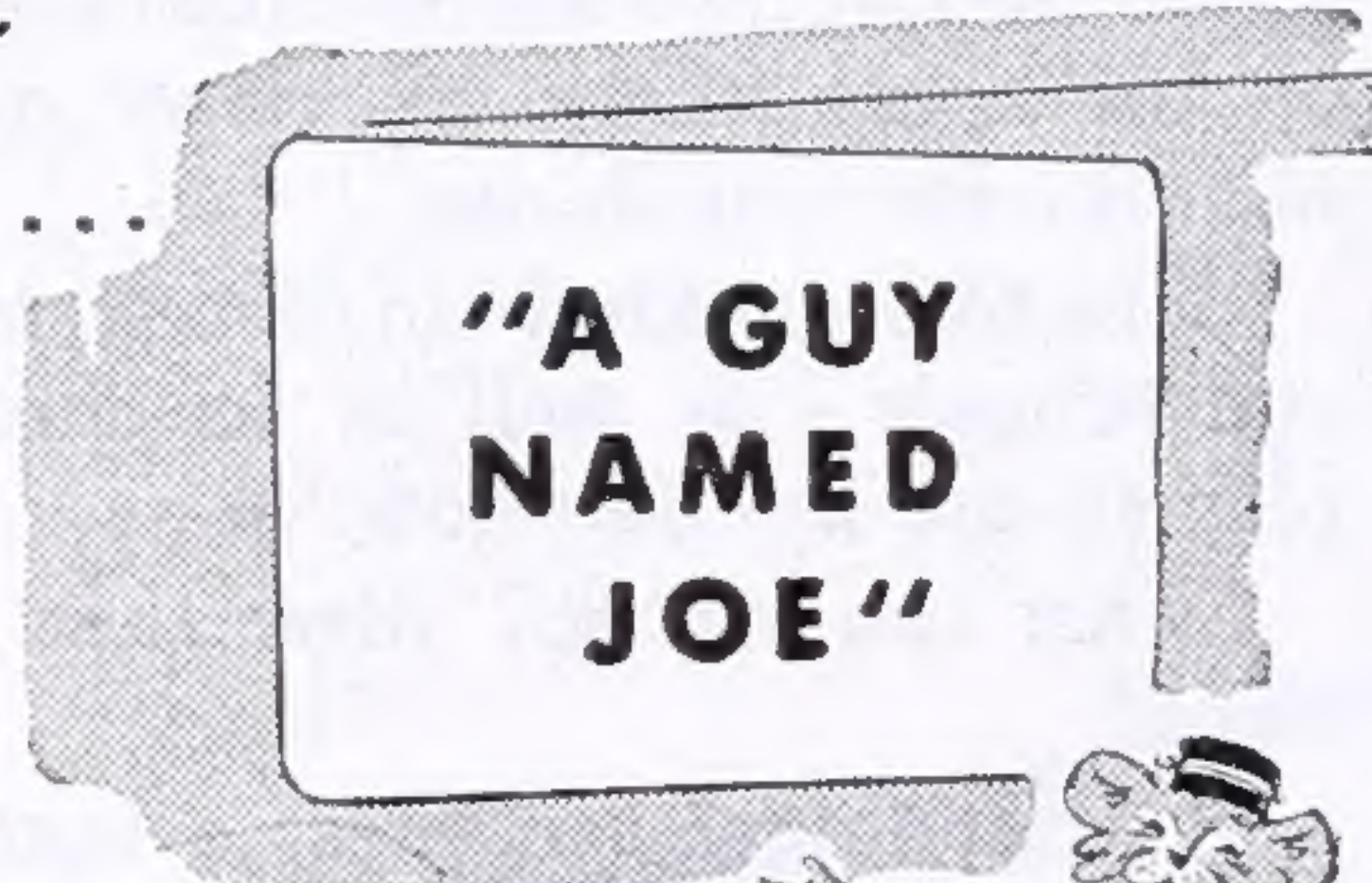
Two lovers with stars in their eyes and their eyes in the stars are Spencer and Irene. She too, you see, is a pilot.

A story of recklessness in the face of the sheerest danger and of love itself which is the enemy of fear.

M-G-M is as proud of this one as of "Madame Curie" which has met with such acclaim throughout the country.

If you care to listen in to a first class radio program try "The People's Reporter" on the Mutual Network. Need we tell you the sponsor?

But it's hard for us to mention the air without coming back to...



Presented by
A Guy Named

—Leo

PHOTOPLAY

combined with Movie Mirror

Presents for March

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A guy named **LEO PRESENTS**



A guy named **SPENCER TRACY**



A gal named **IRENE DUNNE**

in VICTOR FLEMING's Production
of the M-G-Marvelous Romance

The grandest love story since "Test Pilot"

"A Guy Named Joe"



with VAN JOHNSON • WARD BOND • JAMES GLEASON • LIONEL BARRYMORE
BARRY NELSON • ESTHER WILLIAMS • Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Adaptation by
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan • Directed by VICTOR FLEMING • Produced by EVERETT RISKIN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Inside Stuff

CALYORKS

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Grins: Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Tufts at Mocambo



Joy: George Montgomery and bride Dinah Shore



Deep talk: Veronica Lake, Lana Turner at Mocambo

Well, What Do You Know?: Frank Sinatra has a hole in his left eardrum. It makes him a 4-F in the draft. Hollywood bobbysockers celebrated the event with high-school cheers while John Garfield gave out with a Sinatra imitation that killed the people.

Shirley Temple, we hear, has wagered with her own mother she'll be married before she's seventeen. She's nearly sixteen now and the boy of her heart is soldier Hotchkiss.

Charles Boyer, who calls his new son Michel, is so proud he doesn't care if he ever makes another movie. Just can't tear himself away from Monsieur Baby Boyer.

David Niven is now a lieutenant colonel in the British Army. Can't you see the publicity blurbs after the war:—"Sam Goldwyn presents Lieutenant Colonel David Niven in the mad merry farce—'Nothing Private'" or some such thing. Or, wait—Davy might even get to be a general, which would be even more confusing.

When an irate traffic cop handed a traffic ticket to Ginger Rogers, who is not noted for her pleasantries, he nearly fell over. All Ginger said



was, "Thank you." The cop didn't even say, "You're welcome," he recalled later.

At the very moment Twentieth Century-Fox lost Betty Grable to motherhood they discovered right on their own lot a miniature Grable in little June Haver, a blonde curvaceous beauty that stops traffic wherever she goes.

Joe E. Brown, in Chungking, China, had crowds of Oriental fans following at his heels making with the big mouth. A world-wide trademark, it seems, and no pun intended.

Here Comes the Bride—There Goes the Groom: The dawn was climbing the California hills when the doorbell of Dinah Shore's home rang.

And rang and rang and rang. Dinah's sleepy head thrust itself out of an upstairs window. "Who is it?"

"Western Union," came the answer, but the sleepy one was so long coming down, the bell ringer had given up and was already down the front walk.

"Western Union boy, come back," she called, and it was then Corporal George Montgomery, that minute back from Alaska, faced the girl he loved who flew into

his arms.

They sat and talked till Dinah's friend, Shirley Mitchell of the Great Gildersleeve and Fibber McGee and Molly radio shows, came downstairs.

"Hey," George said finally, "what about my letter and the date?"

"What letter? What date?" Dinah asked. It hadn't arrived yet, it seemed.

"I wrote asking you to set the date for our wedding," George said. "Say when, now."

That was on a Sunday morning and they thought they had plenty of time. But on Thursday George knew he'd be leaving again in less than a week. So despite radio rehearsals, photographic sittings and radio shows, (Continued on page 6)



"But it would be more fun to see
'The Miracle of Morgan's Creek'"

drop everything
to see it!

Paramount's

THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK

(There's no Morgan in it-
There's no Creek in it-
But there is a Miracle-
And what a Miracle!)

starring **Eddie Bracken**

Alias Ignatz Ratzkywatzky, the 6F Miracle Man!

and **Betty Hutton**

As Trudy Kockenlocker who kissed
the boys good-bye, regiment by regiment!

With DIANA LYNN • WILLIAM
DEMAREST • PORTER HALL and
'McGINTY' and 'THE BOSS' • Written
and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

"When funnier pic-
tures are made, you'll
simply collapse!"

* "Promise me you won't tell
a soul what the hilarious
MIRACLE is. They wouldn't
believe you anyway!"

Melisse



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Things are looking up—and so are Paulette Goddard and Jack Benny, side-by-siders at a dinner party



The lights go on at a premiere—to show up two "firsts," Anne Baxter and current escort William Eythe having a smiling time

(Continued from page 4) they talked it over. It was to be on a Saturday evening in Las Vegas.

On Saturday afternoon Dinah, her close friend Cobina Wright Jr., and Shirley set out to shop for a wedding dress. They found a lovely soft blue one at Saks but it was too long. Couldn't they please cut it off right then, Dinah begged, not letting on it was for her wedding. It took much pleading and pretending it was for a command radio performance for the boys before the store agreed. While the alterations were in progress the girls shopped for a wedding ring for George (it was to be a double ring ceremony) and dark blue accessories to wear with the blue dress.

In a cold dreary ladies' room of a Las Vegas gas station at two that morning Dinah changed into her wedding dress while Cobina telephoned Justice Paul O'Malley and George searched for a gardenia bouquet and white prayer book for his bride to carry.

"I c-can't k-keep m-my t-teeth from ch-ch-chattering," Dinah moaned, "and those hamburgers with onions w-we ate d-d-don't help a-any."

They had to fight to make her take her coat off during the ceremony, she

Reunion at Mocambo: Anatole Litvak and Miriam Hopkins, once a married twosome, in a "remember when" session



was so cold. Nevada at 2:40 in the morning can be chilly and gas station ladies' rooms aren't the coziest of dressing rooms.

The ceremony was so brief Dinah was sure Justice O'Malley had forgotten part of it. He assured her over and over he hadn't. Miss Dinah Shore had, indeed, become Mrs. George Montgomery.

They repaired, the bride, groom and party, to a town cafe for the wedding breakfast of ham and eggs and then came back to Dinah's home. Cobina gave a wedding dinner party the first night, but the second night George dismissed the cook and donned an apron to prepare a spaghetti dinner just for himself and his bride. They had one more night and then he

was gone—overseas, he thought. It wasn't until he arrived at the station that he discovered he was being sent to Randolph Field, Texas. Dinah tried to get transportation too, but failed. While there, George stayed with Dinah's sister and brother-in-law, Captain and Mrs. M. Seligman. By now he may very well be one of the boys over there listening to Dinah's voice on those "Command Performance" records, longing and wanting his bride like thousands of other fellows. Maybe that new deep ring in her voice is just for him—her man over there.

Smiles of the Month: Four weeks before the shooting of "Road To Utopia" an assistant director phoned Bing Crosby. "Start grow- (Continued on page 8)



RATIONED FUEL?

Now, more than ever, Listerine Antiseptic may help you guard against colds and sore throat

WHEN the thermostat says 60 degrees as you sit down to play bridge, maybe you had better have a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic handy, to be used at the first sneeze or sniffle.

Many medical authorities consider a chill, a draft, wet or cold feet, and fatigue to be important factors in the production of some of the troublesome symptoms of colds.

In their opinion, these factors may lower body resistance so that a threatening group of germs called the *secondary invaders* can stage a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

Much of the discomfort and misery associated with a cold are due, they say, to such "mass invasions."

Kills Millions of Germs in Tests

The prompt and *early* and repeated

use of Listerine Antiseptic may avert this mass attack . . . get the surface germs before they get you. This delightful germicide reaches way back on mouth and throat surfaces to kill millions of bacteria . . . gives Nature a helping hand in its fight to throw off the infection before it gets serious.

This quick, germ-killing action, we believe, explains why Listerine Antiseptic has had such an impressive record against colds in tests conducted over a period of twelve years.

Fewer Colds for

Listerine Antiseptic Users in Tests

These tests showed that regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. Moreover, when colds did develop they were generally milder in character.

Just remember, that fifteen minutes

after Listerine Antiseptic was gargled germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% were noted . . . and up to 80% even one hour after the test gargle.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, it's just plain common sense to take advantage of the Listerine Antiseptic precaution. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**
for oral hygiene



They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring ... they last and last.

Stronger Grip



If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS HAIR NETS
SAFETY PINS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAP FASTENERS
SANITARY BELTS D-N DELNAPS

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

New daters: Anne Shirley, tops in lots of little black books, gives an evening to Mr. Jess Barker



Old daters: Eloise and Pat O'Brien, prime members of the "married and happy" set of Hollywood

(Continued from page 6) ing a beard, Bing," he said. "You gotta wear it in a special scene."

So Bing started the awful task with the itching, scratching, discomfort and all the kidding that goes with a Hollywood beard.

And then came the first day of shooting and Bing arrived with a tangled mass of whiskers, to be met with howls of laughter by smooth-faced Hope, who had planned the gag.

Bing is planning a way to get even and, oh brother, will that revenge be sweet and bitter. . . .

When Captain Clark Gable, who has been off the screen for over a year, first met little Margaret O'Brien he asked her if she, too, was in movies.

Later Margaret, who was so taken aback, confided to her mother:

"That soldier certainly doesn't know much, does he? He must have never seen a movie in his whole life."

Instructor Cummings Speaks: It was an early sunny afternoon in midwinter that old Cal climbed the steps of The Players to find Bob Cummings, hand-

some in his uniform, holding down one of the best veranda tables. We were keeping our date for lunch on Bob's one free day in town.

The laughter generated by Bob and Olivia de Havilland in "Princess O'Rourke" was sweeping the country at the time, but we hadn't come to talk about laughter. Or movies, either, for that matter. We were there to gather firsthand knowledge of Bob Cummings' place in this war and we can tell you we never spent a more enjoyable afternoon.

He's in his thirties, Bob is, despite the fact he not only looks a boy but has somehow managed to keep all the enthusiasm and youthful handsomeness of a youngster. So being past the age of young fliers he pretty well had to make his own place and no Hollywood personality has ever found himself in a more important spot than Bob.

To him, at Mira Loma Base near Oxnard, California, come majors, captains, lieutenants, cadets and young recruits for flight training and on his shoulders is placed the responsibility of training the (Continued on page 10)

Workaday hands can have a "Luxury Look"!



Yes—busy hands can stay on the beauty shift! The secret's Trushay—a *different kind* of lotion—made to a *special formula*. You use Trushay *beforehand*—before you wash undies, or do the dishes—before hot, soapy water can mar soft hands!



You need two pairs of hands these days. (You're wanted in so many jobs.) Well, Trushay's next best! Used *before* soap-and-water tasks, it helps you keep "Sunday hands", every day in the week—guards against roughness and dryness!



For look-prettier evenings, Trushay's marvelous! Use it *beforehand* to guard your hands. Then try it as a powder base. (It's clinging, fragrant.) Or for all-over body rubs. Inexpensive. Get Trushay at your druggist's.



TRUSHAY*

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different name—but the same "beforehand" lotion.

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water



It could be You!

FRANCES DENNEY, world authority on Beauty says, "Your beauty *can* be compelling, unforgettable—if you choose the right shade of lipstick."

★

MISS DENNEY'S superb lipstick adds an arresting dash of color that glorifies your Make-Up. Its smooth, creamy texture makes your lips luscious, inviting.

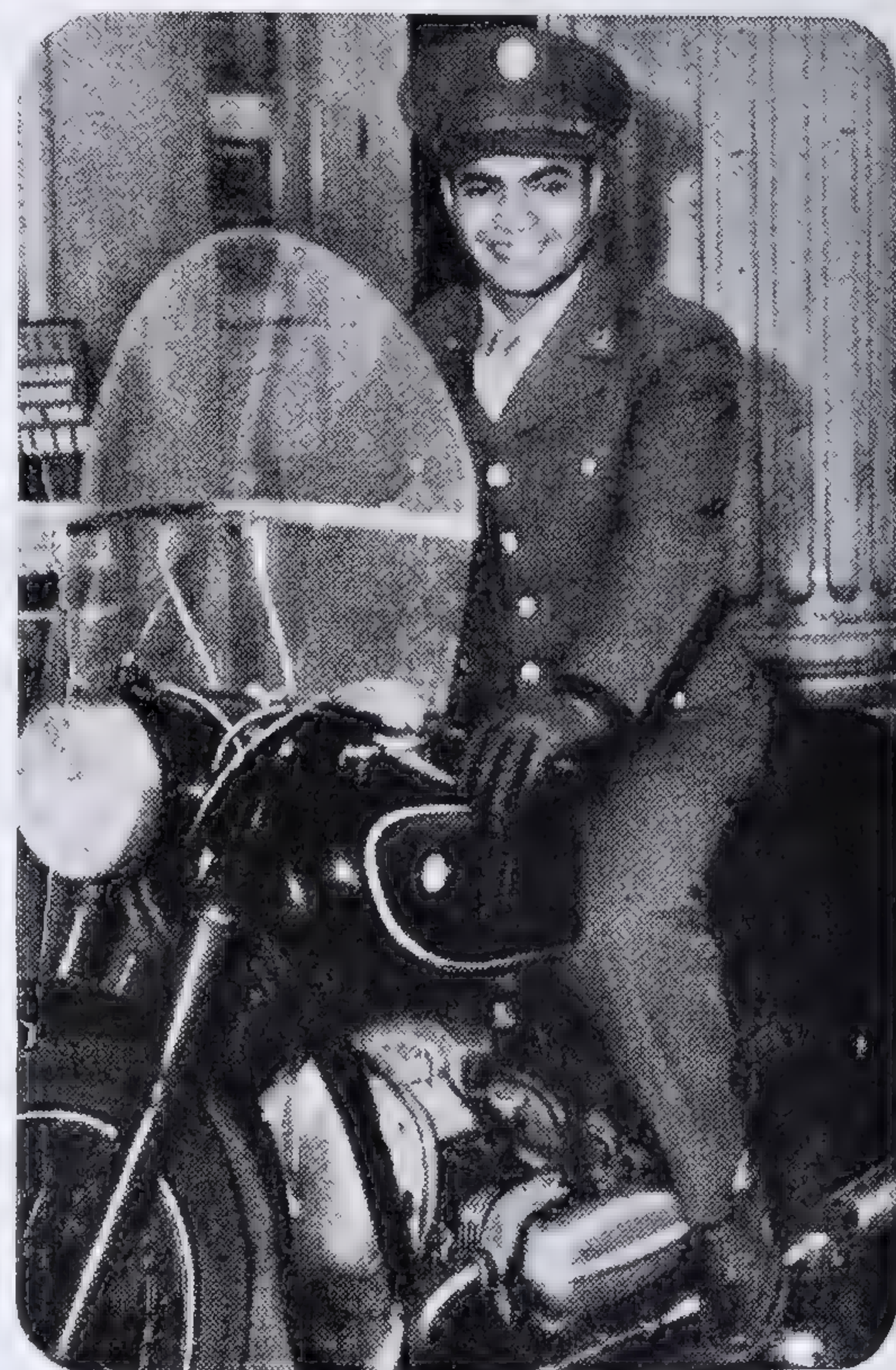
★

Distinguished women, everywhere, use FRANCES DENNEY Lipstick for day and night-time Make-Up. There is a choice of twelve "Unforgettable" shades . . . at better stores in your city.



Frances Denney
OF PHILADELPHIA

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Sabu—in the Army: He wins cheers as a fighting soldier in the armed forces of the U. S.



(Continued from page 8) men assigned to him, commissioned and otherwise, for the important flying jobs that will help win us this war.

Six days a week he's up at 5:40 every morning in order to be on his job at 7:00 for twelve or more hours a day. Every minute of his day is filled with the tedious, nerve-racking job of teaching a man to fly, to relax his tension, to be at ease in the air and to be able to solo within his specified time. To the student who falters in his course he must be parent, friend and adviser to the love-lorn, all in one.

"What kind of letters is your mother or sweetheart writing?" he asks. For nine times out of ten worried letters from mothers or no letters at all from the girl friend can throw a young flier off his beam.

To wash men out is one of the hardest tasks he has to perform. And yet for their own safety, as well as that of others, it must be done. Every man who finishes his course by no means is finished in the mind and heart of this man. In a huge scrapbook, given him by actress Fay McKenzie, he keeps the names, dates, data and pictures of the boys from his classes. When they cover themselves with glory over there, he notes it in his book. And when they go forever, he notes that, too. He'll never forget.

Amusing things happen in the course of training. The day "Princess O'Rourke" opened at the theater near

the base a new class reported. Onto the field strode a six-foot-two cadet, eyes fastened to his plane in sheer fascination; hope, anxiety, exaltation, fear of not making it, all rolled into one.

"P. O'Rourke reporting, sir," he said. Bob grinned. "I don't mind the kidding," he laughed. "But what's the real name?"

"P. O'Rourke, sir," came back the answer.

Bob was still smiling but growing a bit puzzled. The sincerity of the lad was so obvious.

"Did you ever see the picture 'Princess O'Rourke?'" Bob asked.

"No, sir," came the reply.

"Did you know I played in it?"

"No, sir." The cadet, who seemed to have no idea Cummings was an actor, was still eying the plane seriously.

"Well, look," Bob said. "You go down to the theater tonight and see it, for, brother, you don't know it but I'm playing you."

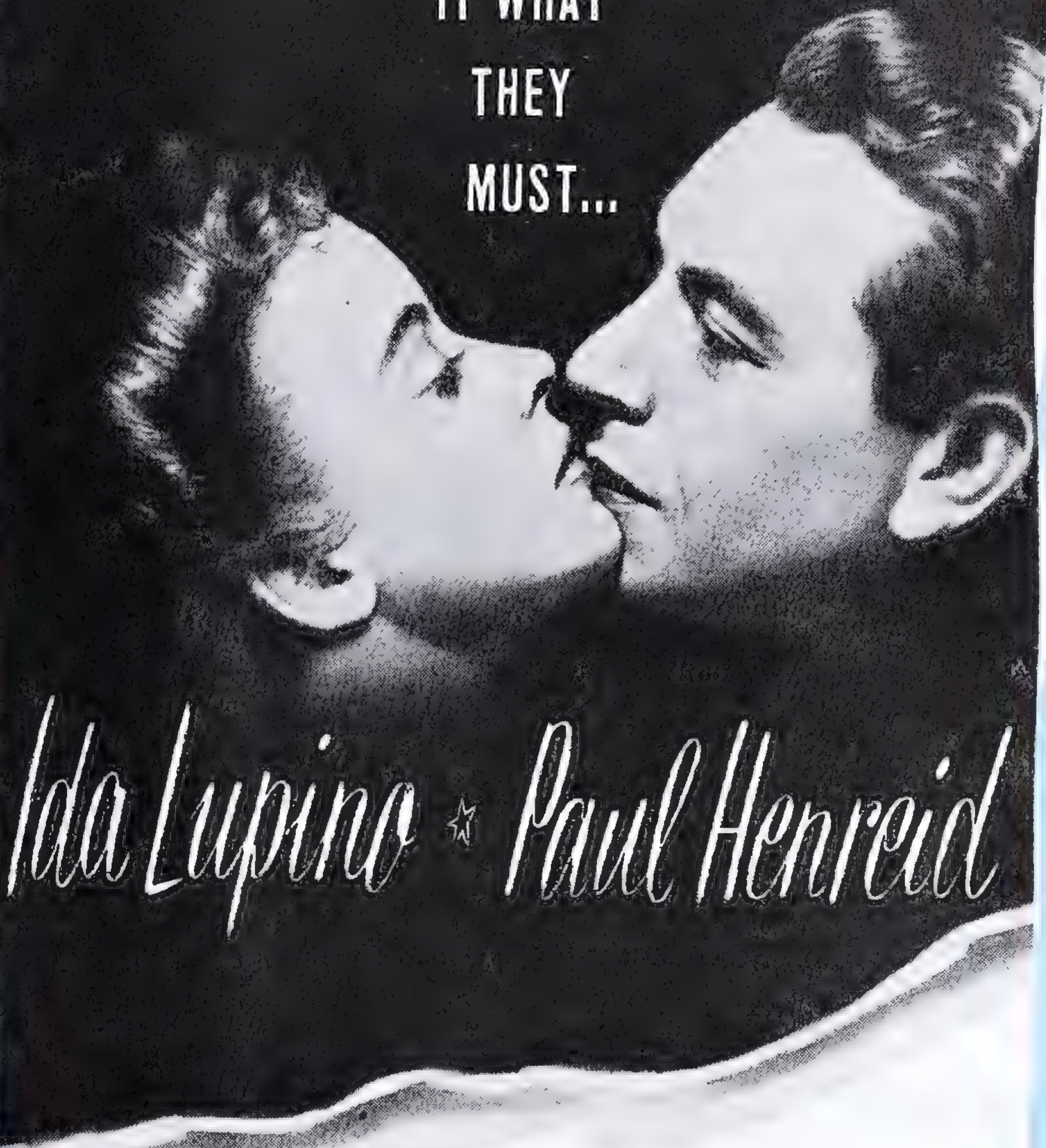
Remember this Cummings lad has no thought he is doing anything beyond his duty. But Cal asks you to remember Bob gave up those gold bars on his shoulders, that coveted commission that every man, actor or otherwise, works and struggles to get, in order to take over this job—one so strenuous and nerve-racking that older men crack under it. As a lieutenant in the Civil Air Patrol who taught civilians to help combat the submarine menace, Bob gave up his commission, the bars he wore with pride. As an instructor he wears a plain, unadorned uniform and is proud of it.

Due to a close scrutiny of his remarkable record as a flier for fifteen years,



The Alan Marshalls—at home: They get applause for being gay, happy—and nice people

TAKING
THEIR
LOVE
WHERE
THEY
FIND IT...
MAKING
IT WHAT
THEY
MUST...



Ida Lupino ★ *Paul Henreid*

"IN OUR TIME"

OF ALL THE GREAT
STORIES PRODUCED BY

WARNER BROS.

THERE HAS BEEN NONE
GREATER THAN THIS!

WITH NANCY COLEMAN • MARY BOLAND • VICTOR FRANZEN • NAZIMOVA

Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN • Produced by JERRY WALD
Original Screen Play by Ellis St. Joseph and Howard Koch • Music by Franz Waxman

he was approached for this work by an official.

"What did you do before the war?" he was asked.

"I was an actor," Bob said.

"Oh." The answer frankly expressed distaste.

"Why?" demanded Bob, his ire up. "What's the matter with acting? Are we a race apart or something? Or aren't we men who also seem to know our job in this war?"

He was given the post.

These are not particularly happy times for Bob Cummings in his own private life, but he never once lets it enter his work. His suit against Universal Studios, asking for his release, is being handled by his two brothers who are attorneys in Los Angeles. They will fight the suit for him to the bitter, final end. He's just that determined.

After two years of knowing their marriage was over, Bob and his wife recently came to a final decision to separate. Mrs. Cummings, at Bob's suggestion, went to Reno and took her final flying course for a civilian pilot license. She, too, is a fine flier. At the completion of her course she quietly received her divorce papers.

Billy Gilbert, with whom Bob shares a workshop, Gilbert's wife Ella, and sister-in-law Fay McKenzie, are his closest friends. Some say Bob and Fay are a seriously romantic twosome. After talking with Bob, Cal feels the two are rather warm, personal friends. But as to the future—

Anyway, we thought you'd like to

know about Bob Cummings and his work. At least you couldn't be informed about a grander guy.

Close Ups and Long Shots: About this time each spring, Hollywood closes its books for the year and takes a look backward and forward. Who has made the biggest strides of the year? Who has slipped backwards? Who will leap ahead to be 1944 stars?

Seems to old Cal a lad named Sonny Tufts, with a single picture to his credit, "So Proudly We Hail," created the greatest hullabaloo. Sonny, whose mannerisms can grow monotonous, has a long pull ahead in 1944. Can he keep pace with his past, we wonder?

Among the girls, Jennifer Jones in "The Song Of Bernadette" seemed the find of the year. Whether her particular type of simple appeal will fit into a more diversified schedule also remains to be seen. At any rate, Cal nominates Sonny and Jennifer as the surprise hits of 1943.

Alan Ladd, 1942's sensation, who was off the screen for much this past fiscal year, we predict will equal, if not surpass, his popularity in '44. Paul Lukas registered a strong comeback in his "Watch On The Rhine," but both Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy failed to reach their peak of other years. The popularity of Mickey Rooney seemed definitely on the wane as Donald O'Connor climbed higher and higher. And Susanna Foster in "Phantom Of The Opera," hit the spot left void by Deanna Durbin who was off the

screen too long during the past year.

Speaking of singers, Frank Sinatra gave Bing Crosby a race for his money in the movie "Higher And Higher" as well as on the air. The name Betty Hutton became important and will become even more so as time goes by.

Katina Paxinou, the *Pilar* of "For Whom The Bell Tolls," emerged the greatest character find of the year and will climb even further, to our notion. Charles Coburn leaped (well, at least galloped) to the front with his wonderful performance in "The More The Merrier," with Monty Woolley giving him a close chase in "Holy Matrimony."

Jackie Jenkins, of "The Human Comedy," and Margaret O'Brien who began her climb to stardom with "Journey For Margaret," won honors for the year in the juvenile department.

And just because he's Bob, Hope became the man of the year in 1943. And what's to stop him from carrying on? Susan Peters leaped ahead, only one jump ahead of newcomer Dorothy McGuire, however, and the public became aware of Helmut Dantine and Lon McCallister, the *California* of "Stage Door Canteen." Humphrey Bogart took a brand-new lease on life (love life, too, kiddies) with his role in "Casablanca" and Sydney Greenstreet became the character villain of the year.

Jim Brown and Van Johnson captured femme hearts by the score and Robert Walker leaped into prominence with his young character portrayal in "Bataan."

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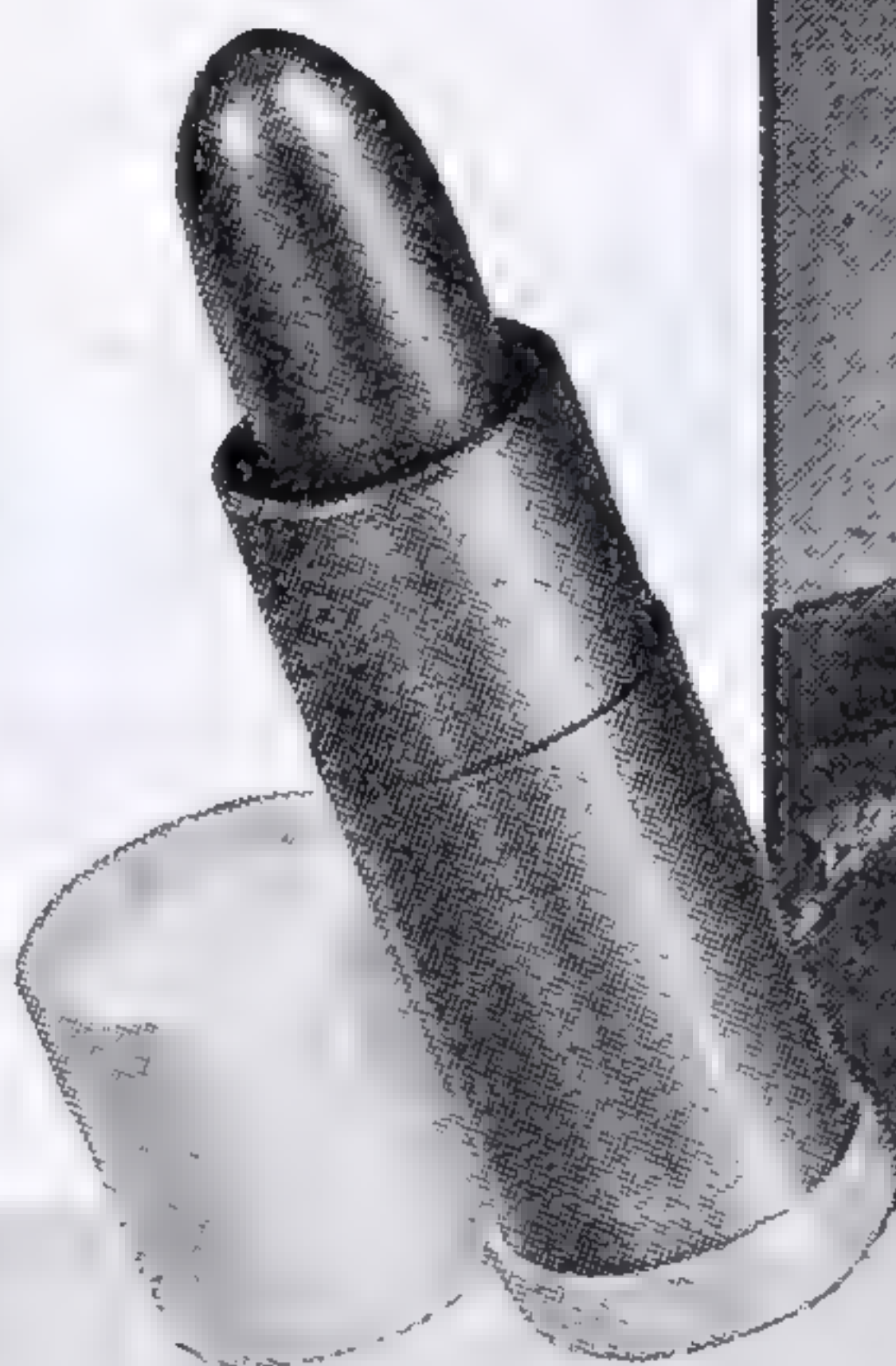
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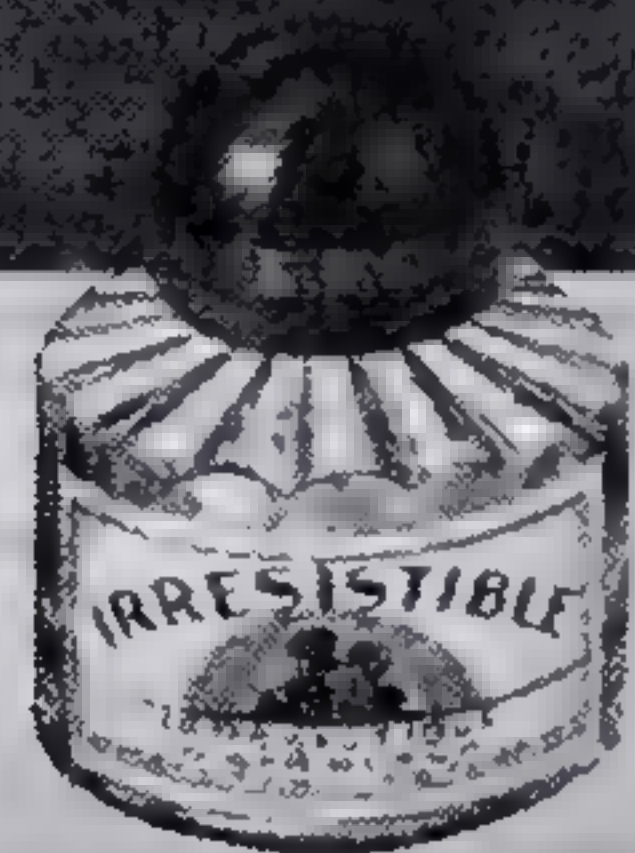
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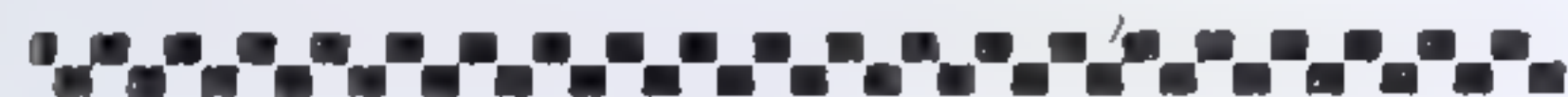
That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME **10c**



Paul Muni failed to make the comeback he hoped for, Gene Kelly managed only to hold the ground gained in the year 1942, and Mary Martin gave up in despair (Cal thinks she should have stuck just a bit longer) and went to New York to make a big hit in "One Touch Of Venus."

We predict next year you will be writing fan letters to these newcomers: John Hodiak, Bob Hutton, Gregory Peck, Bill Eythe, Gail Russell, Barbara Britton and Danny Kaye.

And, oh yes—for the most beautiful newcomer to the screen in 1944, our nomination is June Haver in "Home In Indiana."



Two seats on the aisle: Mr. and Mrs. Franchot Tone on a holiday theater celebration



Turkey With the Quiz Kids: It was our old friend Smiley Burnette, the comic cowboy "Frog" of the Autry and other Western pictures, on the phone:

"Come out Sunday for lunch," he said. "Gonna have the Quiz Kids here."

Fortified by two rugged Marine fliers, Lieutenant Bob Bell of Lynn, Massachusetts, and Lieutenant Roy Wicker of Lubbock, Texas, we trotted out in fear and trepidation. What chance had we against those Quiz experts?

They arrived presently, a whole bus load of kids, parents, schoolmaster Joe Kelly, Mrs. Kelly and others.

Like a flash they were all over the place at once. Smiley had to haul out his motorcycle with the sidecar attached to give each kid a ride. Joel

"Why does that red head always pick on my date!"



Jean: With all the men she's got, you'd think she'd let *my* date alone! I'd like to give her a piece of my mind. Bob's skated more with *her* than with me!

Ann: She's a snazzy skater—but that needn't curdle *you*, glamour puss! You're much prettier, Jean, and you can stop worrying if you'll listen to a word of wisdom.



Jean: ...but underarm odor! You know I never miss my morning bath!

Ann: Baths can fade fast, my pet. Why not play safe with Mum, every day!



Jean: What a silly goose I was not to know baths simply wash away *past* perspiration. But Mum after every bath prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*.



HEY, HOW ABOUT TURNING THAT SWEETNESS MY WAY?

(TO HERSELF)
M-M-MM! BOB REALLY THINKS I'M SPECIAL—SINCE I MADE A HABIT OF MUM!



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Today's revival of earlier American style, so sweetly glamorous and appealing, begins with the romantic hairdo of yesteryear... and many a proud American beauty of those exciting times can now tell her lovely granddaughters the "beauty secret" of her own youth! Yes, Glover's Medicinal Treatment gave beauty to American women then, as it does today... but now you have the advantages of ALL THREE Glover's preparations—the *modern* 3-Way Glover's Treatment for use at home—any ONE separately, or all three in a *complete* treatment!

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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Marriage to be proud of: Ronald Colman and Benita Hume, soon to stage a "proud parent" act

Kupperman, the seven-year-old mathematical wonder, was first. But when it came to the turns of Harvey Bennett Fishman and Richard Williams, they insisted on doing the driving with Smiley in the sidecar. There was only one catch to this procedure. Once in, Smiley, the hefty, couldn't get out.

We gathered at long tables out on the lawn for a turkey buffet lunch with Ruthie Duskin and Gerard Darrow helping with the serving.

When we left, just an hour before their broadcast time, the kids were getting ready to go swimming in Smiley's pool.

They hadn't left off running and tearing, at least Joel hadn't, since they had arrived and yet had energy enough to swim before their broadcast.

Let Cal tell you now you'll never meet nicer, better behaved or more natural children anywhere. You'll see them, perhaps, in a short subject film they made here and, of course, you'll be seeing Joel in his Universal film, "Chip Off The Old Block" and in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films of the future.

A Line or Two: Remember how Freddie Bartholomew was hounded all through his childhood by lawsuits? It's happening again to fifteen-year-old Roddy McDowall, who just recently elected to settle a \$36,000 breach of con-

tract suit out of court.

Charles Chaplin chose to settle out of court the Joan Barry suit in which Miss Barry named him the father of her child. Much better for all concerned that way.

Hear tell Rudy Vallee requested his nineteen-year-old bride Bette Jane Greer not to wear white at their wedding because it would clash with his uniform. So she wore gold lame to match his gold buttons.

Lana Turner is pulling hard for an M-G-M contract for her husband Steve Crane. One hears his first movie job on that lot may be "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo."

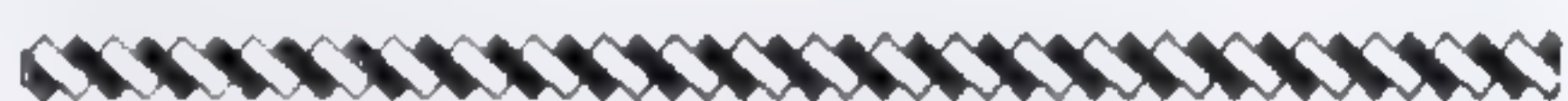
Odd, Hollywood thinks, that Dolores Moran, who has a figure out of a dream-book, was made to wear those heavy woolen and shapeless frocks in "Old Acquaintance." Who was responsible for that, we pause to ask, as if we didn't know too well.

Farley Granger and John Craven go right from the set of "The Purple Heart" to the Army, Cal hears. Seems a prophetic title, doesn't it? Lucky for Farley he received his diploma from high school just before leaving.

Strictly Personal: Thank you, Ray Milland, for your remark to a mutual friend that you constantly read Cal York and enjoyed the column.

Lupe Velez, who has become the blondest Latin in Hollywood (and quite startling it is, too), is so in love with Arturo de Cordova she can't see straight.

The shoulder which Mr. Ronald Colman turned to Miss Marlene Dietrich on the set of "Kismet" would freeze a polar bear.



Wedding to cheer: Steady-daters Lynn Bari and Sid Luft turn into a "just married" couple



"I don't want to be an Absentee —but what's a girl to do?"

I know how important it is to stay on the job. So do plenty other women who miss work on "trying days". We know how much our plant—our country—depends on us, when every minute counts! But how *can* we keep going, at times when we feel like this?



Here's the Answer!

You'll learn how to feel better, when you learn the simple do's and don'ts you'll find in the booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"!

It's a brand new booklet

written for you by "problem day"

specialists—the Kotex people. Written

for every woman worker—who needs to

know the facts about sleeping, diet, exercise, drinking,

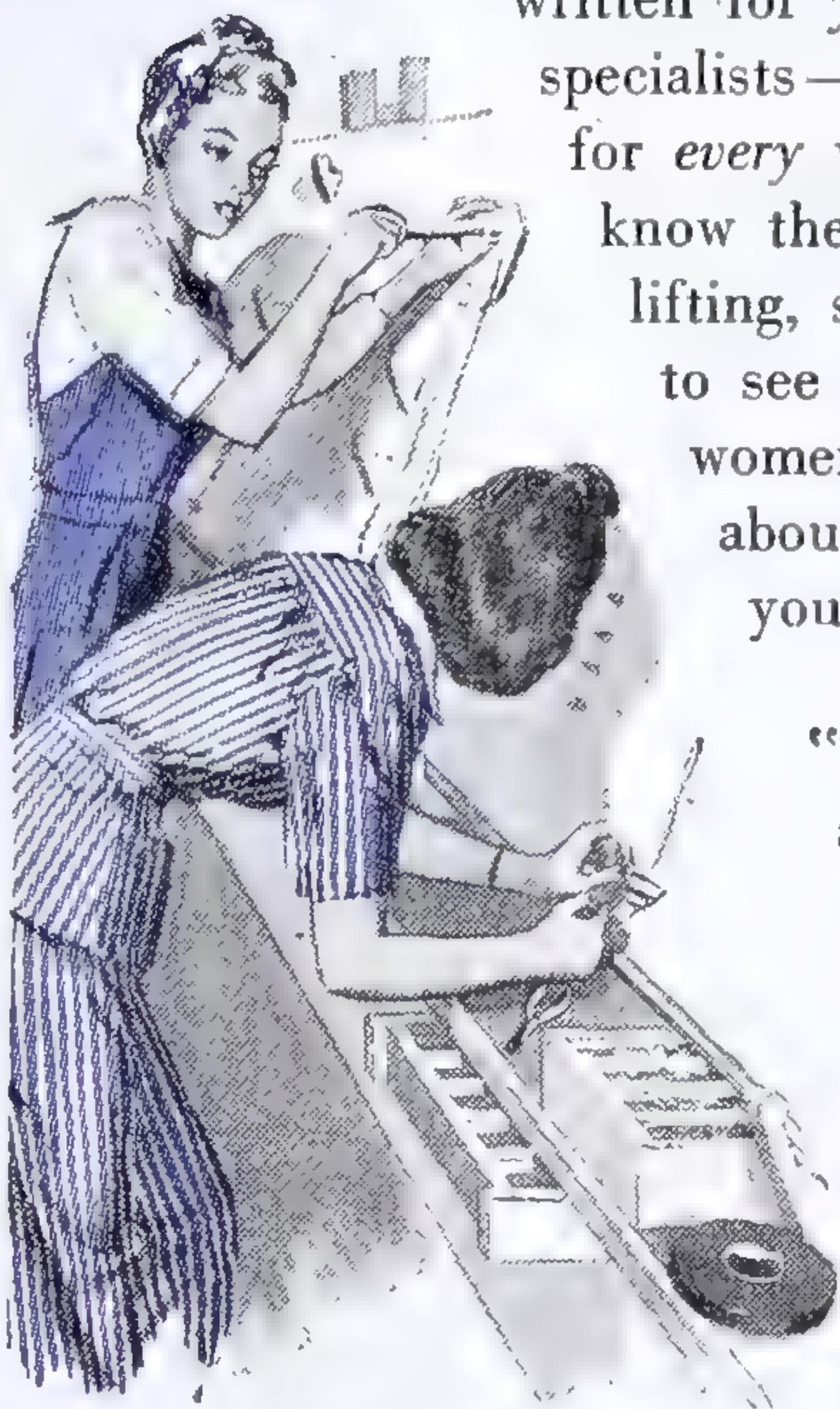
lifting, showers. It tells how to curb cramps. When

to see your doctor. Gives advice for older

women; and for when the stork's expected. Tells

about tampons. And how to get more comfort from

your sanitary napkins.



"That Day Is Here Again" is the answer to an S. O. S. from a war plant nurse. She reports that their *greatest* number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days every month, frequently on "trying days". To aid these workers, and the war effort, Kotex offers this helpful handbook free of charge to *all* women!

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Send today for *your* free copy of the 24-page booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! Remember, each time you stay at home—you slow up production—keep our boys *away* from home, longer! We take pride that we are able to give you this authentic information. Just as we take pride in the fact that more women use Kotex* sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!

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TRIGGER

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BORDER

WITH

RUTH TERRY

GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS

ON SLOW STEVENS

MARY TREEN,

The Wiere Brothers

and BOB NOLAN and

THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

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A REPUBLIC PICTURE

BRIEF REVIEWS

A "be sure to see":
James Craig and
Hedy Lamarr in
M-G-M's "The
Heavenly Body"



✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

ADVENTURE IN IRAQ—Warners: Warren Douglas is a Flying Tiger pilot who's forced down in Iraq. With him are John Loder and his estranged wife, Ruth Ford. The group is picked up by suave sheik Paul Cavanaugh and held as hostages for the sheik's brothers. Douglas falls in love with Miss Ford and the climax is the arrival of American planes to the rescue. (Dec.)

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID—Universal: The Andrews Sisters conduct a Lonely Hearts Club via the radio that comes up for a bit of investigating. Patric Knowles from the District Attorney's office and Gracie MacDonald from the Police Force are sent out and the two, unaware of their real identity, fall in love. The Andrews Sisters sing several songs and Gracie is very cute. (Dec.)

✓**AROUND THE WORLD**—RKO: Kay Kyser hasn't had a better vehicle than this picture of a camp tour, with his troupe including Mischa Auer, Joan Davis, Marcy McGuire, Wally Brown, Ivan Lebedeff and Georgia Carroll. Joan's routines are varied and funny, Marcy sings, and Kay's orchestra provides some swell music. (Feb.)

CAMPUS RHYTHM—Monogram: Gale Storm is a radio singing star who gets bored with her life, so she takes an assumed name and enters a small college. She soon becomes the school belle, with Johnny Downs and Robert Lowery her most persistent suitors. There are several good musical numbers and Miss Storm sings four songs very nicely. (Dec.)

✓✓**CORVETTE K-225**—Universal: All about the dangers encountered by a convoy ship, this is an exciting story that stirs the pulses. Randy Scott gives a socko performance as the ship's captain and Jim Brown proves he has everything to make a star. Ella Raines shows great promise as Brown's sister and Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine and Fuzzy Knight lend the story support.

✓✓**CRAZY HOUSE**—Universal: Olsen and Johnson are in top form in a purely escapist mumble jumble of monkey business. They arrive in Hollywood to make another picture and can only get in the studio by being shot over the wall from a cannon. You can take it from there. Martha O'Driscoll, Patric Knowles, Cass Daley, the DeMarcos and dozens of others get all mixed up in the fun. (Jan.)

✓✓**CROSS OF LORRAINE, THE**—M-G-M: A group of Frenchmen from every walk of life surrender to the Germans and find themselves in a concentration camp, where their bodies and spirits are slowly broken. Jean Pierre Aumont, Hume Cronyn as the

collaborationist, Gene Kelly as the taxi driver, Richard Whorf as the interned doctor, and Joseph Calleia all do forceful work. (Feb.)

✓**CRY HAVOC**—M-G-M: This story, again, pictures the horror that was Bataan under siege. To the hospital, managed by Fay Bainter and Margaret Sullavan, come volunteer nurses, including Ann Southern, Joan Blondell, Marsha Hunt, Frances Gifford and Diana Lewis. Each girl does her very best, with Diana Lewis especially outstanding. (Feb.)

DANCING MASTERS, THE—20th Century-Fox: Laurel and Hardy are back again, first as proprietors of a dancing school and then as cupid to Trudy Marshall and Robert Bailey. From there, they get
(Continued on page 18)

SHADOW STAGE

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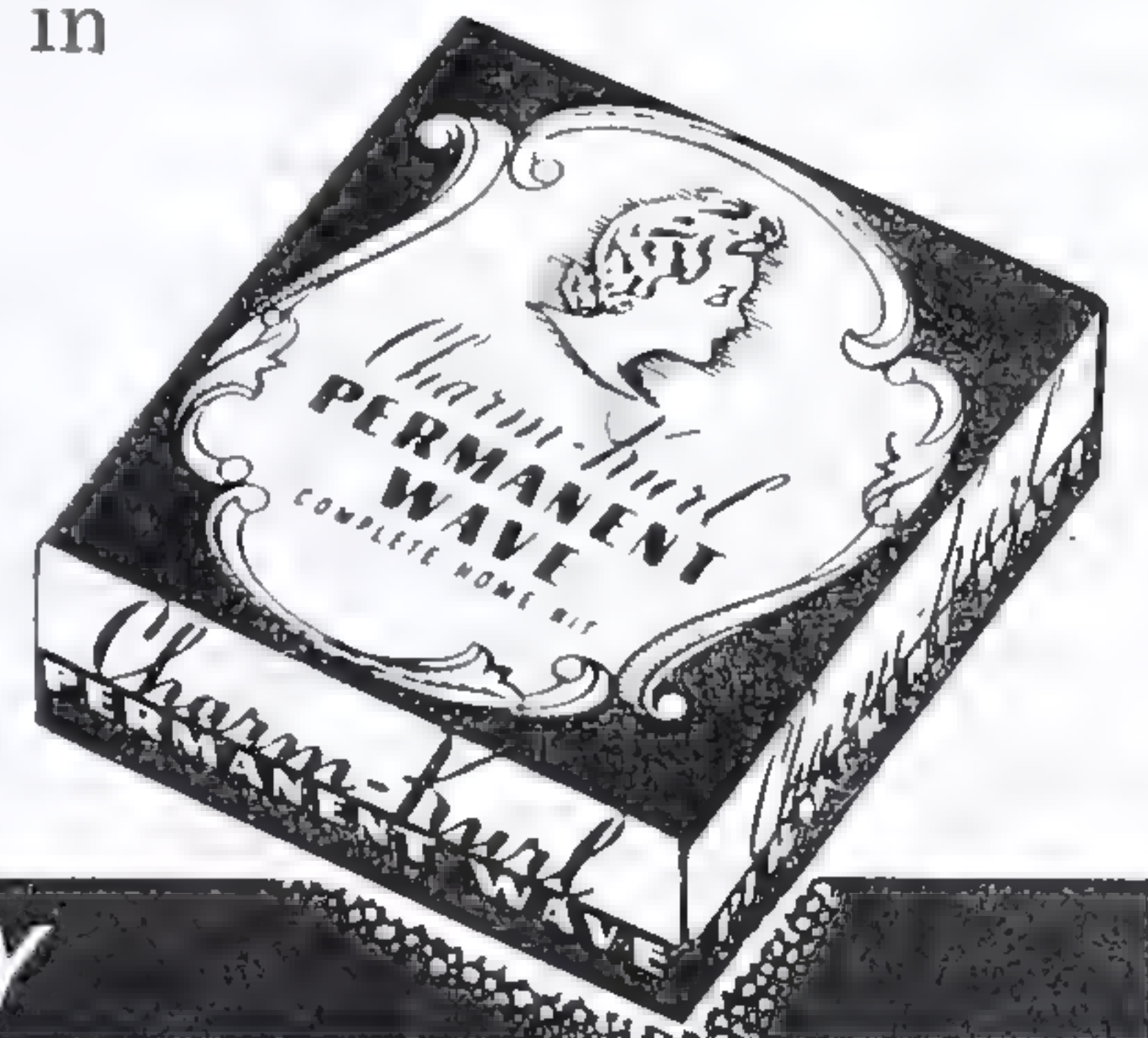
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(Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order)

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 16)

mixed up with a new flame thrower and somewhere along the line they fall for an insurance policy with Laurel trying to reap the benefits. Sometimes it's very funny. (Jan.)

FALCON AND THE COEDS, THE—RKO: A professor in a co-ed school has been murdered, so Tom Conway sallies forth to solve the mystery. He solves it to his own satisfaction, but not to the audience's, who are given no reasons for his solution. Rita Corday is a student prophetess, Patti Brill sings, Isabel Jewell and George Givot are teachers, and Ed Gargan a dumb cop. (Feb.)

FALSE COLORS—U.A.—Sherman: One of the better *Hopalong Cassidy* pictures, this plunges *Hoppy* (Bill Boyd) and his partner, Andy Clyde, into plenty of action when he investigates the murder of a friend who had been heir to a ranch which stands as a key property in the water-rights district. *Hopalong* lands in jail before he cleans up the mess, but clean it up he does. (Feb.)

FIND THE BLACKMAILER—Warners: A silly time-waster all about a candidate for mayor hiring a detective to steal a crow that utters a phrase that might incriminate the politician in a scandal. Gene Lockhart, Jerome Cowan and Faye Emerson have our sympathy. (Jan.)

FLESH AND FANTASY—Universal: A mystic fantasy of dreams and superstitions told in story sequence, with the first starring Betty Field and Robert Cummings. The next interlude has Thomas Mitchell, a palmist, prophesying that Edward R. Robinson will commit a murder, with strange results. Then Charles Boyer and Barbara Stanwyck take over the final intriguing episode. (Dec.)

GANG'S ALL HERE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Beautiful to look at, lovely to listen to, but so fragile in story is this lavish production. Soldier James Ellison leaves behind two sweethearts, Alice Faye and Sheila Ryan, and eventually the two girls find out about each other. Alice looks lovely and sings beautifully, and Carmen Miranda, Benny Goodman's orchestra, and Charlotte Greenwood add to the fun. (Feb.)

GANGWAY FOR TOMORROW—RKO: Novel and unique is this story of a car-pool driver who tells his wife imaginary tales of his defense-plant passengers, but in reality the facts told in flashback are quite different. Margo was a French secret agent, Robert Ryan a careless race driver, and John Carradine a loafer. The events in each life are stirringly told and suspenseful. (Feb.)

GILDERSLEEVE ON BROADWAY—RKO: *Gildy* heads for New York to straighten out his niece's romance, but of course you know he gets involved with too many women and the results are as corny as an Iowa farm. Billie Burke hasn't enough to do in this opus and it all isn't very funny. (Jan.)

GIRL FROM MONTERREY, THE—P.R.C.: Armida takes on the job of managing her prize-fighting brother, Anthony Caruso, and finally brings him to the States, where he eventually opposes Terry Frost, the American fighter she loves. Armida and Veda Ann Borg both sing several songs. Edgar Kennedy is the fight manager and Jack LaRue the villain. (Dec.)

GOOD LUCK, MR. YATES—Columbia: Jess Barker is a young instructor in a military academy who sets off to enlist in the Army. A slight ailment defers it, so while waiting he goes to work in a shipyard; then word gets back to the school that he's a slacker and unpleasantness ensues. Tom Neal, Claire Trevor, Edgar Buchanan and Frank Sully are top additions to the cast. (Jan.)

GUADALCANAL DIARY—20th Century-Fox: This picturized account of our capture of the South Pacific base is an important document of this war and should be seen by every American. The picture reveals how the Marines landed, their heartbreaking wait during bombings for reinforcements, their losses and eventual victory. Preston Foster, William Bendix, Lloyd Nolan and Anthony Quinn are outstanding. (Jan.)

HARVEST MELODY—P.R.C.: Movie star Rosemary Lane is slipping badly in pictures so her press agent, Sheldon Leonard, talks her into helping out in the harvest emergency by becoming a worker on Johnny Downs' farm and thus getting herself a lot of publicity. Rosemary sings several songs, and the Radio Rogues and Eddie Le Baron's orchestra help out the entertainment. (Jan.)

HENRY ALDRICH HAUNTS A HOUSE—Paramount: Henry drinks some strange elixir cooked up by a local scientist and under its influence he imagines he murdered the high-school principal. The affair is supposed to have happened in a haunted house in which Henry was seeking shelter from the rain and the subsequent action goes on in the same spook joint. Jimmy Lydon is a pretty good Henry. (Feb.)

HERE COMES ELMER—Republic: A small-time radio group, played by Al Pearce and his radio gang, are lured to New York by a fake telegram from a big producer offering them a mythical contract. Gloria Stuart and Frank Albertson contribute the romance, Dale Evans sings, Pearce goes into his "Blurt"

character and Jan Garber and his orchestra please the ear. (Jan.)

HI 'YA SAILOR—Universal: Packed with specialty acts and songs and dances, the story revolves around Merchant Marine sailor Donald Woods' efforts to get one of his songs published. Elyse Knox is a girl cab driver who tries to help him get his song introduced by an entertainer. It's almost a vaudeville show. (Jan.)

HIS BUTLER'S SISTER—Universal: Charm is the keynote, laughter the motive, and entertainment the result. Deanna Durbin has never been better as the housemaid who falls in love with her employer, Franchot Tone, and they make a delightful twosome. Pat O'Brien as the butler, Deanna's brother, is a dead-pan riot. It's a story with good humor and freshness. (Feb.)

IN OLD OKLAHOMA—Republic: A hum-dinger of a Western, with John Wayne as the sergeant who served under Teddy Roosevelt and is given the right to drill oil in Oklahoma territory. With Albert Dekker, oil baron, pitted against Wayne, the story boils up to several exciting climaxes. Wayne is swell and Martha Scott, the schoolteacher he loves, is just right. (Jan.)

IRON MAJOR, THE—RKO: Pat O'Brien plays Major Frank Cavanaugh, football coach who later enlists as a private in World War I. From the ranks he is gradually promoted to Major and returns home broken in health but not in spirit. The love story between O'Brien and Ruth Warrick is tenderly moving and Robert Ryan and Russell Wade are outstanding; but it's O'Brien's picture. (Jan.)

JACK LONDON—United Artists: The gusty, lusty Jack London becomes a rather stodgy character in this biographical tale with Michael O'Shea playing the title role. The story begins with his refusal to work in a sweat shop; from there he goes to sea on a whaling expedition, joins the Klondike gold rush, meets *Charmian*, played by Susan Hayward, and becomes a war correspondent. (Feb.)

JANE EYRE—20th Century-Fox: The best "Love Affair" has Orson Welles as the headstrong, impetuous Rochester. Welles is wonderful. Joan Fontaine as the timid, retiring governess to his child, Margaret O'Brien, is the perfect foil for him. Peggy Ann Garner as the child Jane, Edith Barrett as the housekeeper and Henry Daniell as head of the school are all excellent. (Dec.)

JIVE JUNCTION—P.R.C.: Neatly written, directed and acted is this story of a high-school band leader who has the idea of launching a junior canteen for the entertainment of service men. Dickie Moore is very good as the musician, but Gerra Young, a fifteen-year-old youngster who makes her singing debut, is the hit of the show. (Feb.)

LARCENY WITH MUSIC—Universal: Allan Jones is a supposed heir to a fortune who is grabbed up on a fifty-fifty basis by Leo Carrillo, owner of a night club. Kitty Carlisle, as the singer who was let out when Jones came in, sings delightfully, the King Sisters are vocal honeys and the Alvino Rey orchestra provides swell music. (Dec.)

LOST ANGEL—M-G-M: Charming, delightful, and droll is this story of a child prodigy, Margaret O'Brien, who has been raised scientifically by a group of professors. When she meets irresponsible James Craig, she seeks him out again; and her jealousy of Marsha Hunt and the advent of gangster Keenan Wynn into her life make for a hurrah of a story. You'll love it. (Jan.)

MAD GHOUL, THE—Universal: George Zucco is a mad scientist who has discovered a lethal gas that turns people into Zombies. So he tries it on his young assistant, David Bruce, and the two of them go after Bruce's fiancée, Evelyn Ankers, who is on a concert tour. Turhan Bey is Evelyn's accompanist. (Jan.)

MADAME CURIE—M-G-M: A picture of exceptional spiritual beauty is this true life story. Greer Garson brings great authority to her role of the Polish girl who marries the renowned scientist, Walter Pidgeon, who gives the finest performance of his career. After years of physical and mental labor, heartaches and disappointments, the pair finally discover the secret of radium. (Feb.)

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN—Republic: Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers arrive in town to put on a radio show and there he learns of a fracas between the sheep and cattle men, with Ruth Terry's sheep the victims. Ruth is convinced that Roy's the villain, but before he can deliver the real culprit Roy almost loses his own life. The ridin' and shootin' and feudin' are sure fun. (Jan.)

MINESWEEPER—Paramount: Richard Arlen, an Annapolis graduate who has run out on duty when gambling debts catch up with him, enlists on a mine sweeper and proves himself a hero. Guinn "Big Boy" Williams, is very good, and Jean Parker, Frank Fenton and Russell Hayden aid in the telling of the story. (Feb.)

MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK, THE—



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

When a woman puts on slacks to do her work she discovers more and more reasons for using Tampax as her monthly sanitary protection. This doctor-invented product is worn *internally*; so there *cannot* be any of the bulging or bulking which is so annoying... Thousands of other women-at-work, from taxi drivers to bank tellers, find Tampax helps them to keep active. It is quick to change, convenient to dispose of—and there is *no odor*.

You will find Tampax superior in many ways. Made of pure absorbent cotton compressed into throw-away applicators, Tampax is easy to insert and cannot be felt when in place. It requires no harness of pins, belts or external pads. It can be worn in tub or shower. No sanitary deodorant is needed, and an average month's supply will fit in your purse.

Ask for Tampax at drug stores or notion counters. *Three absorbency sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Buy a supply today! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Paramount: William Demarest forbids his daughter, Betty Hutton, to go to a dance for soldiers, but she goes anyway, gets intoxicated and remembers vaguely getting married under an assumed name. When she discovers a baby's on the way, her old beau, Eddie Bracken, attempts to help her through another marriage, which ends in a complete holocaust of confusion. (Jan.)

MYSTERY BROADCAST—Republic: Ruth Terry has a crime radio show that's slipping. Her sponsor wants more excitement, so Ruth, goaded by radio rival Frank Albertson, actually attempts to solve an old murder, and does she wish she hadn't! Nils Asther and Wynne Gibson are both excellent. (Jan.)

MYSTERY OF THE THIRTEENTH GUEST—Monogram: Helen Parrish and various relations return to a long-closed mansion to hear the reading of a will. Someone among those assembled almost succeeds in annihilating Helen, the heiress, and finally does succeed in murdering several others before clever sleuth Dick Purcell spots the killer. (Jan.)

NEVER A DULL MOMENT—Universal: The three Ritz Brothers are a trio of half-baked vaudevillians who take a job in a New York night club, believing themselves hired as entertainers, whereas the job was meant for three crooks. The realization, once they're in the club, of their real purpose there, brings on some unusual consequences. (Jan.)

NORTHERN PURSUIT—Warners: Helmut Dantine is the Nazi colonel secretly landed in Canada by a German sub, and Errol Flynn, brave as ever, is the Northwest Mountie pitted against Dantine in a game of wits and subterfuge. Julie Bishop is Flynn's sweetheart who is taken along by Dantine on a hazardous journey to a secret Nazi fortification. Flynn, pretending to be pro-Nazi, is the guide. (Jan.)

NORTH STAR, THE—Goldwyn Productions: The very breath of life and hate and hope and horror has been breathed into this magnificent story of a magnificent people, and it reaches the heart of the human soul. With outstanding performances by Anne Baxter, Jane Withers, Dana Andrews, Farley Granger and the entire cast, it tells of the Nazi invasion of a Russian village, the consequences, and its recapture. (Jan.)

OLD ACQUAINTANCE—Warner Brothers: Women will love every minute of this love story that involves much self-sacrifice on the part of Bette Davis, who gives understanding and strength to her role of the writer who remains loyal to her weaker, selfish, petty friend, Miriam Hopkins. John Loder is Miriam's husband whom Bette loves, and the cast includes Gig Young and Dolores Moran. (Feb.)

PARIS AFTER DARK—20th Century-Fox: Stirring drama, sincere and believable, about the French resistance to the Nazis. George Sanders plays a doctor who is head of the Underground and Brenda Marshall is his assistant. Then Brenda's husband, Philip Dorn, is released from a Nazi prison and returns home, his spirit broken. Madeleine LeBeau, Raymond Roe and Marcel Dalio round out the cast. (Dec.)

PRINCESS O'ROURKE—Warners: A gay, charming comedy about an American pilot, Robert Cummings, who, unaware of her identity, falls in love with a royal princess, Olivia de Havilland. Jack Carson and Jane Wyman are so good, and you'll enjoy the sparkling gags. (Dec.)

RIDING HIGH—Paramount: Purely escapist entertainment, laid against the colorful background of an Arizona dude ranch, this musical mix-up deals with the on-again, off-again love affair of Dorothy Lamour and Dick Powell. (Jan.)

SAHARA—Columbia: Humphrey Bogart does a terrific job as the Sergeant of an American tank crew, whittled through conflict to three men, who in their retreat across the Sahara gather up a contingent of British soldiers, an Italian prisoner and a German flier and eventually stave off a Nazi attack. (Dec.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES FACES DEATH—Universal: *Sherlock* (Basil Rathbone) is right in his element of castles on the moor where murder stalks. The castle has been turned into a nursing home with *Dr. Watson* (Nigel Bruce) at the helm, and when his assistant is murdered, *Sherlock* unravels the mystery, but only after murder strikes again. (Dec.)

SON OF DRACULA—Universal: Lon Chaney is *Dracula Jr.*, who proves a chip of the old block, to the regret of Louise Allbritton, who marries him. Robert Paige, her former suitor, gets mixed up in the fracas, as does Evelyn Ankers, her sister. (Jan.)

SO THIS IS WASHINGTON—RKO: Chester Lauck and Norris Goff are in top form as the country storekeepers, *Lum* and *Abner*, who invent what they think is synthetic rubber and go to Washington to submit to Alan Mowbray. The gags are hilarious. (Dec.)

SO'S YOUR UNCLE—Universal: Actor Donald Woods impersonates an old man to avoid his creditors, is knocked down by Elyse Knox's car, and taken to her home. There he meets the financial angel he needs, Billie Burke, who becomes matrimonially inclined, much to his dismay, since he's fallen in love with Elyse, who still thinks he's an old man. The picture has a lot of fun. (Feb.)

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY—20th Century-Fox: A typical musical with several good songs and a fine cast. Robert Young is a reporter who exposes Betty Grable as a former Brooklyn burlesque queen so she gets back at him by giving out gooey but untrue stories of their engagement. (Dec.)

(Continued on page 112)

"What's happened to our Marriage?"



1. I met Stan when I went to work in a war plant. We fell in love, were married . . . and at first had a beautiful life. Then suddenly . . . a barrier between us! I, who counted so on our precious hours together, was crazy with grief!



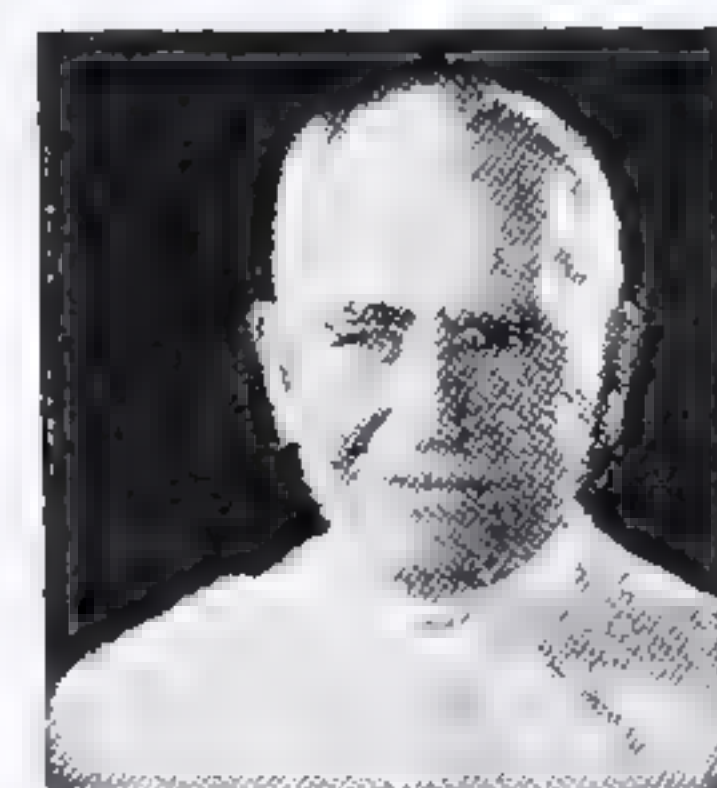
2. Then one night, we went out with Kay and George, our closest friends. Later, Kay and I were alone and she asked why I looked so tragic. Anxious for sympathy, I told her my troubles. "Sue, darling," she said when I finished. "It's so simple. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love if she's neglectful about . . . well, about . . . feminine hygiene . . ."



3. "See here, Sue," she suggested. "Why don't you try Lysol disinfectant? My doctor recommends it for feminine hygiene . . . says many modern wives use it." Then she told me how this famous germicide cleanses thoroughly . . . deodorizes, too. "And besides," she added, "Lysol's so easy to use. Just follow directions—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."



4. Now, Stan and I are more happily in love than ever before! Kay was absolutely right about Lysol. It is easy and economical to use—and it works wonderfully!



Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copyright, 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet PMM-344. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Scenes from the forthcoming
musical sensation of 1944



Rita Hayworth
Gene Kelly
in
COVER GIRL
in *Technicolor*

Music by JEROME KERN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

with
LEE BOWMAN • PHIL SILVERS • JINX FALKENBURG
and

THE COVER GIRLS
15 OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Speak FOR YOURSELF

Special "thank you,
sir" to Richard Jaeckel—and his role in
"Guadalcanal Diary"



\$10.00 PRIZE An Eye to the Future

IN everyday life, and especially the life of the returning soldier, the transition from war to peace will be a social and moral, if not economic, upheaval. The soldier returned to his family or accustomed circles has to acclimatize himself again to habits and conversations that have grown strange to him.

So I think the movies have a tremendous task—to change from the complacent, patriotic sentimentalism of war pictures to the quiet "four-freedoms" brand of movies palatable to the new thinking and new ideas in the coming peacetime world. The old mushy type of gushing love, after the gross realism of life as revealed to the home-boy in foreign lands and hot jungles, will be like molasses on tarty pickles; the sophisticated divorce dramas, so popular before the world divorced itself from peace and decency, will recoil in the returned soldier's mind because he will have learned, I hope, that home life, simple devotion and sanctity and durability of the home is just what he was fighting for.

The blood-dripping war pictures with that hero-complex will be out because, after all, he has learned in deadly earnest that even the hero has done no more than his duty.

And this new type of cinema will then be the greatest boon to global understanding and co-operation. For the movies must be also an instrument to re-educate the wayward and peace-starving people whom we had to put in the world-school's corner for bad behavior and erase from their twisted minds the rising sun and the crooked swastika. Movies, I think, are the greatest teacher for that.

Paul C. Linden,
Chicago, Ill.

\$5.00 PRIZE A Glance at the Past

MODERN movies are wonderful! Their entertainment value is high. But often I am homesick for the silent films. I miss the following things which the silent films had:

Captions: What if your eyesight was weak or your mind not adroit enough to catch all of the words? Always, some

nearby stranger had anticipated these difficulties of yours, so he promptly read aloud the captions.

The Kiss: The hero gnawed on the heroine's lipstick smear as he would on an ear of corn.

Heroine Watching Hero and Villain Fight: She crouched to one side, her hands held over her ears, she being so dumb that she thought this would keep the terrible scene from her eyes.

The Water Cure: The heroine applied water to wherever the hero was injured, be it broken skull or fractured leg, and thus quickly cured him.

The Close-Up of Heroine Weeping: Glycerine tears, as big as pears, rolled down her cheeks, her face as expressionless as a blank tombstone.

Came the Dawn: They rode away to meet it, having, like chumps, stayed up all night to do so.

The silent films were invariably amusing because of those six things.

Fred B. Mann,
Danville, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE True Picture

THERE have been a lot of war films made in Hollywood—pictures that show the Japs as little monkeys that don't know how to fight.

Yesterday I saw "Guadalcanal Diary." It doesn't need technicolor or beautiful blondes to convey its message. "Guadalcanal Diary" brings you face to face with grim reality. It shows that the Japs are not pushovers. They know how to fight, have good equipment and are fanatical! It shows what our servicemen and our allies are going through so that we may again live in peace.

Thanks go to Lloyd Nolan, Bill Bendix, Preston Foster, Richard Jaeckel and the U. S. Marines for their fine performances.

"Guadalcanal Diary" should be a "must" on every movie-goer's list.

Lila Kern,
Modesto, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE A Blues Chaser

I'VE seen some crazy goin's on 'mid all kinds of storm and strife,
But I've never seen such goin's on as were in "True to Life."

Mary and Dick and Franchot Tone couldn't have been more funny
And that little guy called Victor Moore is absolutely a honey!
For more than an hour I laughed and howled—and almost split a seam . . .
Take it from me the whole darn thing is really one big scream.
In these dreary days when you want to laugh amid all the storm and strife,
Take it from me, do just one thing, see Paramount's "True to Life!"
Bette Rose,
St. Paul, Minn.

\$1.00 PRIZE
To the Blondell!

I AM a Navy signalman and recently I returned from a seven-month trip. We had our share of excitement and our share of hardships. The trip as a whole was very educational, but what it really taught me was that the boys in the service get the best treatment and consideration right here in the good U. S. A. They treat us guys so nice here that there are times I really feel sorry for the guys that can't get in the service.

At present, I'm convalescing from an appendicitis operation at the U. S. Naval Hospital in St. Albans, Long Island. The medical care, the tender treatment, the wholesome atmosphere, etc., couldn't be better.

Some of the boys in my ward here have been wounded in action and are slowly responding to treatment. One day last week we were all in our beds and the ward was pretty gloomy. To our surprise, in walks Joan Blondell and she talked to each one of us and asked us how we felt.

She is really a charming person and possesses a cheerful personality. After she left our ward the gloom vanished and all the boys picked up their pens and stationery and started to write to their friends about Joan's visit.

Three cheers to Joan Blondell from the boys!

Nicholas Scalera SM 3/c
U. S. Naval Hospital
St. Albans, Long Island, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE
It Shines Bright

IN the past few years I have noticed that Hollywood has been producing more pictures than ever that show brilliant production and excellent selection of story and cast.

Now the queen of all these masterpieces has been born—the beautiful story of "The North Star." It was born from the strength, courage and determination of the Russian people on the home front—the guerrillas and their families.

The cast was chosen perfectly and all the players did their parts beautifully.

The one I think should receive top honors and who is the decade's best find

(Continued on page 89)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Which of these 6 Skin Troubles is Yours?



**Read How My New 4-Purpose Face Cream
Helps Bring Back Your Smooth "Baby Skin!"**

BY *Lady Esther*

What is the first thing people see when they look at you — look closely at you? *Your skin!*

Are you proud of it—or a little ashamed of it? Is it a soft, fresh, young-looking skin? Or is it dry and coarse? Is it blemished and *uninviting*?

You can't expect to have a lovely skin by covering up the blemishes. *You must remove the cause.* And the cause of many skin troubles is an accumulation of dirt, stale make-up, dead skin cells . . . lodged firmly in the mouths of the pores.

**Four aids to beauty
in a single jar of Cream!**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream is scientifically designed to bring your skin four important aids to beauty—all in a single jar of cream! It cleans out the mouths of the pores, removes the rancid accumulations, eases away the dry, dead skin-flakes. Try it—and see what a thrilling difference it makes in the appearance of your skin!

You see, under the surface layer of your

skin, a new and fresher layer is constantly forming. This is your new-born skin, your "baby skin." My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently but thoroughly removes every last bit of clogging tissue . . . and gives your "baby skin" a chance to show itself.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does all these four vital things for the beauty of your skin—every time you apply it: (1) It thoroughly, but gently, *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin, relieves flaky dryness. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

Living Proof—in Your Mirror!

Why choose a face cream because it's expensive, or because of a clever package? Judge it only by what it does for your skin!

Try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! Get the smallest size jar if you like—but *try it!* When you see how radiantly clean and fresh your skin looks — how much smoother and more youthful—it's time enough to get the largest, *most economical* size. But for living proof this is the most *beautifying* cream you have ever used, get the small-size jar *today!*



Lady Esther
**4-PURPOSE
FACE CREAM**

"I'm sure most people would have thought him an
ugly man...but when his lips caressed my
hair...his fingers touched my throat...
I knew he was the most thrilling man a woman
ever loved!"

20th
CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS

ORSON WELLES
as "Edward Rochester"

JOAN FONTAINE
as "Jane"

Jane Eyre

by
Charlotte Brontë

with Margaret O'Brien
Peggy Ann Garner • John Sutton

Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON • Screen Play by
Aldous Huxley, Robert Stevenson and John Houseman

From
Charlotte Brontë's
immortal story of
love pitted against
terror!

And watch for the other coming big
pictures from **20th Century-Fox**
including

THE SULLIVANS

The story of the year about the
family of the year! — in the
picture of a lifetime!

Hollywood At The Front



YOU SIT BACK in the deepness of the loge seat and wait with sharp anticipation. Your feet are dry, your make-up intact, the roar of the rainstorm outside is muffled. Your body relaxes with physical comfort.

At that very moment the man whom you kissed goodbye months ago squats on the roughness of a freshly hewn log, his raincoat spread out against the sucking mud. The roar of the rain is in his ears, the drenching wetness of it in his face. He sits immobile with total lack of physical comfort, straining to see the shimmering silver dancing up on the screen in front of him.

You are thousands of miles apart from each other and you both are seeing Betty Grable's latest Technicolor musical, or Greer Garson as Mme. Curie, or Alfred Hitchcock's "Lifeboat."

Soon your man, drenched by the tropical rainstorm of a land he had never even read about when he studied geography in school, is with you again, through the magic of a movie, is holding your hand, is dancing to Harry James, is eating chop suey, has met you after work, is walking in the park with you, is kissing you goodnight.

He is one of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers overseas who for two hours have forgotten their uniforms, their weariness and the job ahead. Hollywood has transported them from the Italian hillside under fire, from the Solomon Islands, from the Aleutian wastes, back home, to Ohio, to Texas, to Oregon.

Hollywood . . . and the movies are at the front. To

men so consumed by homesickness that their eyes smart with tears, there comes surcease, the chance to forget—and to remember. Hollywood's movies, the latest that PT boats, B-17 bombers and jeeps can speed across oceans and through jungles, are being shown, at an average of over a thousand different Army-constructed "theaters" each night.

Recently on Guadalcanal, one steaming night, fifty-one different films were used at sixty-two different shows. Usually the first showing begins after mess, about seven o'clock. By six, most of the men have already taken their seats. When there is an air raid, the projector snaps off, the men race for the nearest shelter and—with the first all-clear—race back to the clearing for the rest of the film.

At the world's farthest outpost, a tiny mail plane circles and lands. Joyous soldiers rush to the field. To the pilot they shout: "Any letters?" And then, almost in the same breath, "Any movies aboard?"

That night, the handful of men assigned to guard this speck of desolation sit in breathless silence for the show to begin and later, after the film has been run off for the second time, they hit their bunks and fall asleep with smiles on their faces.

For they are dreaming of you and home, the home that has once more been made real to them by Hollywood.

Fred Sammis

The Shadow Stage

BY SARA HAMILTON

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓✓ The Song of Bernadette (Twentieth Century-Fox)



Inspiring: Jennifer Jones, William Eythe in "The Song Of Bernadette"

AT a propitious moment in our war-ravaged world comes from Hollywood, of all places, a peace on earth, good will to men benediction in the moving and spiritual story of Bernadette, the peasant girl who glimpsed a holy vision in the village of Lourdes.

Today the Miracles of Lourdes are known the world over. How these miracles came to be is our story. It begins with the simple tale of a simple village girl out to gather firewood to warm her hovel of a home. While her sister and a friend run on ahead, Bernadette remains behind to glimpse, in a niche beside the refuse dump of the town, the vision of a lovely woman.

The story spreads, with most of the townspeople themselves believers of Bernadette's story. Only the politicians and the Catholic Church itself fail to believe until the miracles begin.

Jennifer Jones, as Bernadette, gives a beautifully sincere and completely moving performance. Charles Bickford, the priest who first opposed the child, is outstanding. Cleverly cast, too, are Vincent Price as the Imperial Prosecutor, Charles Dingle and Aubrey Mather as local politicians, and Lee J. Cobb as the doctor who maintains an open heart and mind.

William Eythe, the boy who loved and believed in Bernadette, has a bright future ahead, judging from his brief performance.

Such outstanding players as Gladys Cooper, Edith Barrett, Patricia Morison, John Maxwell Hayes and Jerome Cowan grace this beautiful story by Franz Werfel.

Your Reviewer Says: "To those who believe in God, no explanation is necessary; to those who do not, no explanation will suffice."

✓✓ A Guy Named Joe (M-G-M)

FANTASY, comedy, romance and drama travel hand in hand through life and death, through this world and the next, and in the completion of the journey weave the pattern for the year's most unusual motion picture.

As in the case of "Mr. Jordan," life after death is treated matter of factly, at least in the case of *Joe*, a fighter pilot who is killed in action, and receives orders as usual from the general in the other world. *Joe* is to return to earth and aid in the training of young pilots who, without his expert skill and direction, may also lose their lives.

Complications arise when Spencer Tracy, who plays *Joe*, learns Van Johnson, the young pilot in training, is falling in love with Irene Dunne of the Ferry Command, the girl he loved on earth. Jealousy pos-

sesses *Joe* to the extent that the pair feel his spiritual antagonism.

But when Irene leaps in to complete a mission that would mean death to Van Johnson, Tracy quietly withdraws into his own world, leaving the two mortals to their new-found happiness.

There is some slightly dissatisfying quality about the film that keeps it from being the timely great picture it should have been.

Tracy is a magnificent *Joe*, Barry Nelson as his spirit pal and Lionel Barrymore as the spiritual instructor are outstanding. James Gleason, Esther Williams, Henry O'Neill and Ward Bond add so much to this fantasy that every one will surely want to see.

Your Reviewer Says: Fantasy with force.



Unusual: Irene Dunne and Spencer Tracy in "A Guy Named Joe"

✓✓ Tender Comrade (RKO)



Delightful: Robert Ryan and Ginger Rogers in "Tender Comrade"

"TENDER COMRADE" is a poignant, merry and at times heartbreaking story of women who work in a defense plant and await their soldier-husbands' return.

There are spots that climb the heights of emotional appeal, but there are many flat surfaces in between. The writer's ideas of democracy and long speeches on patriotism and hoarding may grow a bit tiresome to Americans who are aware there is a war on.

But on the other hand we have some delightfully tender and amusing scenes between Ginger Rogers and her young husband, Robert Ryan. Seldom has marriage of an average young couple been more honestly portrayed. Ryan is one of the finds of the year to our notion.

Ruth Hussey steals honors next to Ginger for her portrayal of the hard-boiled mem-

ber of the four war wives who pool their resources and rent a large house, each paying her share of the expenses. Only don't believe for a minute there are five-bedroom houses completely furnished in the West Adams district of Los Angeles for rent at a neat ninety dollars. Someone dreamed that one up.

Nor do housekeepers, even patriotic ones such as Mady Christians so beautifully portrayed, go about volunteering their services free. Young war wives may find several scenes hitting too close for comfort. But the mission of "Tender Comrade" seems a "lest we forget" one and it pulls no punches in accomplishing its aim.

Your Reviewer Says: A tear for every chuckle. (Continued on page 113)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 115

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 120

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 16

Foretta Young

SOON TO BE SEEN

IN PARAMOUNT'S "AND NOW TOMORROW"

A color photograph of actress Foretta Young. She has short, wavy brown hair with a small white flower accessory on the left side. She is looking into a round, dark-framed mirror she is holding in her right hand. She has blue eyes, red lipstick, and is wearing a white lace-trimmed dress and large, ornate earrings. The background is dark and out of focus.

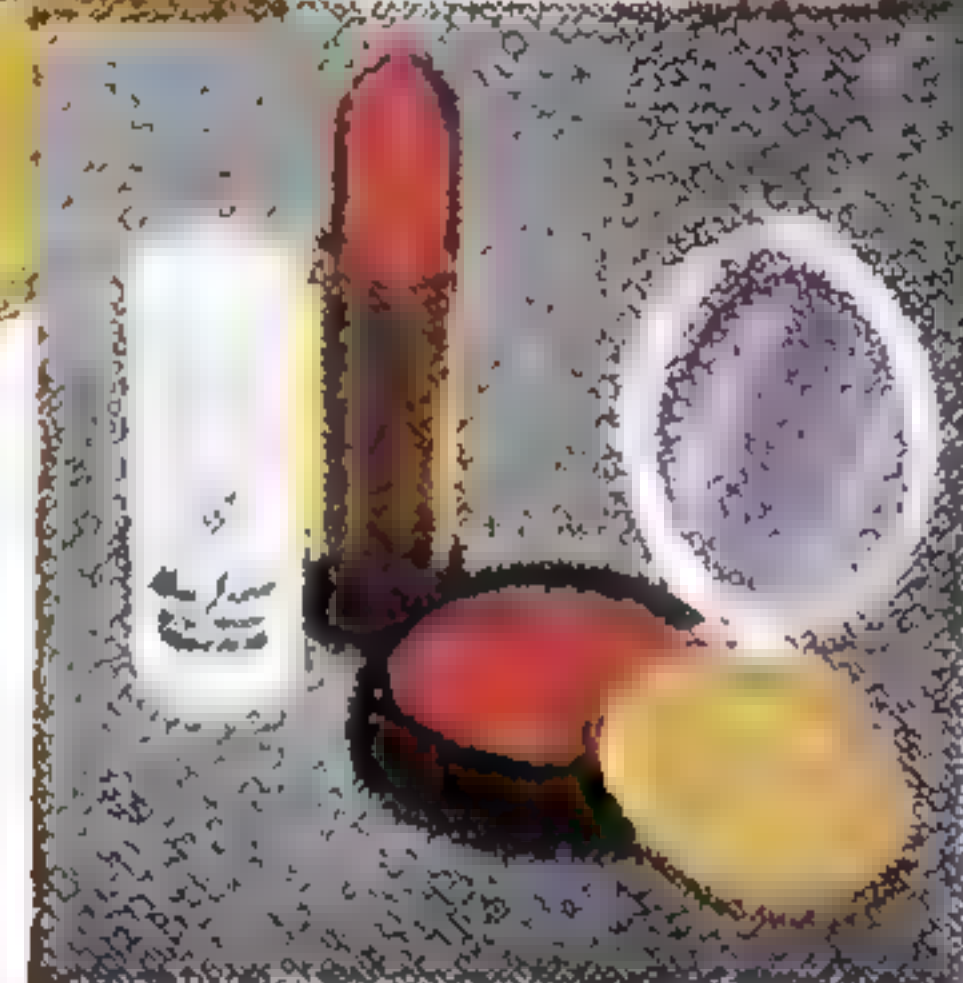
*Max Factor * Hollywood
Face Powder!*

1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3..it clings perfectly...really stays on

Blonde! brunette! brownette! redhead! accent the natural beauty of your type with your color harmony shade of Face Powder created by Max Factor Hollywood. You'll love the look of youthful beauty it imparts...the satin-smooth make-up it creates...the way it stays on and looks lovely for extra hours. Try Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today...One dollar.

A black cylindrical container of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder with a gold band and a label.A gold-colored jar of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder with a white lid.

**MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK**



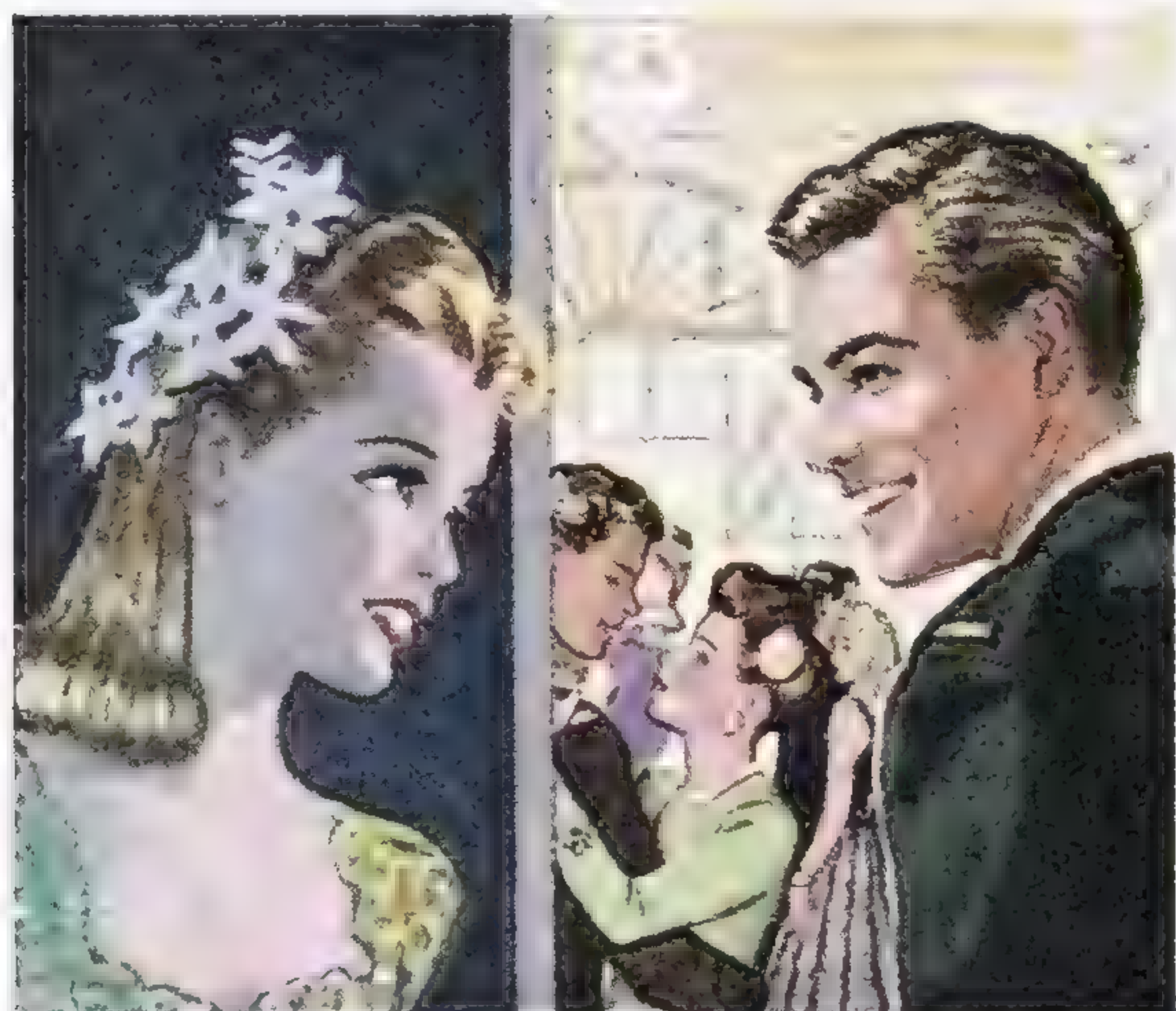
How to Write a Short Story:

1. Take a girl with a problem (beauty)

... Jane's at an officers' dance—and something's wrong! The music's grand—but she isn't dancing. It's a dinger of a night for a twosome—but she's a lonesome. If only ...

2. Add a handsome Marine ... (her rival's).

He says, "Hello!"—and his smile lifts her heart. But it falls with a thud—when he passes her by to dance with somebody else. Somebody with a complexion as smooth and radiant as—say! ...



3. Bring in a beautiful baby (her sister's).

Maybe *that* is the answer—she's always bathed with gentle Ivory Soap. Doctor's orders. No soap is purer than mild Ivory—it contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. Better change to regular, gentle cleansings with Ivory—Jane!



4. YOU write the happy ending!

Does Jane meet the handsome Marine again? Does he fall like a ton of bricks? Does she marry him? Could be. It's easy for a gal with a baby-radiant skin! Better start using gentle Ivory for *your* skin—tonight!

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure ... It floats.



★ ★ ★
Save Soaps! They Use Vital War Materials!

1. DON'T LEAVE SOAP IN THE WATER when you're through lathering yourself.
2. BE SURE SOAP-DISH IS DRY before you put your bar back.
3. USE UP SOAP SCRAPS in wire shaker or tied in cloth.

Look lovelier with IVORY—the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!



Gay Companions



The "read between the lines" romance of Ann Sheridan and Steve Hannagan

BY

ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

WHEREVER they go you hear their laughter . . . Greeting old friends backstage at "Winged Victory" . . . Dancing at the Stork Club . . . Saying good night in the little bar at the Chatham . . . Vacationing on Florida's warm sands . . . Trimming a Christmas tree in California. . . .

His laugh, hearty and resounding—wonderfully and typically Steve Hannagan . . . Her laugh, a sudden burst of mirth—wonderfully and typically Ann Sheridan. . . .

"Ann and Steve!" Friends, hearing their laughter, instantly seek them. For they are good to be with these days. Their gaiety is always spilling over.

Ask either Ann or Steve if there's marriage ahead and you get exactly nowhere.

"We have millions of laughs," Ann tells you and the cheer in her voice makes it clear that she believes sufficient unto the day is the joy thereof.

Steve, cornered, will admit, "I'd hate to think I could be around Annie for long and not be a little romantic. . . ."

Period. More than this they will not say.

Hollywood is especially interested in this friendship and what the outcome of it may be. Ann's friends are

frankly hopeful. The fact that she will not admit there is a possibility of marriage doesn't impress them too much. They know how impulsive Ann can be. They also know that Ann, with her natural love of gaiety and fun, has great need of a companion like Steve. They are aware, too, of what many would find it difficult to believe—that since her divorce from George Brent, Ann, who isn't a girl who will go out with anyone unless she likes him more than a little, has been desperately lonely. They are aware how often she has sat alone in her Encino ranch house, of which she is so proud, playing phonograph records for amusement; and of how many times she has, rather touchingly, telephoned some friends, tried and true, to come over for a coke and a game of Ping-pong or double solitaire.

It all began, happily enough, last summer when Ann made her first trip to New York in a long time. That she was nervous about the press may seem odd in view of the fact that the Hollywood Woman's

Press Club have voted her the most co-operative woman star. But in California the press are friends whom she sees every day or two on the Warner Brothers lot. The New York correspondents were, for the most part, utter strangers.

To say Mr. Hannagan has a way with the press is gross understatement. Mr. Hannagan has a way with practically everybody. He is a king among public relations men. Ordinarily, however, he does not represent individuals.

The only individual he ever represented before was Barbara Hutton, prior to her marriage to Cary Grant, when she was decidedly out of favor with press and public alike. The rumor persists that when she acted contrary to his advice he fired Barbara by telegram, telling her not even to trouble to send in her check for services to date, though no one has ever heard a word about it from Steve.

The Hannagan accounts always have been and still are Big Business. He represents a large railroad company, Miami Beach, a prominent soft-drink company and one of the world's largest copper companies. The soft-drink people alone are reputed to pay him a personal fee of fifty thousand (Continued on page 87)



Are American Women Good Wartime Wives?

BY

Kathryn Grayson



Do this: Ask your heart the same

questions that Kathryn Grayson has asked here and

then squarely face that fighting man of yours

who is offering his life for you



ARE we American wives worthy of the sacrifices our men are making for us on the fighting fronts?

I never believed I would or could ask myself such a question. But, for reasons which I shall try to explain, I am asking myself now. And I am asking you.

I've always believed that American wives, in every walk of life, were the best wives in the world. In my own profession, I've admired such women as Margaret Sullavan, Rosalind Russell and Joan Bennett who have successful careers and, at the same time, make good homes for their husbands, want children, have them and, having them, give them time, intelligent care and love.

I admire Alice Faye and Betty Grable and Maureen O'Hara and Brenda Marshall, who want babies and homes even more than they want their careers. And I envy them. For I want a baby, too.

Traveling back and forth across the country I've seen clotheslines hung with family garments, flapping cleanly in the wind back of countless small, humble and often isolated homes. I've caught glimpses of aproned women bent over stoves or shaking dust cloths and mops out of windows and something in their gestures, something capable and changeless, always made me feel that we American women know how to cherish and protect our own and that we take deep root in our homes, would defend them with our last breath (as our men are doing) and are content in them, wherever and whatever they may be.

Now—and I say this sadly—I am not so sure.

Now, I wonder. . . .

I wonder when I am informed that the enlistment of the women of this country in the various branches of the Service has fallen way below expectations. I wonder when I hear idle, well-supported women, some of them women with children, yes, but children in their teens, using their children or their age or their

health or even their homes as alibis for not taking wartime jobs. I wonder when I see women fighting like she-tigers at the shop counters where luxury items are sold and consider how they might be putting that same energy into defense work and that money into War Bonds. And I also wonder when I see the wives of service men making a problem of themselves for their husbands and their Government.

Because I am a war wife myself and so am close to the conditions that face women who have men in the armed forces, let me report to you some of the ways in which I see us failing.

A FEW months ago, on a train bound for California, to which I was returning after a camp tour, I was in the lounge car one evening awaiting my turn in the diner. Among those also waiting were a great many soldiers and officers, a few civilians, mostly traveling men, and a group of young war wives who had just seen their husbands off for overseas.

At first these girls talked among themselves, comparing experiences, being quite choky and teary over their Tim or Jim or Joe. Then they began talking with some of the men at the bar. Presently they began drinking with them. Later—and this is actually true—one of the girls, who by this time had had far too much to drink, came and knocked at the door of my compartment, asking to borrow it with a man she had met in the club car.

I remember I didn't close my eyes for the rest of that night. Those girls had given me very unpalatable food for thought. I can't, I must admit, speak knowledgeably or with much understanding of girls who, presumably in love with their men or, even more incredibly, married to them, succumb to casual attractions. Not that I put myself down as a strong character, but simply that, since I met and fell in love with Johnny, I could never even think of

anybody else in an emotional way.

I do realize that war wives, especially the very young ones, are confused and badly disturbed, emotionally, by the swift violence of wartime courtings and marriages and the too-sudden and too-soon partings. Just the same, only a few hours before, these girls had said good-bye to their husbands who were on their way, perhaps to die, for home and country.

The most generous interpretation we can give such behavior is to call it "war hysteria." And the treatment for hysteria is a good, resounding slap in the face. That, for my money, is what girls who cause their men in the armed forces one moment of uneasiness should get.

To reverse the picture, and there is, happily, a reverse, there are the thousands of women who, with no thought in their minds but to be with their husbands, journey tirelessly from camp to camp, often dragging small babies with them or, worse, expecting babies.

THEIRS is not a lack of heart or loyalty, goodness knows. Just the same, I ask myself whether they are as good wives as they believe themselves to be. I wonder whether they face squarely just what would contribute most to the peace of mind of their men. I wonder whether this skittering around the country isn't indicative of emotional unbalance or a curious form of wartime self-indulgence on the part of our women.

For many of these wives-on-wheels are definitely neglecting their homes in order to be camp-followers. Many of them have not sufficient funds with which to travel properly. They skimp on food and create all kinds of disturbances on trains by fainting from sheer hunger. When they travel with children, they are actually endangering their health, if not their lives, for travel is not sanitary now and babies should not be subjected to it except when it is really necessary. (Continued on page 69)

Lies I cannot tell

It's high time somebody corrected those ideas about Roz Russell (left) and Joe E. Brown (below) — and Hedda's just the bright one to do it!



THE TIME of year has rolled around again when we celebrate the birthday of our national figure who made the cherry tree famous—or, to be more exact, the man who made truth famous by saying, "I cannot tell a lie." Inspired by George Washington's example, I'm going to apply the hatchet-and-cherry-tree method to Hollywood and through Photoplay's pages, tell the truth about some of the famous people and some of the famous situations out here about which there seem to be certain misconceptions—let the chips fall where they may!

To begin with, there is a sentimental little lie being told that Olivia de Havilland is so in love with Captain John Huston that she does nothing but sit home and mope. I'm sure friends of the little "princess" will be glad to know that the truth is, she does nothing of the sort.

She signed up for four days between Christmas and New Year's to visit as many hospitals as she could, and asked if she couldn't start her

visits Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and New Year's Eve, figuring that the boys would be pretty lonely on those dates. When one of the Flying Tigers wrote her from China, asking if he might visit her when he came home, she answered yes, and took him to several parties while he was in our town. He's now a major, at the age of twenty-nine, and has gone back to the South Pacific.

But her experience with a lieutenant commander from the Solomons was quite different. He took her seriously, wanted to marry her, and even sent her an expensive watch from Tiffany's, which she had a terrible time returning and explaining that she was not in a marriageable mood.

Here's another lie I cannot tell—that Joan Leslie has become an alluring and beautiful glamour girl. The truth remains that all her studio's attempts to glamorize her and build her up as a sort of glorified Marilyn Miller have gone for naught. She's still just a sweet young kid that you'd like to have for your kid sister, and is so uncon-

cerned about her looks that many times when she's at the Hollywood Canteen the older girls have told her to take time out to use lipstick so she'd be more attractive to the soldiers and sailors.

The Jennifer Jones-Bob Walker breakup came upon us as suddenly as an earthquake, with just about as many repercussions. This was a case when we all sat down hard and said, "What goes on? Have we been taken for a beautiful sleigh ride?" Everybody was blamed—Jennifer, Bob, David Selznick. First of all, Twentieth put on a nation-wide search for a girl to play the saint in "The Song of Bernadette." Jennifer was made to order—happily married, with two little boys. And before they could get that picture on the screen, the blow fell. Then, too, a national magazine came out with page after page about this happiest of all young couples. As a result, Jennifer came in for plenty of harsh words. But the truth is that when she was first approached about that story, she refused to do it. She had to be coerced into giv-

about Hollywood

A lighthearted treatise on some deep-seated misconceptions

which just goes to prove you shouldn't believe all you hear!

BY

Hedda Hopper

It's a pleasure for H. H. to give the lie to that report on Vivien Leigh



It's the patriotic truth about Douglas Fairbanks



Maybe you believed that about Irene Dunne, too!

ing the interview. Jennifer must have known then that the conditions which brought about the separation were coming to a head; but hoping against hope that it wouldn't be necessary, she tried to cover up. It was Bob who left her home—and not the other way around.

I wish I could say the same for Deanna Durbin's divorce, but that was just the reverse. It was Deanna who couldn't keep the home fires burning for her husband, Vaughn Paul, who is in the Navy. It was she who started looking elsewhere. And the end of that road isn't yet in sight. My advice to the little lady is to watch carefully in the future or she will ex- (Continued on page 82)





A personal story on

Clark Gable

by Adela Rogers St. Johns



Hal Phuse

Photoplay is proud to present this story. But most of all we
are proud of the real man whom this famous
author, his friend, reveals here

A GOOD many years ago, I asked Jack London, who knew rather more about men, women, children and dogs than anybody else I ever met, what he considered the measure of a man.

He didn't like those over-all questions much because he said there were too many fine shades for any answer to be entirely just. But I was very young then and inclined to want to know everything in plain black and white, so he twinkled at me and after a moment's thought he said, "If you have to boil it down, I suppose it must be how he behaves when the going gets tough."

Things like that stay with you and for a good many years I've applied that test. I've even gone so far as to apply it to myself. There are all

kinds of poetical expressions to describe those times in life when man is up against the great forces and the great demands, when he is weighed in the balance and found wanting or not.

When you are at war you need none of them. War itself is the supreme and final test.

In such a war as we are fighting now it is quite plain that no man can remain unchanged, no man will ever be the same after it is over, either to himself or to the rest of humanity. And we have had, each of us, our own bitter disappointments, our own intense satisfactions and our own surprises good and bad. Some of the men and women we know have turned out a lot better than we thought they would; wiser,

stronger, more unselfish, than we suspected them to be. And some have turned out a lot worse; blinder, stupider, lazier, greedier and less courageous than we believed possible.

Everybody has been put to the greatest test the nation has known in all its history. And the record is there. Either we measured up or we didn't.

I am writing this story as a small tribute to a man who measured up. I think we ought to know about it and think about it. It is good for the soul in these days to find that our idols don't have feet of clay, but that they are worthy of the love we've given them. More than that, I think we ought to repay them by trying ourselves to live up to the standards



they've set. The men we know personally, the men in everyday life, can touch only a few people by their success or failure, but a man like Clark Gable touches millions.

When Captain Gable arrived back from the European theater of war, I got to thinking about all these things, and about how much I, personally, owed to Captain Gable. How much my sons owed to him for his kindness and friendship over the years but above all for the fact that when the war came he set so clear and simple an example.

When Clark first became an intimate friend in my household, the boys were youngsters. Of course they still seem youngsters to me, and the years have actually been few, but in those days they were skinny

**A man who has measured up:
Clark Gable, Captain in the
United States Air Force**

kids, full of their own affairs and keen on the movies.

I remember one night in my house at Malibu when Clark Gable and I were sitting in front of a driftwood fire, talking over life in general.

Clark was a little bewildered because try as he might he never could make it all as complex as the Thinkers did. His mind was always as direct and worth while as a plow furrow. While we talked we kept hearing noises offstage, whisperings, smothered giggles, bumps and bangs, and the swinging door kept moving

in a strange, ghostly fashion.

"Is this house haunted?" Clark said finally, and at that exact moment the door swung wide and a tangle of arms and legs precipitated themselves into the room, accompanied by squeals and protes, and we found that my son Bill and half the boys on the beach had been listening outside the door and peeking through the crack for a glimpse of their idol. Sheepish and a little apprehensive as to what Mom might have to say, they managed to get unwound and on their feet, their young eyes riveted on Gable.

Nobody ever had a nicer laugh than Clark's. It filled the room. He said, "Hey, why don't you fellows come on in and say hello? You'll bust something that way."



Gable at his Hollywood job:
Editing a U. S. Army film

Gable at his Army job:
He sits behind his gun
in an American bomber
somewhere in England, ex-
changing some Gable-ized
stories with another ace



At left: Gable, the gunner
(center, rear row). He had
just completed his fifth
bombing over enemy territory

They came on in and said hello. They stayed and talked hunting and fishing and horses and the next day they made their report to me. Summed up, it was that Clark Gable was a great guy, he was just as great a guy off the screen as he was on.

I remember another day at Malibu, a raw and gusty day, with a cold wind coming in off the ocean and the breakers as high as the houses. They may call it Pacific, but in the spring it can be a brutally cold and unpleasant ocean. But the kids never seemed to know the difference and they went swimming just the same, turning slightly blue in the process but apparently enjoying themselves mightily. Clark had driven down and the kids found out he was there and then—why, then, of course, he must come swimming with them.

No adult in his right senses, he-man or otherwise, wanted to go swimming that day. But Clark Gable took a look at the expectation in the boys' eyes—and went swimming with them and thereby consolidated an adoration that never failed.

You see, that's one of the reasons I owe him so much as a friend. It's one thing to keep the adoration and respect of those who see a man only on the screen, playing great parts. It is something else again to keep it when boys, with their clear young eyes and uncompromising standards, see you around in a familiar way. It is something to remember that Clark Gable never saw familiarity breed contempt but always respect and affection and admiration.

This is important to me now because later on, when war had struck, my oldest son, wearing the Air Force

blue uniform of the RCAF, and Clark Gable, in the tan of the USAAF, met in England. Gable wasn't a movie star any longer, surrounded by all the fame and prestige and glamour of that position. He was a man like other men in wartime, and Pilot Officer St. Johns and Captain Gable shook hands as man to man and the boy's heart was warmed because they were both doing the same tough job up there in the skies. The Big Moose hadn't let him down. His idol was intact.*

THESE days, it's very good to have a friend as simple and direct as Gable; it's very good for all of us who have been lucky enough to be his friends either in person or on the screen.

Because when you come right down to it, Gable is a representative American. We used to call him the Dutchman around the studio—he comes of sturdy Holland Dutch ancestry and has all the essential stubborn determination of his forebears. But he grew up on a farm, he climbed telephone poles and fixed wires as a linesman, he sort of drifted into being an actor, perhaps because his adventurous spirit had nowhere else to go then but into the realm of make-believe.

I can't remember the name of the picture, but I do remember very well that in one of his first important screen roles he had to learn to

* On September 3, 1943, Pilot Officer St. Johns, returning from a raid over Germany, was killed in landing his crew and flaming plane on British soil.

ride horseback like a cowboy. Up to that time, he explained, his only association with horses had been from behind a plow. "They look different," he said, with a grin. For days he limped around with a rueful countenance and ate his meals off the mantel, as it were. But the cowboy who taught him told me later that he never saw anything like the stick-to-itiveness of that guy Gable. "I never thought any man could do it," he said, "and I gave him the works, all right." When the picture came out the fans had every reason to think that Clark Gable had been born on a horse.

No man who has ever attained stardom in Hollywood, and I think I have known them all, was ever so little touched by the applause, the idolatry, the fame and the fortune, the intrigues and fashions of Hollywood. It isn't quite accurate to say he remained unchanged. But it is the absolute truth to say that he grew up as normally, as straight, as unaffected by it all as though he had gone on growing up anywhere else. Unless you know Hollywood and have seen what it sometimes does to people you can't realize (Continued on page 79)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S
COLOR PORTRAIT GALLERIES



Trio with the private trick: Messrs. Ray Milland, Cary Grant and Errol Flynn. Just how do they do it?



My Favorite Hollywood

Sh-h-h! There's some secrets rattling around here. If you can uncover them, you belong in Sherlock's shoes!

AS a film fan who adores any form of the occult, inexplicable and impenetrable—whether it involves arson, arsenic, knives, guns, poison darts, sliding panels, zombies or screams in the night—I am a regular attendant at cinema ceremonies where bafflement is rife until the final moment of the final reel. In my loge seat, I am a clue-gatherer to put Sherlock Rathbone to shame; I track the criminal, I shriek with the heroine in the dark attic, I shiver with the hero groping his way through the danger-fraught midnight fog. And nine times out of nine, I am right when I deduce that the butler didn't do it.

But there are Hollywood mysteries which have nothing at all to do with Mr. Moto, Dr. Watson, Philo Vance or Fu Manchu. They are not connected with homicide (except

that they slay me) yet they are tantalizing enough to make me scratch my cranium, furrow my brow and stay awake far, far into the night trying to answer the sixty-four dollar questions.

You know what I mean, don't you? Mysteries like these:

1. "The Strange Case of Jane Russell." Frankly, boys, what happened to that most deliciously cushioned pin-up girl? Did she ever actually exist, or was she a composite vision of lush loveliness dreamed up by a convention of cheesecake photographers? Will her one picture ever be released, or was it stolen by gypsies?

?

2. "The Case of the Curious Couple"—or "Why Did Orson Welles Waltz Down The Aisle With Rita

Hayworth And Vice Versa?" This one has few clues. Miss Hayworth is a delightful balm to the eye, coming and going and both profiles, but there is nothing about her to suggest that she spends her evenings in a huddle with the Encyclopedia Britannica, whereas her bridegroom has been widely advertised as a spectacularly erudite fellow who never converses in less than four languages at a time or with personages intellectually limper than Albert Einstein. On the other hand, Orson is anything but a match for Rita in the pulchritude department, being no beauty either of pan or of torso, and Rita in her bachelor-girl days was known to admire such pretty-puss fellows as Victor Mature, who gave her competition in her own field but was no strain on the I.Q. This case is a tough one.



Bette Davis casts a spell—an honest spell. Do you suppose it was all her mama's idea?



Riddle: Why does Bergen (above) leave them alone?

Mysteries

BY
DOROTHY
KILGALLEN

Enigma: What's wrong with Margaret Sullivan's face?

No footprints, just a hairpin and a small quantity of ash, probably from a cork-tipped cigarette.

?

3. "The Mystery Of The Missing Music." I'll never know why Hollywood spends such fabulous sums to purchase hit Broadway musicals with scores by Rodgers and Hart or Cole Porter and then hires half a dozen guys named Joe to write additional music for the score. It happened with "DuBarry Was A Lady," with "Higher And Higher" and with "On Your Toes." For anybody's money it may occur again when "Oklahoma!" treks West. Why?

?

4. "The Mystery Of The Foolish Formula." I am talking now about the familiar frothy comedy in which

charm boys like Cary Grant, Ray Milland or Errol Flynn capture their own true loves by being mean, surly, disagreeable cads. No girl likes a milk sop or a fawning goon, admittedly, but I've seen films in which the hero does everything but set fire to the girl's mother to win her affections. I consider this a sinister example to parade before a younger generation already reduced to loopiness by Frank Sinatra.

?

5. "The Puzzle of the Misspelled Moniker." I would like to track down the date on which Bette Davis began to spell her name with an "e" instead of a "y". What started the whole thing? Was it her mama's idea? Was she christened after an eccentric aunt with a burgeoning bankroll? (Continued on page 95)



It's what Fred Astaire omits—not commits—that makes up this mystery!

Jennifer and her prize
miniatures, sons Bobby and Michael

Jennifer Jones—

Please Read...



... because this is what everyone really wants to say to you

BY JANET BENTLEY

THIS is written expressly for you, Jennifer Jones—for you, the girl whom all of Hollywood called Mrs. Cinderella with warm fondness when first you came. For you, the wife of Robert Walker, whom we called Mr. Cinderella when he arrived right after you did—both of you to start amazing twin careers in stardom and to continue (so we thought) a career together in one of the most truly meaningful marriages this town had ever seen.

You were so young when fate gave you the cherished chance to play the role of the little saint in "The Song Of Bernadette" and in so doing held aloft the qualities that made you fine. And when Bob's wonderful break came in "Bataan" to even the family keel, we all took a deep breath of gratitude.

Then, of course, we heard the news—that your perfect marriage wasn't perfect. That you were going to get a divorce. Rumors were rife, naturally. What the real truth is, we don't purport to know. But we do know that you have been innocently involved in wounding more people than you can possibly guess by this decision to part—not to mention the two small people whose presence in the world is due solely to you and your husband, your sons Bobby and Michael.

Remembering that, will you read the story we've written for you?

It may not be within your power to change the course of things, but if it is, please read this and then think—just a little longer.

YOUR real name is Phylis Isley, you come from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and you're the only child of a bustling human landmark there named Phil R. Isley—who owns a movie theater in Tulsa and a string of them in Texas. In years gone by he was an actor himself, as well as the producer and director of a traveling stock company . . . so he was not surprised when you began reciting Shakespeare and "The Shooting Of Dan McGrew" with equal abandon at the age of six. From then on you faced an acting career as faithfully as any Mohammedan faces Mecca. There was nothing else in life for you, then and throughout school. Naturally, you had no idea that in Ogden, Utah, there was an unruly misfit of a boy named Robert Walker who was to grow into the fine young man you would someday meet and marry—thus complicating your plans completely.

You grew up gracefully, yourself; passing through childhood into young womanhood always in beauty, and always comfortable financially. You fitted easily into your classes at Edgemore Public School in Oklahoma City, then at Monte Cassino Junior College, and finally (for one year only) at Northwestern University in Chicago. Meanwhile, you were accepted as each school's leading actress. Summers you spent traveling in tent shows which still tour the Middle West, and during the school year you found time to appear on radio programs in Tulsa. But always you aimed toward one

goal—the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City; and after one year at Northwestern your parents gave up arguing with you and escorted you to New York themselves, by train.

Your arrival in Grand Central Station looked like that of thousands of other Midwestern families. You were slim and young and eager—you were seventeen; and you wore your collegiate uniform of Navy blue. Very nervously your anxious parents escorted you through the noisy station, into a taxi, and up Lexington Avenue to the safety of the Barbizon Hotel for women. There, among seven hundred other young women, they left you—with the usual admonitions about wearing rubbers, not going out on the streets alone after dark, and above all, not smiling at strange men.

So the next morning you went to your classes at the Academy, and the first thing you did was smile at a strange man.

He was a tall, bony, alert young man named Robert Walker, and he too was a student there. He had blue eyes twinkling at you behind glasses, and you noticed his suit was a little threadbare and the cuffs of his shirt were frayed. You smiled at him because of his splendid reading of a Shakespearean soliloquy, and he smiled back—and the two of you went out that night and nearly every night from then on. But you went out solely as friends, both of you—for love came disguised as friendship, (Continued on page 92)



Star in the sun: Jennifer Jones of Fox's "The Song Of Bernadette"



She always sits
with legs curled
up on the chair



The Cover Girl
BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY
The noted writer and newspaper columnist

Jottings on Joan

Fontaine, informal—looking very artless, acting like
a little girl and being the person you'll love

DRAWINGS by VALENTY

JOAN FONTAINE became a movie star because of a casual conversation with David Selznick at a party.

She had read "Rebecca" and suggested it to him as a picture possibility. "I agree with you," said Selznick. "I bought it today." She then told him that Margaret Sullivan was the actress for the picture. "I think you can do it," said Selznick.

This was the picture that made her. Before that she had had a hard struggle to get started in pictures. Now she has an "Oscar" for the best performance at home on her mantelpiece between a silver cup and stuffed fish.

Her rival, when she won the "Oscar," was Olivia de Havilland. These sisters have been rivals many times and, although they may fight with each other, no outsider can say anything against one to the other.

Her favorite director is Alfred Hitchcock and if any director tries to explain to her how another actress would play a scene, she tells that director just how Alfred Hitchcock would direct it.

Her real name is Joan de Beauvoir de Havilland, and when she decided on a theatrical career, Olivia suggested that she use their stepfather's name, Fontaine.

Later, she got her initial opportunity in the local stage presentation of "Call It A Day." When Warners bought the play for pictures, they gave the role she played to Olivia.

She was born in Tokyo on October 22, 1917. She has a good colloquial knowledge of the Japanese language

and a fine understanding of the Japanese ideology, which is now valuable.

She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 108 pounds, has ash blonde hair and can look very piquant.

When she was after the leading role in "The Constant Nymph," she met Director Edmund Goulding in the Brown Derby and asked for the part. Goulding said, "We need a girl who dresses plainly, has a simple hair-do, freckles, no make-up, and . . ." Then he stopped and said, "What am I talking about? You're the girl."

She uses her art studies as an aid in learning her lines. She learns long speeches by drawing illustrations in the margins of the script pages and remembers the lines through the visual images she created to go with them. She has definite ideas on how she should play a part and speaks up on the set.

While making "Jane Eyre" she would come on the set fully prepared. She would play a scene with Orson Welles and then hurry to her portable dressing room where she would play gin rummy or read a book. She knew how she was going to play the character and she wasn't going to let anyone influence her.

Yet there are occasions when she will endeavor to be very friendly on a set. This led to the publicized feud between her and Arturo de Cordova during the filming of "Frenchman's Creek." It started when she was making what she fondly imagined was a joke.

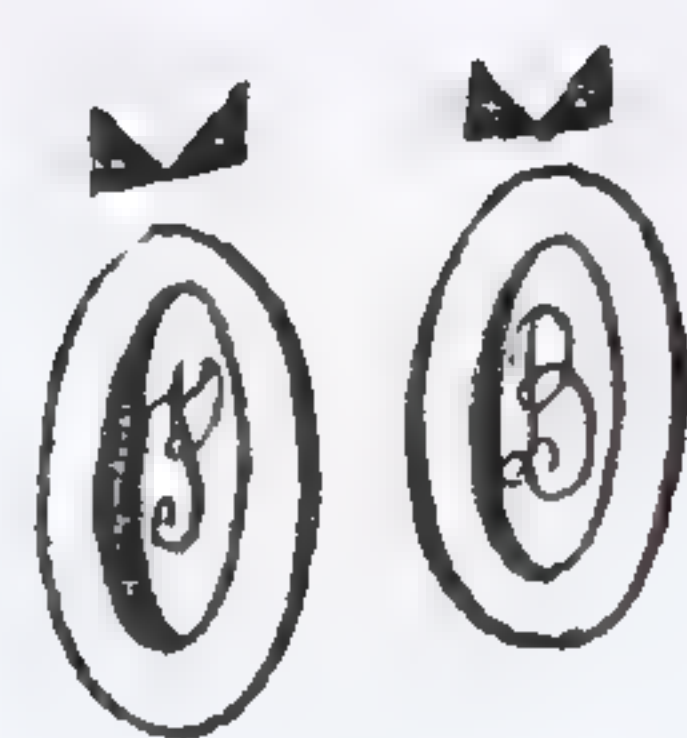


She draws illustrations
on her scripts to help
her remember the lines



She became very friendly with her housepainter; he gifted her with a book on the art of acting

The Aherne library is a fine one; she and Brian often read to each other



Cordova didn't like it and showed it. Then she did a turnabout. She invited him to her house, she beamed at him every day and she complimented him constantly. Soon Arturo de Cordova wondered why he had ever been angry with her.

She once said that she would rather fish than emote for the cameras, but that is completely untrue. She loves to act.

However, before an audience she does get stage fright. She had to make a speech on war work before a Glendale women's club. During the speech she noticed the audience murmuring and looking at each other. What had distracted them was the flapping of her skirt caused by the continued shaking of her knees.

WORDS have a great fascination for her and when she comes across a particularly well-written passage in a book or script, she insists on reciting it to everyone she meets.

She is a good cook and not only likes to prepare meals but also do things about the house. This is very useful now, with the food shortage and servant problem. She is a person who likes to get things done.

She had her house painted recently. What with wartime shortages, it took quite a while and she and the painter became very friendly. He would continually question her about her profession, acting. When the job was finished, the painter gave her a present—a book on the art of acting.

For relaxation, she likes to play golf, go fishing and, of course, go to the movies. She is practically a movie fan.

She is married to Brian Aherne. Olivia met Aherne before she did. He was her leading man in "The Great Garrick." They were friendly on the set, but that's all.

She met Aherne at a party. They took to each other immediately. One month after their initial meeting they were engaged. He calls her "old girl." She calls him "old boy."

She says that the highest word of praise she ever got was from her husband. They had gone to see a preview of "Suspicion." When the picture was over, Brian muttered, "Well done, old girl." That's the most effusive praise she had ever heard him utter about anyone.

Brian Aherne, besides being an actor, has a business in Phoenix which has turned out beyond their expectations. Together with a few other movie people, they purchased a big tract of desert land and started an airport to train civilian pilots. Now, with the war, the Government has leased this project, turning it into the Thunderbird and Falcon fields, where British, Chinese and American pilots are trained.

SHE has lovely clothes, but prefers slacks, which she wears well. She likes tailored blue pajamas and feels comfortable with her hair in pig-tails. But when she wants to, she can be the most smartly dressed lady in any gathering. She doesn't paint her (Continued on page 111)



She once said she would rather fish than act, but that is completely untrue

Anne Baxter



Serenity: Anne Baxter of Samuel Goldwyn's "The North Star"

Paulette Goddard



Piquancy: Paulette Goddard of Paramount's "Standing Room Only"

How "nice"

A "comedy of manners"—good and bad,

"Gone Hollywood," say some people about Garfield, father of Catherine. Maybe they just don't know the facts!



James Craig, dining out with Mrs. Craig, is on the big upswing now. He can stay there if—



Suave charmer on screen is M. Boyer. Off screen —



THE first question asked about Hollywood folk always is: "Are the stars as nice as they seem on the screen?" This question cannot be answered in the negative or in the affirmative. It depends—upon the star! Several stars who appear the soul of good will and the epitome of charm on the screen appear far less desirable things to their neighbors. Other stars prove quite as delightful to their friends and co-workers as they do to their audiences. Still others are much, much nicer than they give their audiences any reason to expect.

Usually it is because actors and actresses lose their perspective that they become less and less charming. And it takes a bit of doing not to lose your perspective when you have public adulation and a great, high-powered studio revolving around you. There are, however, some men and women, like Claudette Colbert, who always know what it is all about and how impermanent it is, too.

We remember Claudette's taking the Motion Picture Academy Award,

"Oscar," out of her closet one day and discovering it was a little tarnished in spots. To her it was a symbol that even the highest honor Hollywood bestows cannot be expected to remain forever bright. "If only," Claudette said thoughtfully, "all those who are lucky enough to fall heir to a picture which gives them the chance to win this distinguished gent could know he tarnishes, it would help . . ."

It would indeed!

Alan Ladd is a nice guy—plus. The incredible modesty with which he has taken his tremendous success proves, of course, that he is innately nice. Anyone with the Ladd brand of sincerity couldn't be anything else . . .

Not long ago Alan received an award from a small newspaper syndicate whose popularity poll he had won. There were only a few studio people about when Alan, unques-

tionably one of the biggest box-office attractions in pictures, received his trophy. But he looked at it as incredibly and shyly as if it were a whole herd of Oscars.

You hear good and bad things about everyone, of course. Both sides, for instance, are blown up to fantastic proportions in connection with Merle Oberon. There are many who remark bitterly that she isn't the democrat she used to be before Alexander Korda, her husband, was knighted and she became a Lady. Further, that for all her fine Britannia-rules-the-waves talk she has no intention of returning to England until the war is over—and then she won't be received too cordially in spite of her title. May be . . . But Fearless protests, nevertheless, that

are the stars?

punctuated with some gold stars and some big black exclamation points

BY "*Fearless*"



Greer Garson: What was behind that recent incident in the M-G-M still gallery?

Merle has an innate instinct for the human niceties. There was the day when many white-haired extras were working on an Oberon set. Swiftly, gently—no one was meant to overhear—as Merle passed her maid she whispered, "Have the prop boy bring camp chairs for all the older people, so they may rest when they aren't working." Fearless also remembers the beautiful deference Merle showed the late Edna May Oliver, who played with her in this picture. And a camp tour which Merle, not too strong, made overseas. It and the several weeks she spent in a rest home upon her return to these shores had little or no publicity.

On the screen Charles Boyer is a suave charmer—no one can deny it!



Tallulah Bankhead's famous for that rapier wit, but here's one time actions are louder than words

In the studios he is a slightly worried gentleman who guards his property rights with the tenacious frugality of the French. He has, because of his quality on the screen and his quality off the screen, attained vast success and fortune. Now surely he could afford to be gallant, for instance, about sharing his star billing with an actress as gifted and delightful—off screen too, by the by—as Ingrid Bergman. But when David Selznick, who "owns" Ingrid, stipulated to M-G-M, who borrowed her to play with Monsieur Boyer in "Gaslight," that she receive equal billing, there was a rumpus. Charles would not, he said firmly, make the picture unless he had top star billing.

In the end, Ingrid, who wanted to play the part and who never has argued about billing anyway, coaxed David Selznick to relinquish her star-status. Boyer got his billing. But we'll bet Bergman will get the notices.



Bonita Granville was plenty nervous that one time, but what she did showed up her nature

Greer Garson has the graciousness of a true queen. But once or twice, lately, she has not shown the consideration her charming manner always promises.

When she and Ronald Colman were making "Random Harvest" they had an appointment together in the still gallery. Ronnie, who makes a religion of being on time whether the appointment is to his advantage or the other fellow's, arrived on the minute.

Much later he walked out—just before Greer came in. Understandably enough, it took some time to arrange another appointment although Ronnie, with a gentility that is not reserved for his own circle of friends but spreads to the farthest corners of studio sets and wardrobe departments, is usually extremely co-operative.

Many times it depends entirely upon your point of view whether a man or woman gets a gold star for being a nice human being . . .

Take girls like Tallulah Bankhead. Constance (Continued on page 90)



Splendor in Hollywood: Jinx Falkenburg of Columbia's "Cover Girl"



Just

Pinning down Miss Falkenburg,
as vivid, startling and original as
her famous namesake pin

BY DOROTHY DEERE



Jinx, lady in the rider's
seat in Hollywood

THIRTY young men were being led around the Columbia lot by one short, plump lady in blue. The young men wore various shades of khaki and an assortment of insignia and the expression on all their faces was G. I. for Best Behavior. They minded their USO guide as if she were a major, moving silently forward in a body when she moved, ready to follow her through a stone wall if she forgot to indicate "Halt."

On one sound stage they stood motionlessly watching Rosalind Russell and Brian Aherne do a scene; on another they solemnly shook hands with Cary Grant; they swallowed hard and went almost speechless when ravishing Rita Hayworth stopped work on "Cover Girl" to give them her autograph. The whole afternoon they were meek as only men who are no longer individuals, but part of an army, can be.

Then, the tour was about over and they were crossing the lot again, when one of the soldiers let out an excited whistle:

"Hey—look who's coming!"

They looked—and the USO lady lost her army. "Hey, Jinx," "Hi ya, Jinx!" Thirty decorous military men broke ranks for the first time that day and became thirty kids in khaki who saw someone they felt they knew. The last to start running was a fellow with a Wolverine on his arm band, who paused to throw back his head and howl, "Woo-wooo-o Falkenburg!" before he pounded after the rest.

"It happens every time—" said the USO guide helplessly.

It does—and no one can explain just why people who will stand sedately or shyly, impressed or repressed by the occasion of meeting the usual movie star face-to-face, will suddenly chuck the inhibitions when they see Jinx and want to rush over to say "Hi" or "How're ya?" or "Can I buy you a coke?" It's simply a part of the aura of ex-

uberance that emanates from her who is known as the Fabulous Falkenburg.

On the particular day these particular soldiers saw her, Jinx was wearing a sinuously dispositioned gown made entirely of pink crystal paillettes. Once designed to fit Marlene Dietrich more lovingly than her own skin, the gown had now taken on an outdoor complex—learned to flow instead of cling, if you get what we mean. Jinx wanted to borrow the dress for a camp tour and had gone after it in the same forthright way she does everything else. She had simply presented herself, in the pink beads, to a studio executive and asked him if he didn't think it was something he owed The Boys. Putting it up to his patriotism this way—well, she was now on her way back from having negotiated the quickest loan on record.

"You know how she makes me feel?" asked one of the soldiers as she moved away.

"First guy answers that goes to the guardhouse—" muttered one of the others. The first boy ignored him:

"She makes you think any minute she's going to say, 'I'll race you to the corner!'"

The young man can be credited with as good a one-line description as has ever been written.

Jinx is the vitamin the doctors are still trying to discover. If the particular exhilaration of which she is composed is ever captured in tablet form it will probably be a combination of what makes phosphorus glow, what makes a sun-warmed rock give off heat and what makes an arrow go zing. She is the most vibrantly alive person who ever made the rest of the world feel as though it were standing still.

Physically, Jinx is what is known as "a lot of girl." She is five feet seven, weighs 128 pounds, and in tennis shorts or a swim suit makes

Juno, Venus, et al, look like the anemic type. She is synonymous with color—very red lips, very white teeth, very brown eyes, sun-warmed skin and rich, shining brown hair. She dresses to match, having "a passion for red" and not being unaffected toward green, yellow, bright blue and purple, either. She can be glowingly lovely in a Hawaiian or Mexican print that would abash a more pallid personage.

SOUND and motion have a way of lingering in a room after Jinx has passed through it—laughter and chatter, and the jingle-jangle of bracelets. She is always just back from somewhere and going somewhere else, and having a wonderful time both places. Born to be a personality, she (Continued on page 83)

See here,

Best laugh-maker of the
season—from that famous best-
seller that tickled the
ribs of America

Fiction Version

BY DAN SENSENEY

An M-G-M picture. Screen play by Harry Kurnitz, based upon the book by Marion Hargrove. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Copyright, 1944, by Loew's, Inc.

Best garbage-can polisher in camp was Private Marion Hargrove



THE Carolina sun hammered down on the drill grounds at Fort Bragg. Platoons marched and turned and maneuvered, sergeants barked orders, the flag fluttered against the blue sky.

Over in a lonely corner of the field Private Marion Hargrove was being given special private instruction by Sergeant Cramp, who had been in the Army for twenty years and could still be shocked by the things he encountered. Sergeant Cramp, Private Hargrove had concluded, was a sensitive soul.

It was Hargrove's sixth day in the Army, and the first on which he hadn't been condemned—so far, at least—to polishing garbage cans in back of the mess hall.

"Present—arms!" Sergeant Cramp barked. "Order—arms! Left shoulder—arms!"

Dutifully, with a do-or-die expression on his thin young face, Hargrove obeyed. He had to put all his mind to it, but he made no mistakes—this time.

"At ease, Hargrove!" Sergeant Cramp said triumphantly. "That was fine. Now," he went on in a fatherly way, "what else did we learn today, Hargrove?"

"I must not salute the noncommissioned officers or call them sir," Hargrove chanted rapidly, "and I must salute the commissioned officers."

"Thank you, Hargrove," Sergeant Cramp said gratefully. "Now we'll pretend that I'm a commissioned officer and I've just come along the drill grounds."

"Yes, sir!" Hargrove said smartly, snapping into a very pretty salute. Sergeant Cramp looked pained.

"No, Hargrove," he said with sorrowful gentleness. "You do not click your heels or bow from the waist when you salute. They only do that in the German Army. Remember?"

"I'm sorry," Hargrove said, crestfallen. "I forgot—I get confused. I guess I've seen too many movies, sir."

"And don't call me sir! Just Sergeant or nothing at all!"

"Oh," Hargrove said, "I thought you were still a commissioned officer, sir—I mean Sergeant."

"Well, I am! I mean I was. I—" Sergeant Cramp, already red-faced, caught sight of something behind Hargrove and stiffened. "All right, now," he said anxiously, in a lower voice. "Here comes Captain Manville and whatever you do don't screw us both up. I shouldn't be drilling you all alone like this anyway. Remember, now—salute, don't click your heels, don't say sir—I mean," he shivered wildly, "you *do* say sir—"

Captain Manville came abreast and Hargrove saluted. So did Sergeant Cramp, but he must have been a little confused because he clicked his heels and bowed.

"Where did you learn that salute, Sergeant?" Captain Manville asked coldly. "Vienna?"

"I'm sorry," Sergeant Cramp said. "I mean, I'm sorry, sir!"

"All right, Sergeant—you needn't shout." He looked with approval at Hargrove, who was standing rigidly at attention. "At ease."

"Thank you, sir," Hargrove piped. Sergeant Cramp, his face creased in anxious furrows, explained, "I was giving Private Hargrove a little

personal, extra instructions. He found some of the drills difficult and I wanted to keep the squad right up to the mark." He hesitated. Even to himself, what he was saying didn't sound quite right. Then he remembered, and bellowed, "SIR!"

"Are you all right, Sergeant?" Captain Manville inquired. "Haven't you been out in the sun too long?" He turned to Hargrove. "Good work, Private," he said approvingly. "I like your spirit."

"Yes, sir," said Hargrove. "Thank you, sir."

Captain Manville gave Cramp a distant stare. "I'd like to see you in my office in the morning, Sergeant," he said, and it was obvious he didn't mean that he wanted to ask Cramp's advice.

WHEN the officer had gone, Sergeant Cramp surveyed Hargrove with intense, burning dislike.

"Will there be anything else, sir?" Hargrove asked.

Sergeant Cramp winced, and seemed to pray for guidance. "Not sir, Hargrove," he said finally. "You say sir to the commissioned officers, but—" He stopped, heaved a weary, heartfelt sigh. "Never mind, Hargrove. You may go, Hargrove."

Every inch a soldier, Hargrove saluted, wheeled and marched off across the drill grounds. If he had looked back, he would have seen that Sergeant Cramp, hardened soldier though he was, was on the verge of tears.

The Army, Hargrove reflected as he headed for his barracks, wasn't much different from the Charlotte News, where he'd been a reporter

Private Hargrove!



The Cast

Pvt. Hargrove..Robert Walker
 Carol Holliday....Donna Reed
 Pvt. Mulvehill..Keenan Wynn
 Pvt. Esty..Geo. Offerman Jr.
 1st Sgt. Cramp....Chill Wills
 Mr. Holliday..Robt. Benchley
 Uncle George..Grant Mitchell

"We might've gotten married or something crazy like that," stammered Private Hargrove

before he was drafted. The *News* was run by people with peculiar ideas; so was the Army. Back on the *News* he used to turn in stories, perfectly swell stories—exciting, well written, full of color—and then Griffiths, the managing editor, would work himself into a lather because he'd forgotten to put in names and addresses, or if he did, didn't spell them right. Here in the Army they put a lot of stock in similar trifling details. You just had to remember, and humor them.

That night, after chow, he dragged his battered portable typewriter from the locker and, sitting on the edge of his cot, perched it on his knees. Private Mulvehill, on one side of him, and Private Esty on the other, were both prettying themselves up to go to the Service Club, but Hargrove had made up his mind not to waste his time on such light-minded pursuits. The *News* had promised to consider buying any stories of Army life he wrote. He'd already sent them one and tonight he was going (Continued on page 104)



Hargrove was ready, complete with flowers, candy, grin—and escorts

Randolph Scott
Randolph Scott



Long, lean, likeable: Randolph Scott of Universal's "Gung Ho"

Stealing into the Scott picture—Pat Stillman, currently reported to be the current date of Randy



Portrait of AN EASY LISTENER

A bright picture of soft-spoken George "Randy" Scott and his Virginian-gentleman life

HE ONCE rode a bucking broncho—but not for long.

He always suffers after eating marmalade and bacon.

He never wears garters.

He always takes two aspirins for a headache, never reads the comic strips and his first tragic disappointment was at the age of six when his two sisters rode his new Christmas velocipede and broke it before he ever had a chance to ride it.

He was baptized George Randolph Scott.

He thinks tequilla, the Mexican drink, "a vile concoction."

He broke himself of the habit of chewing his thumbnail, delights in long telephone conversations, and is inclined to worry on the slightest excuse.

He has a secret yen to play the piano and sing like Frank Sinatra.

He has an aversion to all Irish tenors except John McCormick and served as a sergeant (like your author) in the 2nd Trench Mortar Battalion (like your author!) in World War I.

He never wears an undershirt.

He is forever saving little boxes and eventually throwing them away. He is very bad at spelling and his two best friends are Fred Astaire and neighbor Townsend Netcher.

He doesn't like Chinese restaurants, goes shopping only under duress and has never been in New York's Metropolitan Museum. He is six feet, three inches tall.

He is a first degree fatalist.

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

His favorite fairy tale is Jack and the Beanstalk. He was presented several years ago with a \$150 Panama which he has never worn.

He has had measles, mumps and all varieties of childhood ailments. He has never seen a six-day bicycle race.

He can never remember the license number of his car.

He is very fond of garlic sauce on sour dough bread, and lives in Cary Grant's former home on the beach at Santa Monica. His favorite American author is Ring Lardner.

He was very shy as a boy and is still reticent, modest and self-conscious. He doesn't like swing or boogie-woogie orchestras.

He is unlucky at gambling.

He always gets stage fright, has never worn dental braces, and of recent years has altered his belief with regard to heredity and environment—now firmly convinced that the latter is more important.

Randy Scott has been separated from his wife for five years, which makes him the most attractive but unavailable bachelor in Hollywood.

He hates wearing new hats.

He smokes a pack of cigarettes a day and thinks money not essential to happiness.

He cannot make an impromptu speech, has never been seasick, and was born in an old two-story brick house in Orange County, Virginia.

He shakes his cocktails in a silver golf trophy won in 1939. He employs the "hunt and peck system" on his typewriter.

He loves playing bridge, speaks no other languages, and is an expert horseman.

HE HAS to part his light brown hair on the right side because of a stubborn cowlick. He is fond of hamburgers with onions, weighs 185 pounds and abhors personal appearances.

His favorite vacation spot is his ranch of more than 500 acres near San Diego. He doesn't believe in fortunetellers.

He doesn't drink coffee for breakfast.

He has never been known to lose his temper, is very fond of ice-cream sodas and thinks the Cathedral at Cologne the most beautiful building he has ever seen.

His five sisters and one brother call him "Buck."

He likes Puccini's operas, misses climatic seasons in California and has never owned a boat.

He has never smoked a cigar.

He dislikes night clubs, never collected souvenirs, and wears shirts of all colors. He caught cold on an average of four times a year until a couple of years ago. He does not play chess or checkers.

He doesn't like champagne.

He never reads poetry.

He has never worn glasses, goes for long (Continued on page 77)

Riotous Redhead

As merry a mix-up as you've ever seen—with
Harold, the hummingbird; and Desi, the
husband, and that marvel, Lucille Ball!

BY SARA HAMILTON

THE to-do Kate Smith made over the moon's coming over that mountain is as nothing to the commotion created by the setting-sun head of Lucille Ball coming over the road to her Chatsworth ranch. The chickens squawk, cats tear like crazy, Harold the hummingbird and his wife Helen take off like two wild elevators out of control, and the dogs—well, of course, it's the dogs that have every right to go into howling fits of hysteria. They know Mama has come home to comb and brush and soap and scrub. The wild rhythmic beat of husband Desi's drums never fazes them. The chickens lay eggs to rumba rhythm and Duchess the Cow swishes her tail to the beat of la conga. But when Lucille and her topnot round the bend into the ranch, the brakes are off.

They love and adore her, every tree, shrub and eggplant on the place. She'll call down from the house to Duchess in her stable, "How are you this evening?"

"Moo," answers Duchess with a slight upward sway in her dulcet tones.

"See," says Lucille, "what did I tell you? She talks."

"We have visitors," Lucille calls. "Want us to come down?"

"Moo."

"She wants to be alone," Lucille interprets. "Better not go down. The Duchess is funny, you know."

If ever there was a character seemingly out of place on a hard little ranch miles from nowhere it's Lucille, the refugee model from Hattie Carnegie, the ex-New York showgirl, the movie queen who rose to stardom the hard way.

It's only on the screen Lucille is the same old glad girl. The happy, laughing, carefree, loud and funny Lucille with the wide violet eyes, long lashed, red lips widened on the curves, hair tinted to a Technicolor dream. The years have wrought some odd changes in people in

Hollywood, but none to compare with the molding job that's been done on Lucille. The mellowing, the tolerance, the growth of heart and soul have made of her a fine person and always, above career and hopes and dreams and grief and disappointments, a woman. Lucy has become all woman, not just a grasping female completely wrapped up in self and her own career.

For instance, take the baby out at Lucille's ranch house right now. In the midst of rehearsals for a camp tour and the thousand other details of ranch life that rest on her shoulders, she found time to gather up the mother whose husband is in the service and her ten-day-old baby and cart them out the valley to home. The landlord had served notice the mother could not bring a new baby into her former apartment from the hospital and Lucille heard and acted.

At least ten times a day she has her good friend Mona Carlson, actor Richard's wife and mother of two, on the phone. "What about the formula? What about this and how about that?"

Husband Corporal Desi Arnaz, stationed at Camp Arlington near Riverside, California, who usually gets home over the week end, is summoned twenty-five times a Sunday to look how cute the baby is awake, asleep, crying, laughing, gurgling, bubbling, howling.

"I spend my whole furlough looking at these baby," Desi shrugs.

She's sentimental, and terribly eager to keep her marriage to Desi a secure one. As near their third anniversary as they can make it, they will be remarried, this time in Desi's faith. Lucille has studied diligently to become a good Catholic. She has never removed the ten-cent wedding band placed on her hand by Desi when they were married. It was the only one they could find in the rush, (Continued on page 74)

Farming—and no fooling: Lucille out on the ranch





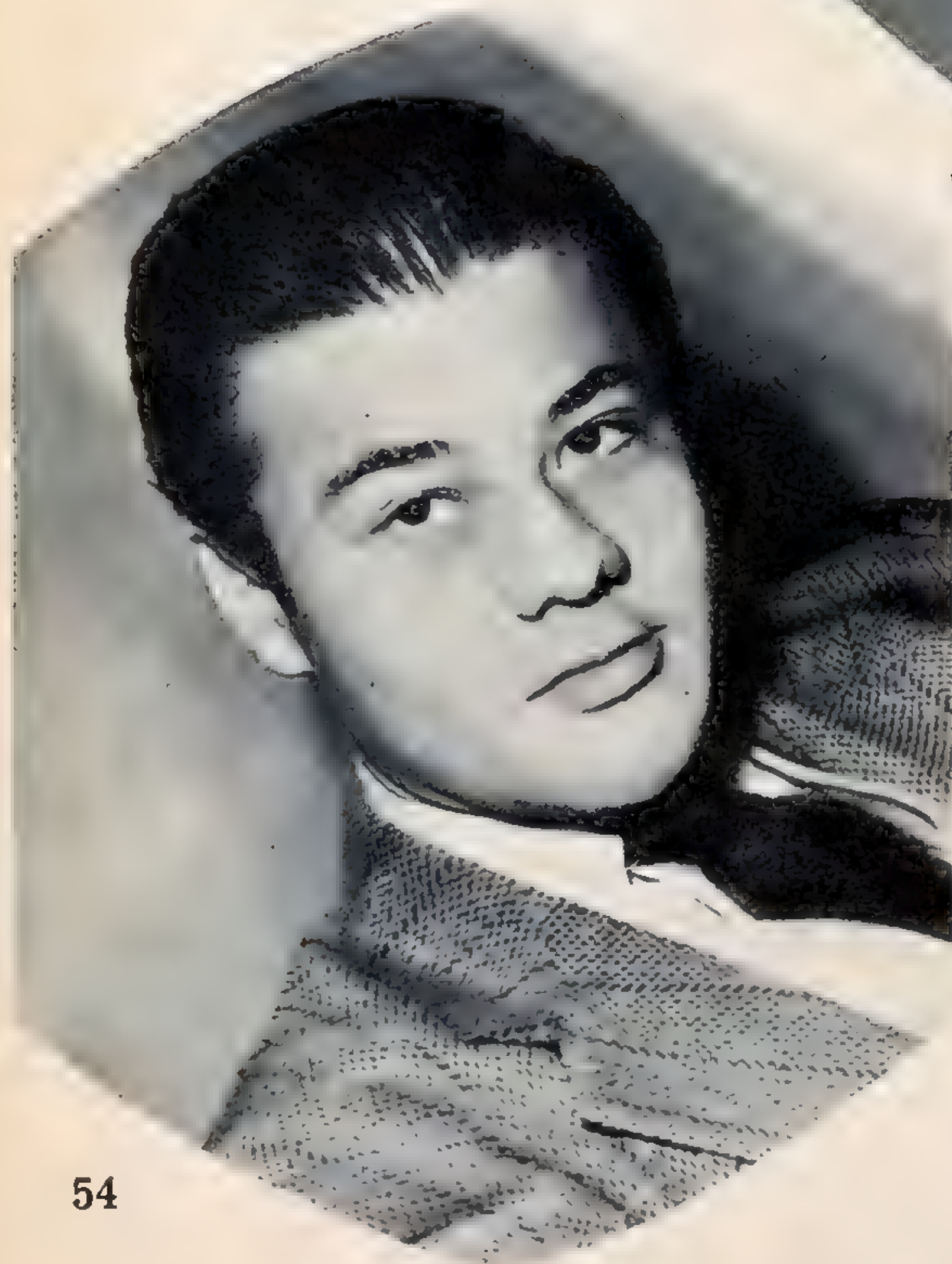
"I was two," remembers Dennis Morgan. "She was an 'older' woman. As I grew up, I saw that she was tall and dark, had lovely eyes and she sang. She first taught me how to sing. She loved best the old songs and her favorite was 'Annie Laurie.' Which was mine, too, and still is. As time went by, we sang together—the songs of Carrie Jacobs Bond, hymns and folksongs. She had ambitions for me I didn't, then, have for myself. She wanted me to study piano, voice. I didn't. I played the trombone. We had differences of opinion but never a difference of the heart, for she always understood me far better than I understood myself. She did the charming things with me. We went on picnics in the Wisconsin woods, in the spring and in the autumn. She had a strangely stirring sense of beauty and gave what she could of it to me. She seemed always to be thinking of my comfort and well-being and safety. When I went deer-hunting, she sewed scraps of red all over me so that the other hunters would be sure to recognize me. I didn't, I am afraid, do very much for her. I sometimes made dates

with her and forgot to keep them. But she wasn't demanding. She never asked more of me than I gave. And always gave more than I, or any man, had a right to ask. But casual as I seemed with her I knew then, as I know now, that I could never forget my first love. So the years passed and the day came when I realized that she was in love with another guy. For she is my mother. The 'other guy' is my dad."



"The Romance

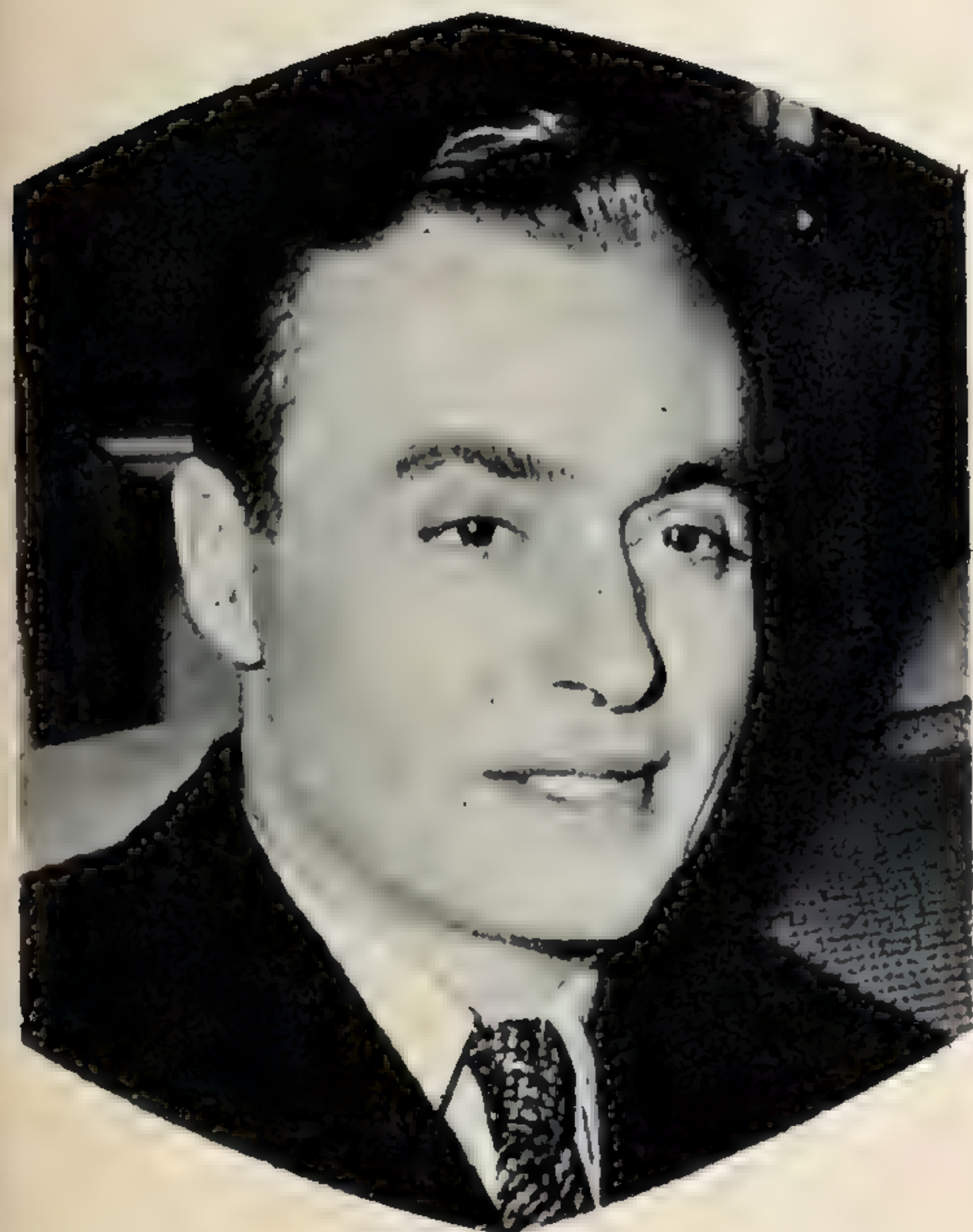
Talk about sentimental sisters! Just wait till you



"There was a night club in Budapest called 'The Arizona,' " says Turhan Bey. "There were a great many beautiful girl dancers there and, being known and having quite a lot of money then, it was easy for me to meet all the girls. *All but one.* She was an American, tall and blonde—and I was very in love. She was very exclusive and, of course, it tremendously hurt me. I sent her notes, written in French and Hungarian, because I could not write English and thought she might be able to speak those languages. They got me nowhere. One day I bought an English dictionary and wrote, then, some frightful notes in English, putting all the wrong words in the wrong places. Soon afterwards, there comes a letter to my hotel. It was a letter from this girl which, I was able to decipher, I was to translate into French. Consulting, again, my dictionary, I made the translation and, in doing so, found that her letter contained a description of the place where she would meet me, and the time.

"I was there. She was there, too. The next night, without telling me, she left Budapest. Ever since then, I wanted to come to America. Now I am here. But where is she? Because I have not found her yet. . . ."

he had long, beautiful red hair," recalls Humphrey Bogart. "I was about twenty when I had this romance I'll never forget, for I fell in love with her—well, thunderously is the only word for it. We met at Long Beach, on Long Island where, that summer, I was a lifeguard. We went moonlight swimming and moonlight sailing. Later, in New York in the autumn, we went to the Museum of Natural History and looked at the birds and didn't see them. We saw Grant's Tomb by moonlight. All the things you do when you are twenty. The fact that she was mysterious, too, that I could never quite find out where she came from or who her people were, added to the spell. When my friends tried to tell me she wasn't serious about me, I laughed them off. But she wasn't. So I remember her because she was the first to hurt and disillusion me. I remember her because she doesn't remember me."



"When I was thirteen," says Charles Boyer, "at school in Figeac, France, I fell in love with my teacher. It was a deep love, and desperate. For all of one winter I wrote her poems she never saw and many letters I never sent and made plans to be alone with her, so that I might declare my love. At last, late one afternoon in the spring, I contrived to stay after school, and we were alone. Summoning all my courage, I walked up to her desk, embraced her, kissed her on the mouth. She threw back her head—and laughed. Since that time I have never kissed a woman, on the screen or off, that I do not expect she will laugh at me."

I can't Forget"

catch these brethren in their secret-love mood

hen I was a lad in Vienna," Paul Henreid remembers, "I boarded ship one day, bound for a Mediterranean cruise. It was my intention to stop, en route, and pay a visit in Bal, Switzerland, to a young woman whom my mother favored for my wife. But as I went aboard, I saw a beautiful, dark girl and—with no word spoken—fell madly in love with her. I did not, do I need to say, go to Bal but remained aboard ship for the duration of the cruise, the last port of which was Luxor, in Egypt. And ah, what happiness we had in Luxor! We swam in the blue Mediterranean; we lay on the sands under the warm sun. I asked Lili few questions and she seemed equally incurious about me.

"Then, one morning, she disappeared. With her, she had taken my gold cigarette case, my studs and my money. In their place, she left a touching note. She could not ask me for help because, she wrote, she was in love with me. But as she was poor, desperately poor—well, did I know, could I understand that one does what one must? And would I forgive? Of course I would. And did. We had shared a romantic episode which began in mystery and ended the same way. There was no question of forgiving, nor of forgetting. . . ."



You'd drive up Cold Water Canyon until you came to an immaculate white cottage...



If you were

Livvie's rose-colored room would be yours; she'd move into the pink-walled, book-filled den



YOU'D find you were visiting one of the most unusual girls you'd ever met—in or out of Hollywood. You'd find you were seeing at close hand an individual thinker and doer . . . though she looks like the most sophisticated, well-run and therefore the most predictable person in the world. How wrong that picture is!

But you wouldn't know this as you drove up Cold Water Canyon in Beverly Hills—a long and lonely road between California hillsides—toward the immaculate little white cottage that is Olivia's home. It has lipstick red shutters and a green shingled roof. There's a garage to one side of the neat front lawn, and you'd pass a quaint little iron Negro on your way to ring her bell. You'd think someone who looked a lot like you was answering it at once, because there's a great sheet of mirror opposite the front door which carefully reflects you through the glass. But finally a trim colored maid named Lily May would come to your rescue. She'd usher you into the living room and vanish silently.



Rulers of the house: Dachshund Lucky and Airedale Shadrack

Olivia de Havilland's house guest

—you'd find out she's not the girl she seems to be and you'd have fun doing it!

While you waited for Olivia to appear, you'd look around the living room in the late afternoon light—and it would dawn on you at once that you were sitting in a typical smart New York apartment out here in California! Oddly enough, Olivia has never been inside a New York apartment—but this room looks as if it were transplanted from Manhattan piece by piece. The whole room is in dark green—the walls, the rug, many of the chairs. A baby grand piano stands in one corner, a fire dances under the small white formal mantelpiece and flowers in pale yellow and lavender sprout from bowls all over the room. It's a peaceful, comfortable and precisely neat room—with dishes of cashew nuts and hard candies here and there to entice you to sink into the big red-flowered sofa under the window. Also enticing you are two built-in bookcases, crammed with the best-sellers of the past five years . . . and magazines are everywhere: The New Yorker, Time, Fortune, Life, Vogue, House and Garden, and Free World.

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

"This girl," you'd mutter to yourself, "runs a house beautifully—and also, obviously, she *thinks!*" (Because many a Hollywood house you've seen doesn't have a book or magazine in sight.)

But here comes your hostess now—looking as if she never had a thought in her life beyond the latest clothes and parties. She's the same Olivia you've seen on the screen in thirty pictures . . . a lovely looking girl of twenty-seven, with her shining brown hair in a chic pompadour, her brown eyes warm with welcome and her slim figure dressed in the smartest gray silk lounging pajamas you've seen in many a month. Your eyes would focus longingly on her stunning costume jewelry, too—two clips and a bracelet made of silver fish with green globular stones. "My sister Joan brought them to me from Mexico," she'd tell you when you asked about them. "They're my favorite pieces!" Then, immediately, she'd seize

your suitcase and whisk you into your room—which is really her own room. She has only one bedroom, so it's yours while you're with her; she'll move into the den next to it. The minute you cross the threshold you'd sense that this is more than just a bedroom to Olivia, though it's a rose-colored room, with a dark rose rug, gray-and-white striped wallpaper and the big double bed has a pink spread and pink quilted headboard. But there's where the bedroom stops and the sitting room begins; it has two rose chintz easy chairs, a compact little desk and a mahogany dresser with no trace of feminine frippery on it. Instead its mirror reflects two graceful silver candlesticks and two decanters.

"When I'm acting in pictures," Livvie tells you as you eye these thoughtfully, "I do most of my entertaining in here—because I'm so exhausted I take a hot bath and go right to bed at the end of the day. So my dinner and my friends are usually in here too! I eat off a tray and they eat off a card table in the corner." (Continued on page 70)

Irrepressible Ryan

She's the bouncing Peg
of '44's youthful heart.

Here she is—with gestures

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

PEGGY RYAN, the bouncing half of the Donald O'Connor-Ryan team, dances, sings, giggles, laughs, imitates, falls in love, falls out, gets engaged, gets unengaged, works in Grandpa's grocery store, mugs, bewilders, is bowlegged and talks constantly. One of the Quiz Kids figured it out that if Peggy were paid on her ability to talk, she could retire right now at the age of nineteen despite the higher income bracket rating. Her family remembers that once, back in 1929, she didn't say anything for five minutes. Alarmed, they rushed her to the nearest emergency hospital. Her chewing gum had gone down her windpipe.

Peggy and Donald are more than a team. They're a combination that only the exigencies of war could blast apart. Closely united in thought, working as one, two sly little foxes against all encroachers on their domain, are Peg and Don. They have an unspoken, but steadfast agreement between them—they'll never steal a scene, one from the other. But heaven help the working girl or boy that comes within their camera range. They make mincemeat of them.

Ryan gestures, broad and sweeping, fill the air already cluttered with the Ryan conversation. "I'd love to go to college. It's so romantic," she says, throwing both arms out into the room. "See this marvelous black and blue mark?" (The right arm sweeps the air in a decided arc before alighting on the left arm.) "I'm so proud of it. He gave it to me, you know? Ray. Sgt. Ray Hirsch. The boy I'm engaged to. He's in the Marines. They're so rugged, those Marines. What was I saying? Oh yes, the black and blue mark." She looks at it reverently. "He was teaching me jujitsu. He was voted the Average American Marine by his outfit, you know? An Average Marine is wonderful, isn't he? Before the war he was the national jitterbug champion. He's wonderful." She collapsed in (Continued on page 97)

In tune, in time in any town: Peggy Ryan of Universal's "This Is The Life"

The Unbreakable Bracken

Enter Eddie—with the grin,
the waving cowlick and a
few bolts out of the blue

BY DAVID GREGGORY

PEOPLE are constantly asking Eddie Bracken what it's like to have been pummeled so often in pictures by the beloved blonde blitz, Betty Hutton.

"Well," he grins, "I guess I'm unbreakable. Though at times it wouldn't have surprised me to discover my back was a permanent bruise. If anyone's looking for a system to beat jujitsu, Hutton's got it!"

He pats his ribs, looking pleased to find them still all in place.

"At that," he adds, with a twinkle, "she actually hasn't broken anything!"

How could she? For Eddie is Bracken, the Unbreakable.

Eddie's description of himself, both of his casual tie-askew, cowlick-waving appearance and of his life is, "I'm just an ordinary guy." But this "ordinary guy" has met up with—and conquered—the most extraordinary things all his lively life.

For a few weeks—and only for a few weeks—he thought he'd like to be a minister. That was when he was four. After that slight flicker, his ambition has never been other than to be an actor. At five, when his nursery school gave a show, he was allowed to audition. He panicked the teachers by arising, with complete poise, and singing a naughty rhyme. Consternation reigned, and he saved the day by quickly launching into a "mother" song. They asked him where he'd picked up the first ditty. "Just picked it up," he said; and it was the truth. There was no piano at home. Nobody else, of the Astoria, Long Island, Brackens, was interested much in music or singing, if at all. Definitely, no one was concerned with Eddie's yen to exhibit himself as an entertainer.

"My family was poor," he explains, using, as always, the most direct word, "and busy. My two older brothers—one's always been interested in accountancy, the other in law—had their own affairs to concentrate on. Dad sold stove appliances and (Continued on page 85)



Man with his own ideas: Bracken of Paramount's "The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek"

What Should I Do?

Your Problems

Answered by

Claudette Colbert

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

The most interesting problem sent to me this month by Photoplay readers is that of a girl whose life has been thrown out of gear by a badly scarred face.

I hope the advice offered here will be of help not only to her but to others having similar afflictions.

Very sincerely
Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am very much in love with a man I have now found is married. I am only eighteen years old, but I feel much older and my friends tell me that I act much older. However, I have never in my life had as intense a feeling for anyone as I have for Gregg.

Gregg is six years older than I am. He is in the Army Air Corps and is attending school here at the University. If he is a "wolf" the fact is not obvious. At least I have never met a "wolf" who has as much respect for a girl as he has for me. We had wonderful times together for months, but I have not had a date with him since I learned that he is married.

He does not see that it should make any difference in our relationship. He says it is entirely possible for a man and a girl to have a care-free friendship that will be beneficial to both. He says he expects his wife to go dancing and to attend movies with trusted friends while he is away, and that she expects him to do the same.

Tell me what I should do, though. Should I continue my present relationship with him? My heart says "yes," but my head says "no."

Ardis D.

Dear Miss D:

First of all, before we consider the problem you have mentioned, I think

we should consider the far more important problem of being eighteen. I'd like to confide a little secret in you: When I was eighteen, I judged myself to be madly in love with the older brother of one of my girl friends. I thought him mysterious and I was agonized when he paid no attention to me. I know now that he was probably suffering from no Heathcliff complex, but only a bothersome stomach ulcer.

My point is that all girls of eighteen consider themselves madly in love at sometime during that exciting year between seventeen and nineteen. Sometimes this love is genuine; usually it is a mirage that will be quickly forgotten.

Now, about Gregg: If it were possible for you to be entirely casual with him, a very nice friendship might be possible. I would judge, from your description of Gregg's behavior, that he is eager to be platonic.

However, you yourself admit that you have never before had such an intense feeling for anyone. That makes the relationship entirely impossible. In the first place, it violates Gregg's clearly expressed desire in the matter. In the second place, you are—by continuing a relationship in which your emotions are involved—setting the scene for heartbreak for someone. If Gregg finally reciprocates your affection, you will have brought suffering to his wife.



And if Gregg should tire of you and start to date another girl, you would suffer a great deal of humiliation.

You are probably better off not to see him again.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

First you must excuse my English for I speak it not correctly at all. I learned first to speak Spanish.

Here is my trouble: I was talented for acting and singing but it is too late, when I am now twenty-five, to do something about such a talent. Even without my age I could not be in public. I am very bad-looking on account that I had small-pox on my face.

These pox have kept me out of a career and the most important of all, they have kept me apart from men. They pay no attention to me and you can imagine how hard that is.

I gave you enough trouble by reading my letter but I could not keep this to myself any longer. I hope you have pity on me and tell me is there anything to be done with such a face.

Marguerita D.

Dear Miss D:

There is a great deal to be done in your case. Would it comfort you to know that there is a very famous actress, celebrated for her eloquent dark eyes, who bears a birthmark running diagonally across her face? This mark has never hampered her career in the least because of her intelligent use of cosmetics.

Naturally I cannot mention trade names of certain products in this column, but if you will go to your local druggist he will be able to supply you with a foundation preparation that will tend to make your scars less noticeable. Or else you may consult a dermatologist, who will certainly be able to help you.

I think, however, that you have a second problem—not so easily dealt with as this question of your skin. You see, for years you have felt sorry for yourself. Instead of looking outward to take an interest in others, you have looked forever inward upon your own defects. You have deliberately fostered your feeling of inferiority instead of discovering that a good many other persons are carrying burdens equal and oftentimes greater than your own.

Do these things which can be done to make yourself physically more attractive, then forget about yourself and take an interest in others.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

To me my problem is so complicated that I really don't know just where to begin.

I met a fellow less than a month ago. He has proposed and I have promised to marry him in spite of the fact that I don't love him. We have a lot in common, though, as we are both interested in music, both play musical instruments, both enjoy concerts, recordings and the opera.

I am now twenty-five. I lost my mother when I was a baby and my

life has consisted of nothing but hardship. I know that by marrying this fellow I would change my entire life for the better, but it seems unfair to marry him without feeling any true love for him.

I am doubtful of the wisdom of this marriage for another reason: there is someone else in my life with whom I am desperately in love. I have been going with him for well over a year and he does everything he can to prove his love but he says repeatedly that he will never marry. He can't bear the thought of being tied down.

Should I go on waiting for him to change his mind about marriage, or should I go away someplace and forget both men?

This may seem foolish to you but I feel that I have reached a fork in the road and I don't know which way to turn. Will you please help me to choose the right one?

Cosmo T.

Dear Miss T:

Under no circumstance should you marry a man whom you don't love, in spite of the fact that you have a great deal in common with him.

These pages in Photoplay belong each month to those readers who have personal problems. If you wish Miss Colbert's advice write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and if your problem seems to her to be a universal one she will answer it on these pages. All names of persons and localities are changed.

Miss Colbert also proposes an additional thought—that anyone who has found help through this column write and tell her about it. Photoplay will award a \$25 War Bond each month to the letter Miss Colbert selects as the most sincere in this new "How I Solved My Problem" series.

Since you don't love this man, it is unfair for you to let him believe that you do. I should think that the only honorable thing to do would be to break your engagement.

As for the other man who insists that he will never marry, this is so unusual a statement that he must have a very good reason for it. Either there is some cause in his background or heredity that would make marriage unwise, or he simply doesn't love you and doesn't want to lead you on with false hope. Perhaps you might give him a bit more time, but if—within the next year—he still has the same feeling, you should give him up and start your emotional life over again with someone new.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

A good many women have mother-in-law trouble, I know. My problem is slightly different—it's father-in-law trouble.

I am now twenty-two; I have been married six and one half years and I have two lovely children. During the last four years of our marriage my husband's father has lived with us.

He is retired from business so he spends a (Continued on page 100)

Forward.



To step proudly, smartly into spring: Lynn Bari wearing Monica's navy and white tropical worsted suit with pocket detail .



... and a draped blue crepe with giddy, old-fashioned bicycles racing over it. Miss Bari appears in "The Bridge Of San Luis Rey"

Did

The theme is



1

1 You can be star-smart on a penny-wise budget if you keep your eyes open for spring dresses like these, chosen by Kathryn Grayson of "Thousands Cheer" for Photoplay reader Lynn Hester of Asheville, N. C. The first find—"Little Bo-Peep," young, smart with white scallops suggesting a bodice and apron, brief sleeves, simple neckline, full skirt. The belt comes in contrasting colors

Sizes 9-15. Carole-lyn crepe. About \$10. Cloud gray, bonny blue, wheat and Nassau rose



2

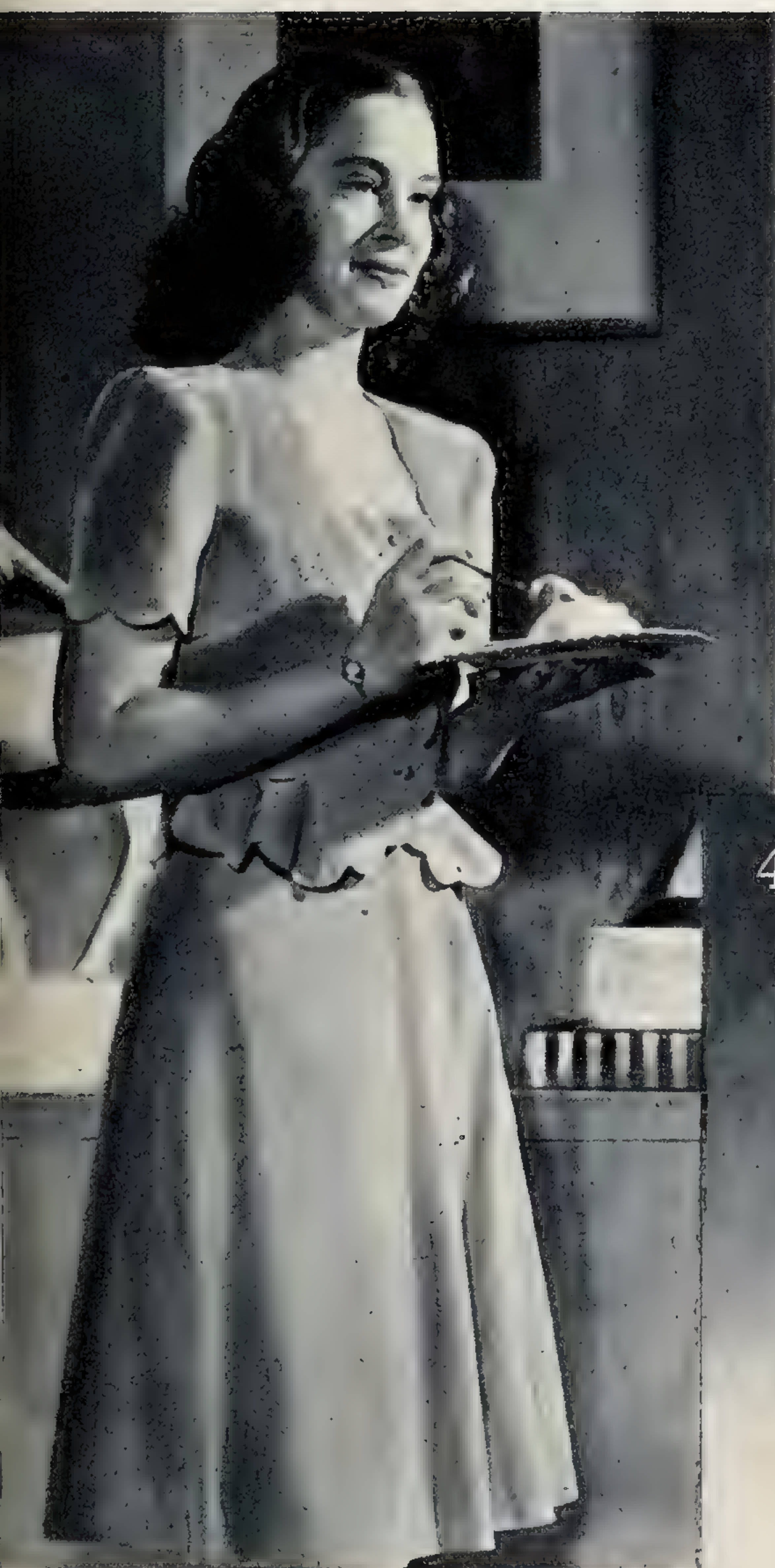
2 Good returns—a dress that was so popular last year, it makes another gay comeback this new season. It has a printed jersey skirt and a linen jacket emphasizing one of the print colors, with quilted jersey applique

Sizes 9-15. About \$9.00. With luggage green or red jacket and luggage green or red predominating in skirt pattern

Somebody Say Spring?

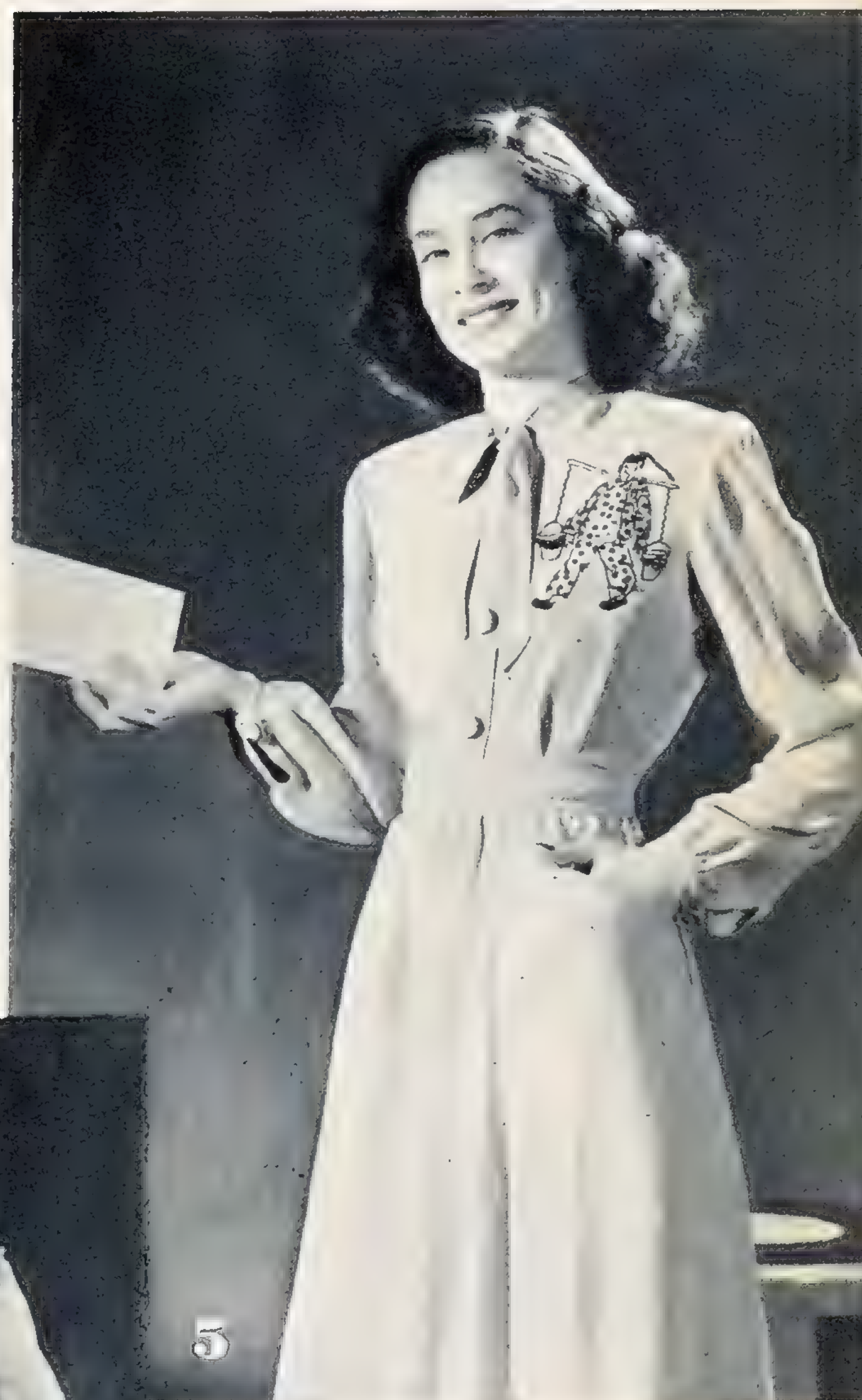
PHOTOPLAY'S
Star-Maker
Fashions

spring; the clothes are treasures, worn by Lynn Hester



4 Listen to that soft rustle! It's the taffeta in this different-looking two-piecer with its mirror-faced buttons, lingerie frou-frou with black velvet bow

Sizes 9-15. About \$16. In black and white checked taffeta



5 Lynn looking the way every girl wants to look—smart and sophisticated. The two-piece dress is "China Boy" and it has bright sequins embroidered on the shoulder, slash pockets, bow-tie neckline

Sizes 9-15. American Beauty crepe. About \$15. In Skyscope blue, gold, glacier ice (green) and water-color aqua



3 Party dress plus—in soft pastel bengaline with scallops, pretty buttons and a gayly flaring peplum. Use it for your first spring party, for your informal dates

Sizes 9-15. About \$16. In rose, powder or aqua bengaline

For a list of stores where these Star-maker fashions are available see page 119.

WHO'S NEWS

Telling tales—nice ones—about two

brand-new, span-new star starters

MAID IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Three thousand men have written her proposals of marriage and yet Vera Hrubá Ralston hasn't one beau to her name. Blonde, Slavic of feature, Vera is five feet five and one-fourth inches of interesting loveliness. With the rumble of Hitler's hordes drawing closer and closer, Vera, with her mother, left home to come to America to fulfill a skating contract, but landed temporarily in a French concentration camp instead. A month later she was released and on her way to New York, but it was too late by the time her father, a jeweler in Prague, had arranged his affairs. For three years they have heard nothing of him. The silence is one prolonged ache that cannot be erased by her success here—success she first earned in Europe as a champion ice skater and runner-up to Sonja Henie.

After making "Icecapades Of 1942" in which she did her beautiful Hawaiian dance, Vera stayed on at Republic to do "The Monster" with Eric Von Stroheim as "the monster." She ally be dropped from her name and Ralston substituted. She hopes we Americans, "who have no appreciation for your 'divine' bathrooms," will like her new name. Do you? She'd be so glad to hear from you out at Republic Studios if you do.

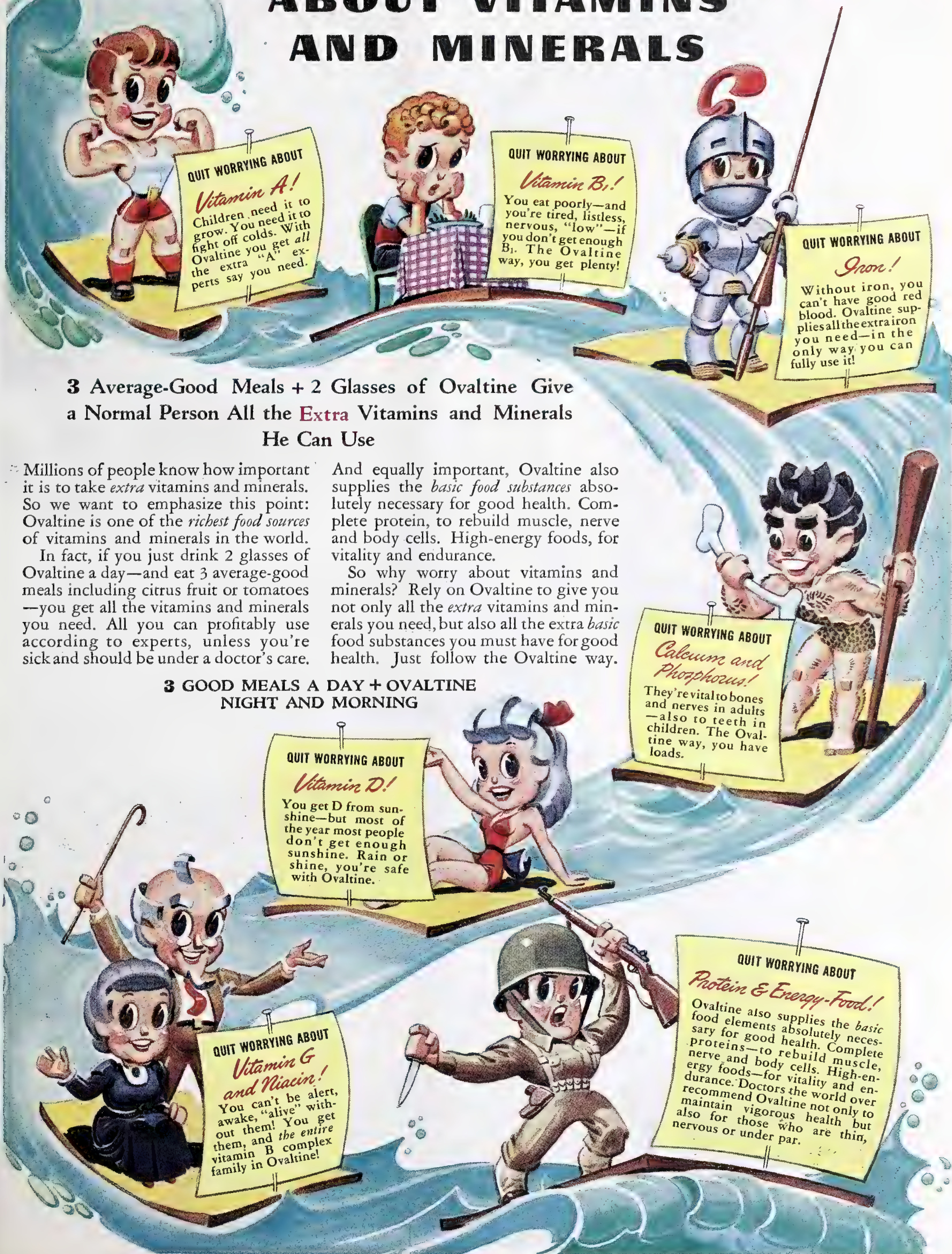
THE MAN FROM MARS: All 1,200 people in the town of Mars, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, wondered how young Bill Eythe would enjoy playing second fiddle over at Carnegie Tech where his brother "Dutch" had just been chosen for the All-America football team. Bill didn't mind. He knew he could never play football and the doctor warned against accidents. So Bill took up acting as a nice, quiet profession.

In his first Broadway success, "The Moon Is Down," as the hysterical German officer he had his ears boxed nightly by a fellow actor. Both drums were badly broken. In his first movie, "The Ox-Bow Incident," a slap over the head with a gun reopened the wounds. He suffers mightily from the injuries that have rendered him 4-F. But one would never know it from Bill, whose dark eyes gleam with humor and whose ability to laugh at himself and his early struggles equals his talents as an actor, which you'll soon see, as Bill is the leading man in "The Eve Of St. Mark" and "The Song Of Bernadette." Outside of always tripping and falling over people, he's a wonderful catch of twenty-four. And even has dark, curly locks. But girls, you have to like bowling and no kidding about it.



Quit Worrying

ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS



QUIT WORRYING ABOUT
Vitamin A!
Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get all the extra "A" experts say you need.

QUIT WORRYING ABOUT
Vitamin B₁!
You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B₁. The Ovaltine way, you get plenty!

QUIT WORRYING ABOUT
Iron!
Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the only way you can fully use it!

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give a Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use

Millions of people know how important it is to take *extra* vitamins and minerals. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the *richest food sources* of vitamins and minerals in the world. In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat 3 average-good meals including citrus fruit or tomatoes—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use according to experts, unless you're sick and should be under a doctor's care.

And equally important, Ovaltine also supplies the *basic food substances* absolutely necessary for good health. Complete protein, to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods, for vitality and endurance. So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you not only all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need, but also all the *extra basic* food substances you must have for good health. Just follow the Ovaltine way.

**3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE
NIGHT AND MORNING**

QUIT WORRYING ABOUT
Vitamin D!
You get D from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine.

QUIT WORRYING ABOUT
Calcium and Phosphorus!
They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.

QUIT WORRYING ABOUT
Vitamin G and Niacin!
You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them, and the entire vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!

QUIT WORRYING ABOUT
Protein & Energy-Food!
Ovaltine also supplies the *basic* food elements absolutely necessary for good health. Complete proteins—to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods—for vitality and endurance. Doctors the world over recommend Ovaltine not only to maintain vigorous health but also for those who are thin, nervous or under par.

Mother's my pin-up girl!

...makes a feller mighty proud to have a Mom as *smart* as she is pretty. She figured that if Karo Syrup is so valuable for me, it must be a great food for everyone. That's why we have so many good things to eat at our house . . . all the time. Say! I wonder if *that's* why Daddy loves her as much as I do?



QUICK COCOA SYRUP

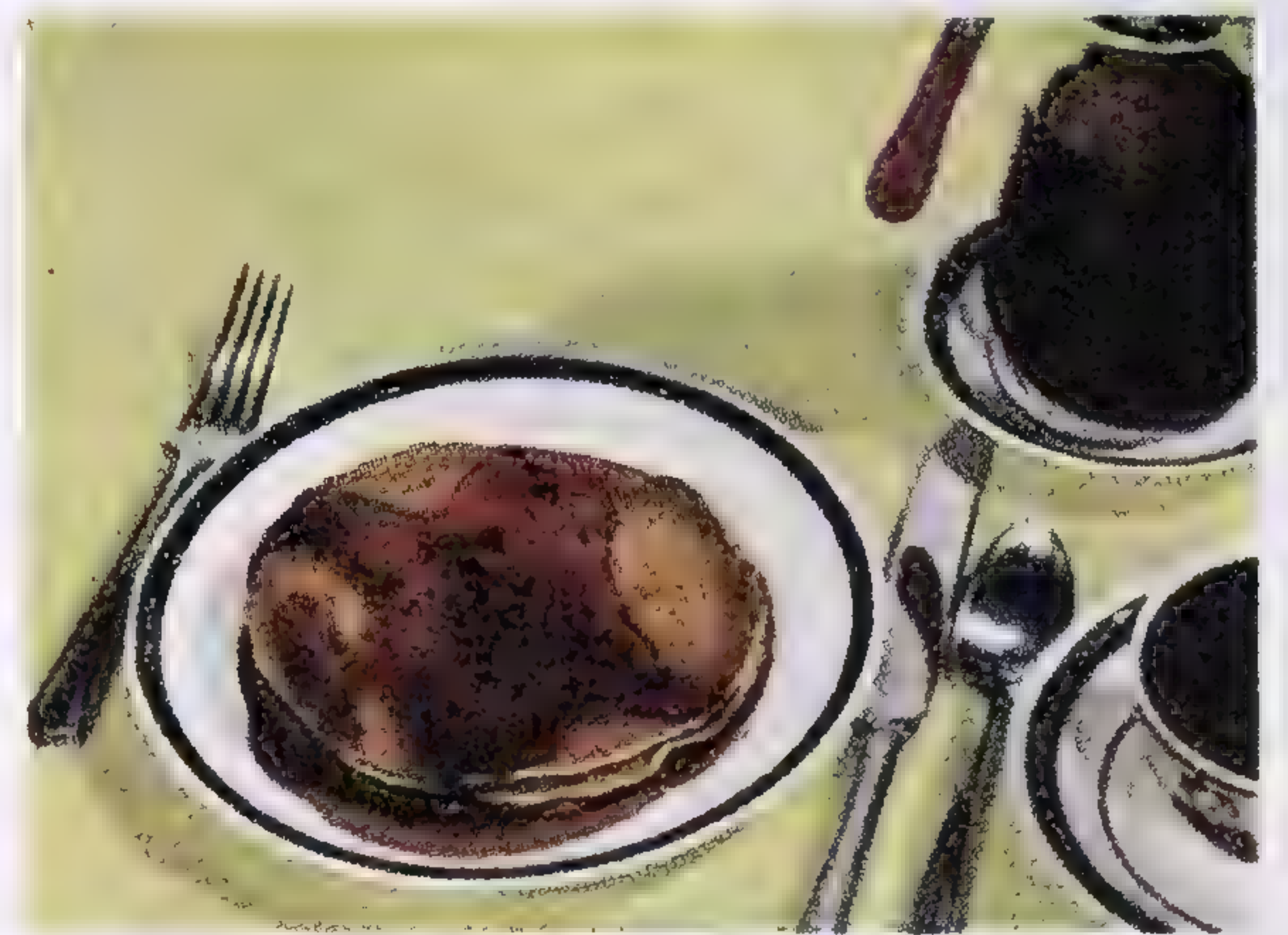
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cocoa 1 cup Karo Red or
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar Blue Label
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water

Combine cocoa and sugar; add Karo and water. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved, then cook for 10 minutes. Store in a covered jar in refrigerator until needed. Makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups syrup. Practical suggestions: Use this as a topping for ice cream, puddings, and cake too.

To Make Quick Cocoa: Put 2 tablespoons syrup into each cup. Bring milk to boiling, stir a little into each cup. Then fill cup, stirring in hot milk gradually.



Karo Is Rich In Dextrose
... Food-Energy Sugar



BUTTERED KARO

Heat 1 cup Karo Waffle Syrup, or Karo Blue or Red Label. Add 2 tablespoons or more of butter or margarine and stir until melted. Serve hot on pancakes, waffles, French toast. This saves serving butter at the table, and the amount of butter used may vary according to your supply. Also it will help to keep foods piping hot.

Flavorful suggestion: Add a little chopped, cooked bacon or ham to hot Karo. This carries meat flavor without spending many points.



KARO NUT FROSTING

Dip top of cup cakes or individual cake squares in Karo Red or Blue Label, then in finely chopped nuts. Turn slowly until top is covered with nuts.

Party suggestion: Place half a red cherry and a green leaf in center of each, or a tiny mound of melted chocolate.

Are American Women Good Wartime Wives?

(Continued from page 29) On a train going East some months ago there was a girl who was expecting her baby in less than two months. She had left her mother's home (where her husband, in a Southern camp, had left her, happy in the thought that she was safe), and was en route to "surprise" him. She had everyone on the train in an uproar by fainting once or twice a day and having to be revived. One morning I insisted that she have breakfast with my accompanist and me and discovered, as we had suspected, that she had no money and hadn't eaten for two days. I could just imagine the texture of her husband's "surprise" when this responsibility was added to those of his training.

On another train I met a young woman, with a year-old baby, who told me, proudly, that her infant had never "stayed put" in any one place for more than three weeks since he'd been born. "Where my Pete goes," she said, virtuously, "Little Pete and I go, too." Well, I must say that "Little Pete" didn't look as though he had much farther to go, poor little puny thing that he was—and no wonder!

IT seems to me that sensible women should realize that while their husbands are out there, fighting for their homes, their job is to keep the homes. I should think they would feel that in wartime even more, if possible, than in peacetime, it is up to them to raise sturdy, normal kids, and keep themselves fit, too, so that the fighting men will find something worth having fought for when they return.

Not only are these itinerant wives worrisome to their husbands but they also give Uncle Sam a splitting headache by occupying train space which is needed for uniformed passengers who are not making sentimental pilgrimages but whose destinations are the theaters of war.

Besides, the men are usually given furloughs before they go overseas. They are also given priorities and preference when they travel. So, in cases where there are homes to be kept, babies to be cared for, or babies on the way, good wives, I believe, should let the men do the traveling.

There are circumstances, of course, in which a wife has a right to go to her husband when he is in camp and to stay with him, too, if he wants her. For if she is not neglecting her home by leaving it, has the means to travel and honestly contributes to her husband's whole well-being by being near him, it's certainly her business and his.

SOME girls make themselves very useful in camp towns. I met two or three who, in addition to behaving like ladies and keeping their husbands happy, also had jobs. Some of the camp towns need waitresses, stenographers and so on, which means that these girls are doing Uncle Sam a service, too.

I have met both kinds for I stayed a month, two weeks at a time, in camps with Johnny. Once at Camp Crowder, again at Ft. Monmouth and again in New York when Johnny went to Astoria. But I can honestly say for myself that each time I got on a train I had, in addition to wanting to be with Johnny, business reasons (radio broadcasts or, as now, personal appearances and camp and War Bond tours) for traveling.

So much for us service wives. But what about so many other women who are living through the most horrible war the world has ever seen and are doing so little about it? There was a woman who lived around the corner from the place where I was staying in New Jersey to be near Johnny at Fort Monmouth. I met her

in the street one day and she was highly exercised over the fact that her neighbor's two little girls were running loose around the community while their father was in the Army and their mother was on the daytime shift at a war plant.

"It's perfectly ridiculous for that woman to be working in a factory!" she scolded. "When I raised my children, I made it my job to look after them properly. That's 'essential' too, you know!"

Of course it was. But the town had been badly drained of its manpower by the draft and an urgent appeal had been issued to women to fill the gaps at the factory.

"If it bothers you, why don't you do something about it?" I asked.

"Me? What could I do?" she demanded.

"Well, you could take her place in the plant. Or—" as I saw the storm clouds begin to gather on her face—"you could take care of her children while she's away. You might start a sort of neighborhood nursery that way."

With a look that said, "You poor thing, why don't you mind your own business," she turned on her heel.

WHAT an opportunity that woman missed! A lot of other women are missing it right now, too. They probably think they have to be experts on child care before they can attempt anything of the kind. And, of course, the ideal approach is to join one of the nursery classes that are being set up all over the country. But if these are not available, don't let it stop us from filling the need that is immediately at hand, to the best of our ability.

There are a lot of other things for which we American wives are giving ourselves comfortable alibis. At the house of a friend of ours not long ago, three women were waiting for a fourth to make up a table of afternoon bridge and were a little bit annoyed at the delay. When the fourth one arrived she said, "Sorry, girls. I was held up at the hospital."

Probably out of her own uneasy conscience the hostess spoke up sharply. "Really, Blanche, I don't see why you feel you have to pour out your strength on this Nurse's Aide business. We're not as young as we once were. I consider I'm doing my share when I run my husband's home without any help whatsoever!"

"He'd get along all right even if you did a little more about the war," Blanche said quietly. "You're an extremely capable housewife, Ellie, and you're in a fairly good state of preservation, despite 'our

age,' as you put it. Can you honestly say that you couldn't devote ten hours a week to the Red Cross or the AWVS or some other branch of community war service? If you can, I think you're underestimating yourself, my dear."

Three cheers for Blanche, say I! Too many of us think that extra effort for the war is going to make us bad homemakers. Just the opposite was true in my case. I was not a good peacetime wife.

Before the war, I took everything for granted and most of my reactions to marriage were infantile. I didn't begin to understand the duties of a homemaker. I didn't even know enough to give my servants intelligent orders. It was all too easy. How could I be a good wife under such circumstances? How could we expect to understand each other, my husband and I? We didn't. We were like two strangers, playing house. The result was, we had misunderstandings. We had arguments over things so petty we couldn't remember what we were arguing about five minutes after we began. We allowed our faith in one another to be shaken by listening to tales "well-meaning" friends brought us, one about the other. We had quarrels and reconciliations. We were those tragic figures, two people deeply and terribly in love, behaving like squabbling children.

Then the war came and brought peace to Johnny and me. For suddenly our gay, exciting crowded life was gone. Most of our friends were gone, also our servants. Then—then Johnny was gone. And in the strange, blitzed little shell of the life I had had, I found Johnny. We found each other. Now we know that all that matters is to be together at such times as it is right for us to be together.

No, I wasn't a good peacetime wife. I like to believe that the qualities which make a good wife—loyalty and unselfishness, tenderness, sincerity, the sturdiness of true homemakers—were in me although they hadn't been developed. I like to think, I really believe, that they are developing now. For the war challenges women to develop these qualities. The demand for them is, necessarily, stronger and more urgent in wartime than in peacetime so that our supply must be more than normally sufficient in order to meet the demand.

Have we a sufficient supply, we American wives? I wonder. I think so. I hope so—for your sakes, and mine.

The End



American wartime wife who has some smart wartime ideas for women everywhere—Kathryn Grayson of M-G-M's "Thousands Cheer" and husband John Shelton, Lt. in the Signal Corps

If You Were Olivia de Havilland's House Guest

(Continued from page 57) Well, why not? It sounds like a very practical idea to you. You begin taking things out of your bag and hanging them in the closet—thus finding that Olivia's wardrobe (which is still there too, of course!) is the last word in exquisite taste. You see dresses and suits in every color hanging there—and dozens of wonderful hats, which are Olivia's favorite costume item. But mainly, more than anything else, you see bed jackets—she has a complete line of them.

BUT now Lily May appears for just a minute. "The cocktails are waiting," she tells Olivia. So you rush into Olivia's dressing room for a quick going-over before dinner. It's in rose, too; a small room with a dozen pale blue satin boxes on shelves where her stockings and jewelry are neatly put away. There's a wedding portrait of Joan and Brian Aherne on the dressing table itself; and thirty bottles of perfume; and a tiny silver *pot de chambre* with Olivia's name engraved on it—bristling with bobbie pins.

You settle down happily in the lamp-lit living room with Olivia. And with two omnipresent dogs—one being the famous Shadrack, an Airedale with a useless rear leg (thanks to two breaks in it). He gets around like lightning on the other three, along with a little brown dachshund named Lucky who belongs to Lily May. They both run Olivia's life, you soon discover—and they discovered that, obviously, some time ago! They are always scratching to get in or out of doors and Olivia's on her feet every second helping them get their wishes.

But despite the dogs' endless scratchings, you and Olivia manage to put away delicious cocktails and a meltingly tasty caviar-and-cream mixture on thin slices of bread . . . and then you move in to a candle-lit dinner that is so superbly cooked and served that you swear you'll never forget it.

For Livvie is a born gourmet. She likes every kind of food and all kinds are served at her dinner table by her excellent cook. While you listen to Olivia discussing food, you look around you at the formal gray walls and dark mahogany dining set—and you sip clear turtle soup, accompanied by hot cheese-and-bread sticks. Then come roast beef, crisp browned potatoes, string beans, baked eggplant and fluffy hot biscuits with red currant jelly. And for dessert you have big red cherries clinging to whipped cream . . . and coffee. You stagger into the living room again, telling Olivia, "At last I know what you mean by food being exciting." I too am excited by it—from now on!"

BUT this is just an ordinary dinner for Olivia, you will find out as time goes by. Even those dinners served on bed trays are as big and succulent as this.

You aren't given much time to dream it over again, though. Olivia wants to know if you'd like to sit home and talk, or go to a movie? Decide! You decide on a movie and both of you pull on coats and rush out—Olivia still in her gray silk pajamas. You drive down to a Beverly Hills neighborhood theater in Olivia's green coupe, with one dented fender and the stuffing popping out of the seat. Back home again, after the show is over, you have a hasty snack out of the ice box—and so to bed. Unless you and Olivia begin talking. In that case, you'll stay up till dawn . . . because Olivia is one of the most interesting talkers you've ever met.

But probably that first night you'd favor a long sleep. So you'd skip discussion and tumble into Olivia's bed, hoping fervently

that she enjoys her couch in the den. You'd have looked at it first to make sure, and it looks fine—it's a comfortable bed with built-in bookcases at its foot. The den itself is an attractive room, with deep pink walls, a tan rug, books crowding every wall, and its own bathroom.

IF OLIVIA'S not gone from dawn until dark working on a picture, you'll spend a typical quiet, interesting next day with her. It will begin with breakfast in bed on a tray, brought in by Lily May along with the papers.

Then for a peaceful hour you'd lie sunning yourself beside Olivia in her back garden—which is as private as a small world. It's a tiny V-shaped canyon between two hills, with the entire floor of the canyon filled by lawn and a small oval swimming pool. Beyond the pool is a doll-like duplicate of the big house—a white playhouse with bright red shutters. Inside is a bar, a fireplace, a small dining table and chairs—and green again. Green-blue walls, rug and furniture—with yellow drapes at the windows and red-yellow-and-green checked love seats before the fire. Here are more books, too, and every one of Olivia's movie scripts—carefully bound in tan sheepskin with each title lettered in gold on the cover. But what you like most are Olivia's own pencil sketches scattered here and there on blank pages of the scripts—a quick drawing of a fortress or a bridge, beautifully done.



High divers at the swimming pool: Livvie de Havilland and the two guys who get a lot of her attention

You'd have a swim, after your sun bath, and then, if Sergeant Lew Ayres were in town on furlough, he might suddenly appear on the back terrace and yell, "Livvie, we're walking!"

Olivia would immediately herd you into the house and into walking clothes—and sure enough, you'd be walking! In fact, you'd cover two hours' worth of hills with Olivia, Lew and the two dogs before you'd appear home again. If you and Lew weren't here, Olivia would walk alone with the dogs for hours at a time—just as she often goes to movies alone at night.

Her friends are very few, and none of them women. With the occasional exception of Geraldine Fitzgerald and Bette

Davis, she never sees women at all. It's to men that she turns for friendship and companionship and it would be men who took you and Olivia out two or three nights a week. They'd be Burgess Meredith when he's in town, or producer Arthur Hornblow, or Major Anatole Litvak, or the director Irving Reis, or producer John Houseman. You'd very seldom go to night clubs. Olivia used to love them, but not lately; so generally you'd go to someone's house to a party. Or to the movies.

AS Livvie's house guest you'd find out as many things as Olivia wanted you to find out—she has a very real dignity about her private affairs. Certainly you'd know many little things about her: That she can't play her piano except for one-finger work . . . and a page and a half of Rudolph Friml's "Twilight" with both hands, which she learned as a child. You'd know that she likes to buy custom-made clothes that she'll love for five years of steady wearing—and that she chooses cooks by their personalities and then they turn out to be marvelous chefs!

But far more important than these things, you'd know about Olivia's life and attitude toward it. You'd know that she was born in Japan and came to America as a baby to live in Saratoga, a tiny California town of 800 people; and that she went to high school in Los Gatos, a near-by town hardly larger in size. And that, at eighteen, she landed in Hollywood—where, most painfully, she grew up.

But now she doesn't regret the pain, not even the turbulent and unhappy experiences with men; because with each experience her horizon grew.

And she has many thought-provoking opinions as an adult, which you find yourself arguing against, and then agreeing with. If you listed some of them, they'd look like this:

Every young person in his twenties should leave his parents' home and influence—and get out alone to form his own ideas and life.

Every married couple should be of utmost importance to each other—and their children only dear and welcome visitors. This lack of parental possessiveness is healthy and natural—and gives the children their chance for independence.

No handsome man is really attractive, for instead of looking like an arresting individual as an ugly man does, he looks like a collar ad and therefore meaningless.

Women on the whole are appalling people, because they have abominable manners and barbaric views on what is important in life . . . and their cynical stressing of money, jewelry and clothes makes such valuable things become valueless. "Women, in short, are not gentlemen," she sighs. And she probably has something there!

You have learned, too, that like every woman, she wants to be dominated someday by an intelligent husband, but that she'll never give up her career in spite of him and the three children she'd like, unless, that is, he's so vitally engrossed in a progressive career that she could become a needed partner in it.

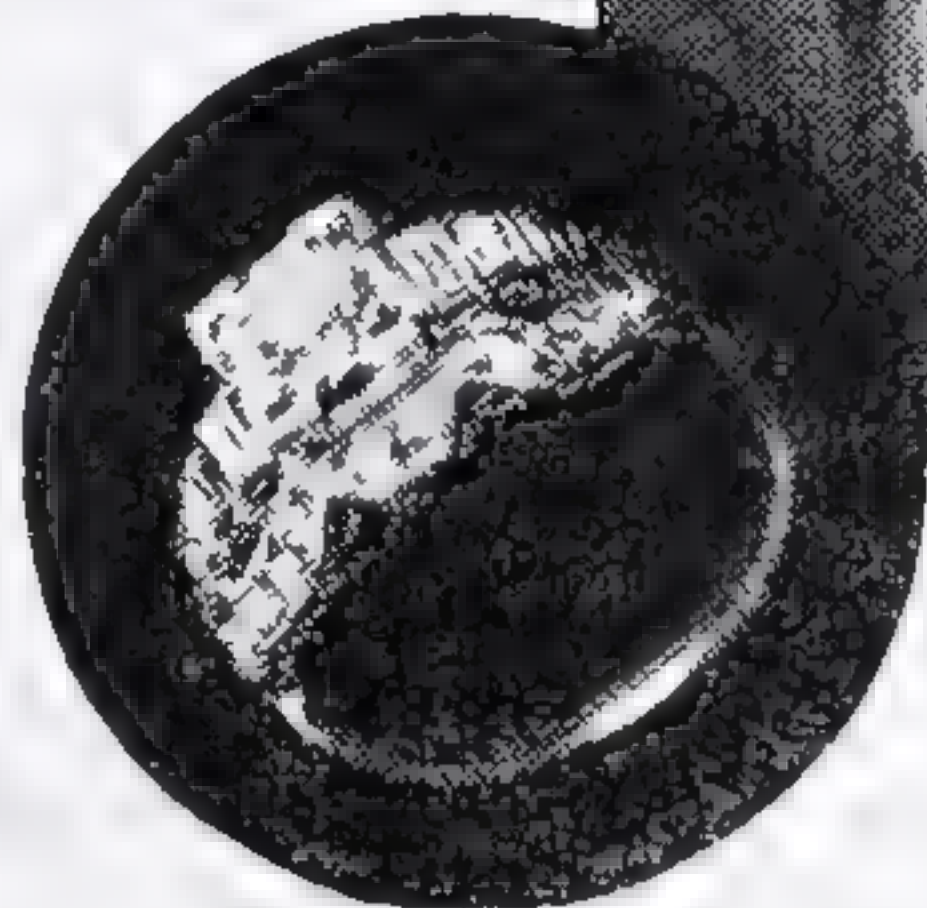
Yes, your visit with Olivia would send you away confused, perhaps—but also stimulated beyond the usual. For you know by this time, if you didn't know it before, that Olivia looks like one of the usual beauties who move in packs through America's social scene . . . but in reality she's a lone wolf, and she's walking her trail in solitary dignity. And for that your hat's off to her. And so is your heart!

THE END



MARTHA PRICE has a fair-skinned, golden loveliness . . . her wide-apart eyes are deep amethyst blue, her hair a glinting red-gold, and her complexion has that sweet, soft-smooth look you notice about so many girls who care for their faces with Pond's.

HER RING—the handsome diamond has three baguettes either side, all surrounded by smaller diamonds set in platinum.



*She's Engaged!
She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*

BETROTHED to Air Corps Officer—exquisite Martha Price of Cleveland, another Pond's Bride-to-be, is engaged to Thomas Liston of Chicago, now with the Army Air Force . . .

When you see a girl with a complexion as luminous and gossamer-fine as Martha's—you naturally want to know what she does to help keep it that way!

Martha says—"I simply use Pond's Cold Cream."

Every night, every morning—Martha beauty-cleans her lovely face, like this: She smooths on snowy-soft Pond's, pats all over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. She "rinses" with more luscious Pond's, working her cream-tipped fingers round and round for extra cleansing, extra softening. Tissues off.

It's no accident engaged girls like Martha, great society beauties like Mrs. William Rhinelanders Stewart love Pond's Cold Cream. Ask for a big jar today. Use it night and morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price



THIS IS MARTHA'S WAR WORK—She gives a whole day every week at the Child Care Center seeing that little boys and girls are kept happy and healthy while their mothers work. Workers like Martha—full time or part time—are badly needed. Perhaps you could make this your war work, too!



ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR!

It's patriotic—saves glass and manpower. You may find different color "war-caps" on Pond's jars now—but Pond's Cold Cream is the same lovely quality.

shows so little...



yet means so *Much!*

Of course he will notice your lovely hair-do—but never the tiny "round-wire" heads of your HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. You know how important they are! That narrow spring loop is a marvel of hidden strength... it really holds. Ask for HOLD-BOB Bob Pins as you do other beauty accessories—by name. Say "HOLD-BOB", for better Bob Pins. If your dealer is out of them temporarily, he will have a new stock very soon.

FLEXIBLE—FIRM

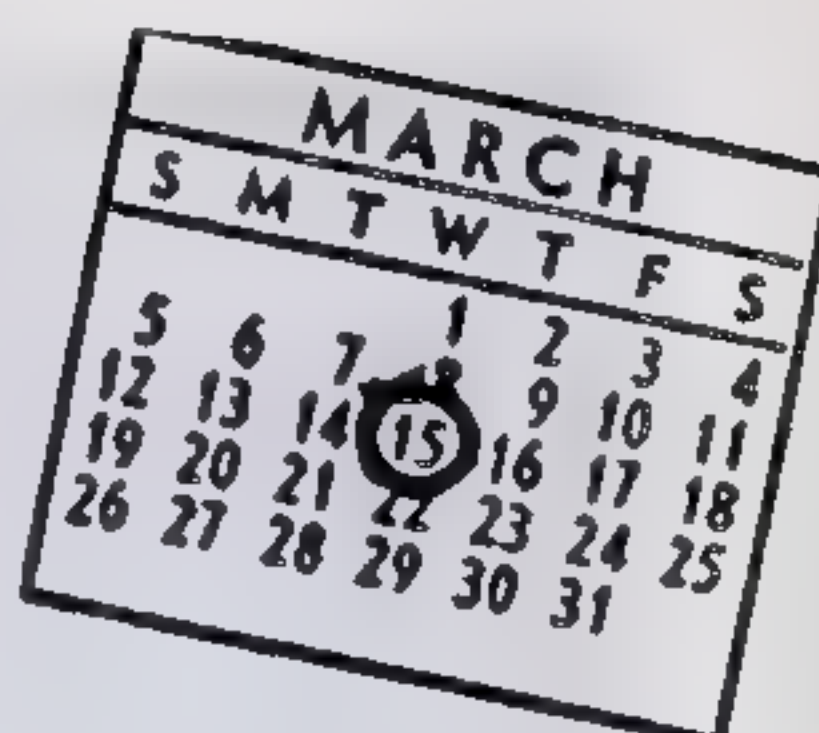
Tapered from tips to powerful round-wire head, with 5 crimps, HOLD-BOB Bob Pins go on easily and stay in! Satin-smooth enamel finish. Smooth round ends for protection.



HOLD-BOB Bob Pins
Are Better Bob Pins

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY, CHICAGO

Here's Your Chance!



—to find out, in a few minutes, how to do
one of the biggest things for your country;
to smash that personal income-tax bugaboo;
and to help bring your man back home!

THEY'RE doing this:



LAST year Marjorie Reynolds made a trip to Alaska to entertain our soldiers. Marjorie learned a lot from that trip. "After seeing what I did in Alaska, I would pay my full income tax in March even if I had to scrimp on basic living expenses. Nothing we can do will ever replace one day in the lives of those boys. Each day we delay on the tax adds one day more to the time they will be coming home. I want my husband, Lt. Jack Reynolds, to come home soon. Seeing the weapons and supplies our money buys makes me feel sure that paying my taxes on time helps in a small way. For each small tax adds up to a lot and I feel that I am being a good home-front American."

\$

ANNE BAXTER, too, feels strongly about paying her income taxes. They have no chance to sneak up on her for she is aware of the necessity to plan for them.

"You see, my salary has always been budgeted. I have a small allowance for gasoline, lunches and things like that and another one for clothes. To meet the increased income tax, I cut down on my clothes allowance and raised my tax fund.

"Working in a picture with Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, who lost five sons in the Navy in one battle, taught me that money is nothing. What can it mean beside the loss of five sons? The more I pay the better I like it!"



\$



SERGEANT LOUIS BUSCH is Janet Blair's personal reason for wanting to pay her income tax in time. He's stationed at Santa Ana and gets home to see his wife once a week.

"I know I'm lucky to have him near by," says Janet, "but I want to bring him home for good. The only way I, or any other American, can bring our husbands and brothers and sweethearts home as soon as possible is to buy all the War Bonds we can and to pay our taxes.

"I'd like a bigger apartment, but I'm not moving. Instead, I've figured out how much more rent I'd have to pay for a larger place. Every month I put the difference between that rent and what I pay now into my Tax Day fund."

YOU'LL want to know this:

WHO must file an income tax return this year?

Fifty million of us, including ten million taxpayers who have never filed a return before. Every single person whose total income in 1943 was \$500 or more. Every husband or wife, either of whose individual income was \$624 or more. Every husband and wife whose combined total incomes were \$1,200 or more. Every individual who paid or owed a tax on 1942 income. If your salary is liable to the withholding tax, you must still file a return, because you must get your books straight with Uncle Sam for 1943, and you must estimate your income for 1944 and the taxes on it.

WHEN must the return be filed?

On or before the 15th of March, 1943. But Uncle Sam says—please file before that date if you possibly can. Do it early!

WHERE can you get help in making out your tax return?

You'll get a statement from the government showing the amount of your 1943 tax, and the payments made on it and a sheet of instructions to aid you. You'll get a statement from your employer showing your earnings and the amount of tax paid under the withholding tax system. Deputy collectors will make field tours of plants, offices and shops to assist you in making up your return. Accountants and lawyers have been asked to volunteer their services, and they will be posted in banks, school houses and post offices to help you. Be sure, if you need help, to get it from one of these sources.

Who are they?—It's Confidential!



2 War workers, nurses, business girls, teen-agers, mothers wrote frankly and intimately. Included were letters from women who had used practically every type and brand of napkin. But they *all* switched to Modess—and for reasons amazingly alike! When their letters were analyzed by an independent, impartial concern...

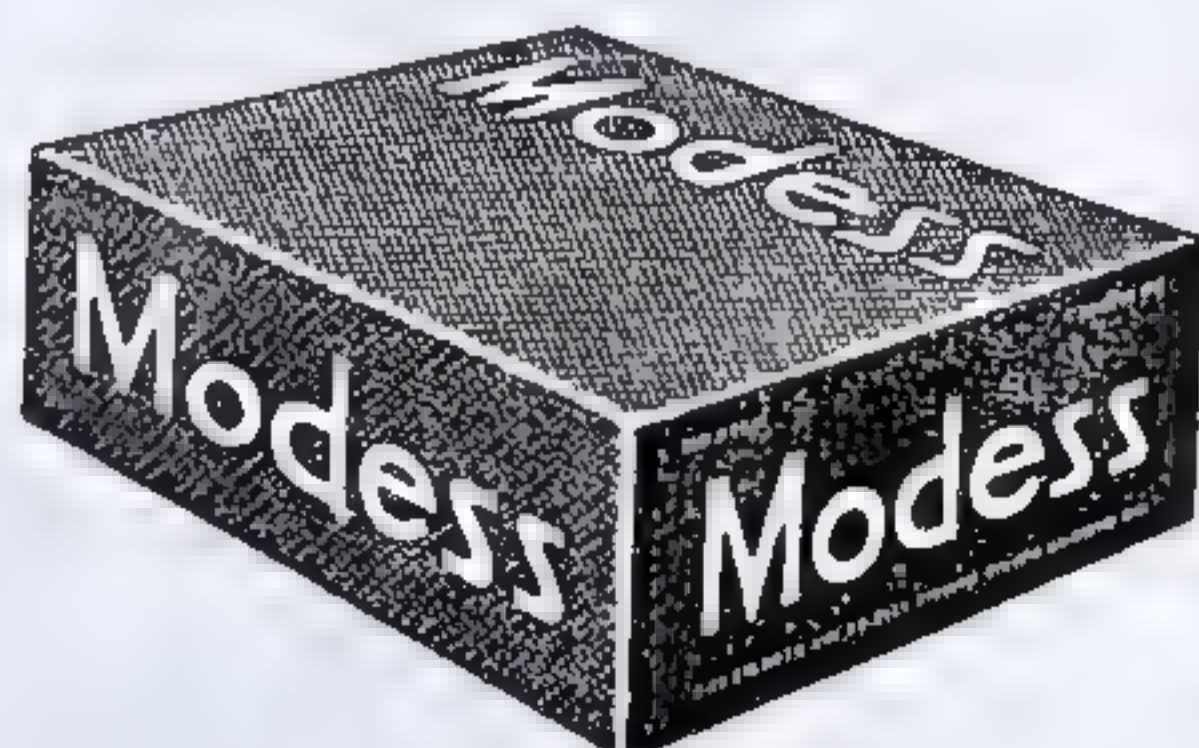
¶ 8 out of 10 women said they're glad they switched to Modess for its wonderful softness, for its comfort or for its dependable safety!



4 Mrs. J.W.B. wrote: "Having four small daughters, doing my own work, being church organist and teacher, I must have a comfortable, safe napkin. It's Modess!" Thousands of women whose jobs keep them on the go every minute are switching to Modess for greater safety! Modess has a full-length, triple shield at the *back* for *full-way* protection—not just part-way protection, as some napkins give.

Discover the Difference...Switch to

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS



MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.

But you'll be glad thousands of busy women had the courage to write frankly—telling *why* they switched to Modess! "So soft," "Such comfort," or "So safe," say 8 out of 10!

1 Their names are a secret—you'll never know them. But here's how 10,086 women, from every state in the Union, recently did you a good turn. They found time in their hurrying, war-busy lives to write *why* they're glad they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins!



3 Wrote Miss D.P.: "I'm a high school girl—and I find Modess softer, less likely to chafe through the necessarily longer wearing time at school." There's a reason for this greater, heavenly softness! Modess is made with a special softspun filler instead of close-packed layers. And because it's softer, it fits like a dream. (No hard tab ends to cause tell-tale outlines, even under the sleekest dress.)



5 How about *you*? Have you tried Modess recently? Doesn't the experience of these thousands of busy women make *you* wonder? Why miss a world of greater softness and greater safety that you *need* these hurry-up days? See what a difference Modess makes! Yet it costs no more. Ask for Modess—today!

3 ways to tell a Fib

(FROM ANY OTHER TAMPON)

Only FIBS*
of all tampons
give you all 3



1. Fibs are quilted



... for more comfort, greater safety in internal protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to any delicate membranes. And quilting controls expansion ... so Fibs don't stretch out to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

2. Fibs have rounded ends



... smooth, gently tapered ends ... for easy insertion! Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your eyes tell you that Fibs must be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size of Fibs ... not too large, not too tiny.

3. Fibs—the Kotex Tampon



... a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton,* the soft, fast absorbent used in Kotex* and demanded by many hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality.

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

(*T M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Riotous Redhead

(Continued from page 52) and the green it sheds upon Lucille's finger bothers her not in the least. She thinks it rather becoming, as a matter of fact. Of course, the aquamarine stone that gleams above it, a gift from Desi, rather overpowers the Woolworth special. What does Lucille care about that?

HER life runs in cycles of sevens and, what's more, hits it squarely on the nose every time. Her first job in New York, her first job in Hollywood, her new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, all fell on the seven or double seven line. She thinks it rather wonderful. In fact, Lucille thinks everything has been rather wonderful, which is rather touching, for it hasn't been, you know. It's been actually tragic at times, job-hunting at fifteen alone in New York, chorus-girling and soda-jerking, climbing slowly to modeling at Hattie Carnegie to become a broken thing in a wheel chair, back home again to Jamestown, New York, at seventeen.

It was in midwinter that her car skidded on an icy curve in Central Park, throwing Lucille clear and into a snow-bank. It was all of two weeks before the excruciating pains in her legs began. She couldn't make it home on her own, but when her mother wheeled her through Grand Central Station she vowed then she'd walk through some day on her way back. Nobody, including the doctors, thought she would. But five years later there she was, back again, having graduated from bed to crutches, to braces, to cane, to her own two beautiful gambs.

One third of her fan mail consists of letters from paralytics who have learned of Lucille's recovery.

She received such a letter from a druggist in Pittsburgh while on her Victory Caravan tour.

She thought a lot about it and the story of the wife, paralyzed and bedfast, who had become despondent. When the Caravan reached Pittsburgh they had only the dinner hour free before the show, but slipping out quietly by herself Lucille grabbed a cab and appeared unannounced

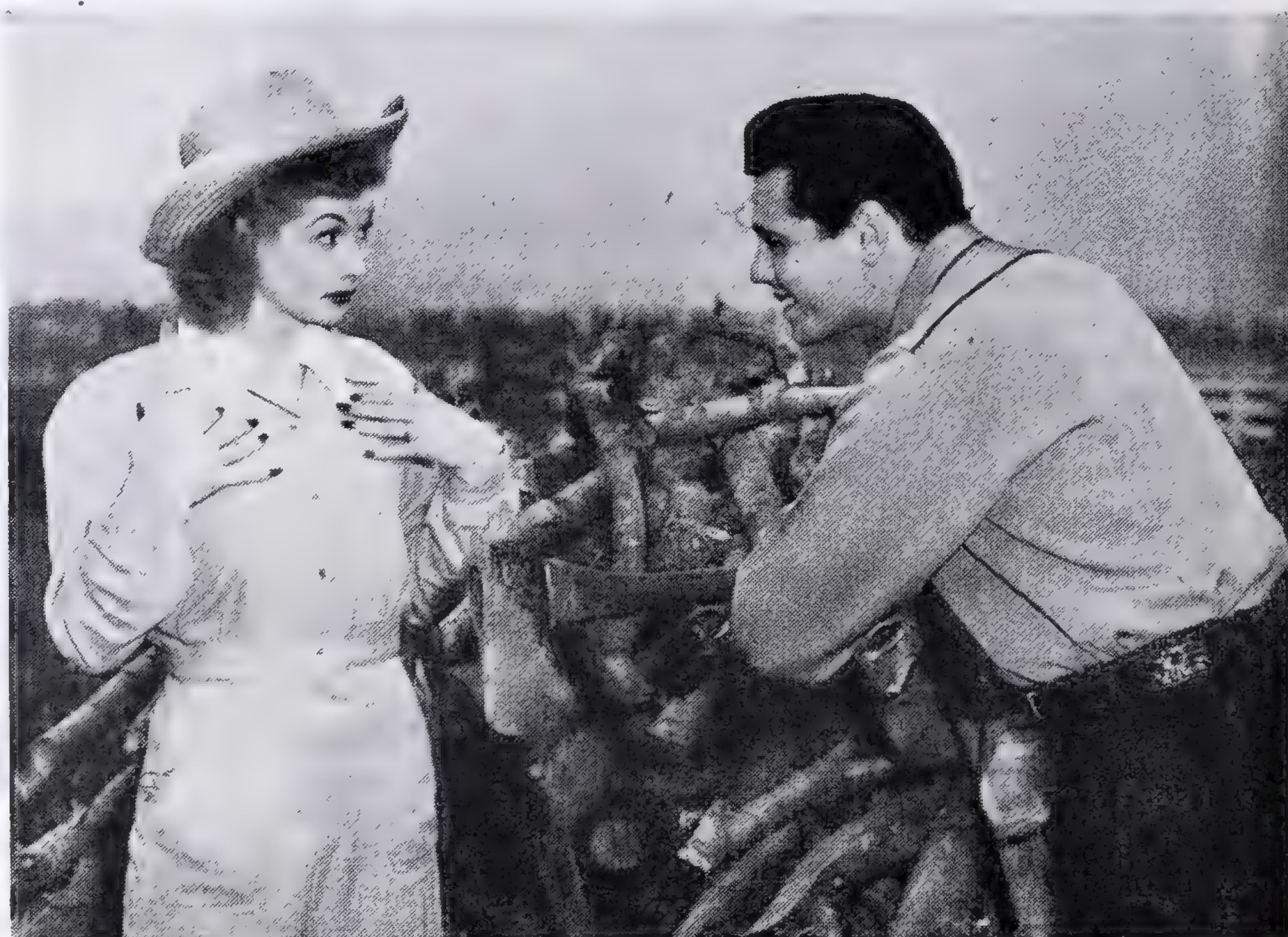
at the home. You never saw such excitement in your life. Dad was telephoned to and came rushing home from the store. No one knows what Lucille said to the wife upstairs, but whatever it was, it helped. Not a soul on the tour knew or knows till this day about that little side excursion.

She spent most of her spare time on her Victory Caravan tour shopping for others. For the little baby her sister-in-law, also Lucille Ball, had had. And down in New Orleans when everyone else was haunting the eating places, Lucille was haunting the dog-food shops practically buying out the stores for the three cocker spaniels and the fox terrier back home. It was food she couldn't find at home. The cat she ignored, for she hasn't quite brought herself to forgive Lucy the Lovelorn, as they call her, for eloping with an unspeakable hellion from the next ranch. Lucille and Desi both feel it was an unnecessary and ungrateful act on the cat's part, especially since Harold the hummingbird, who moved in when they did, brings his wife Helen to the same nesting place near the veranda each year and finds the Arnazes very good neighbors indeed. Noisy, maybe, but friendly.

NOW that Desi is in the Army Lucille spends her work days and nights in town with her mother, going out to the ranch on week ends. The shortage of gas prevents commuting back and forth.

Alone in the house, with one farm hand and housekeeper, Lucille, the paradox, spends her time (and try to vision this one) painting china, like one's old-maid aunt of twenty-five years ago. She'll sew a little, too, and look over the latest Book-of-the-Month that comes to build up the library for the children they want and hope to have.

She'll lose her temper like fury but, darn it all, she'll spoil the fun of it by getting over her peeve before the climax. She forgets easily and is always unprepared when someone retaliates with a squelcher. Her feelings are easily hurt and her outsized inferiority complex is



Straw-hat scene: Lucille Ball on an over-the-woodpile stint on the Victory farm with husband Desi Arnaz of the Army

"A LUX Girl?"

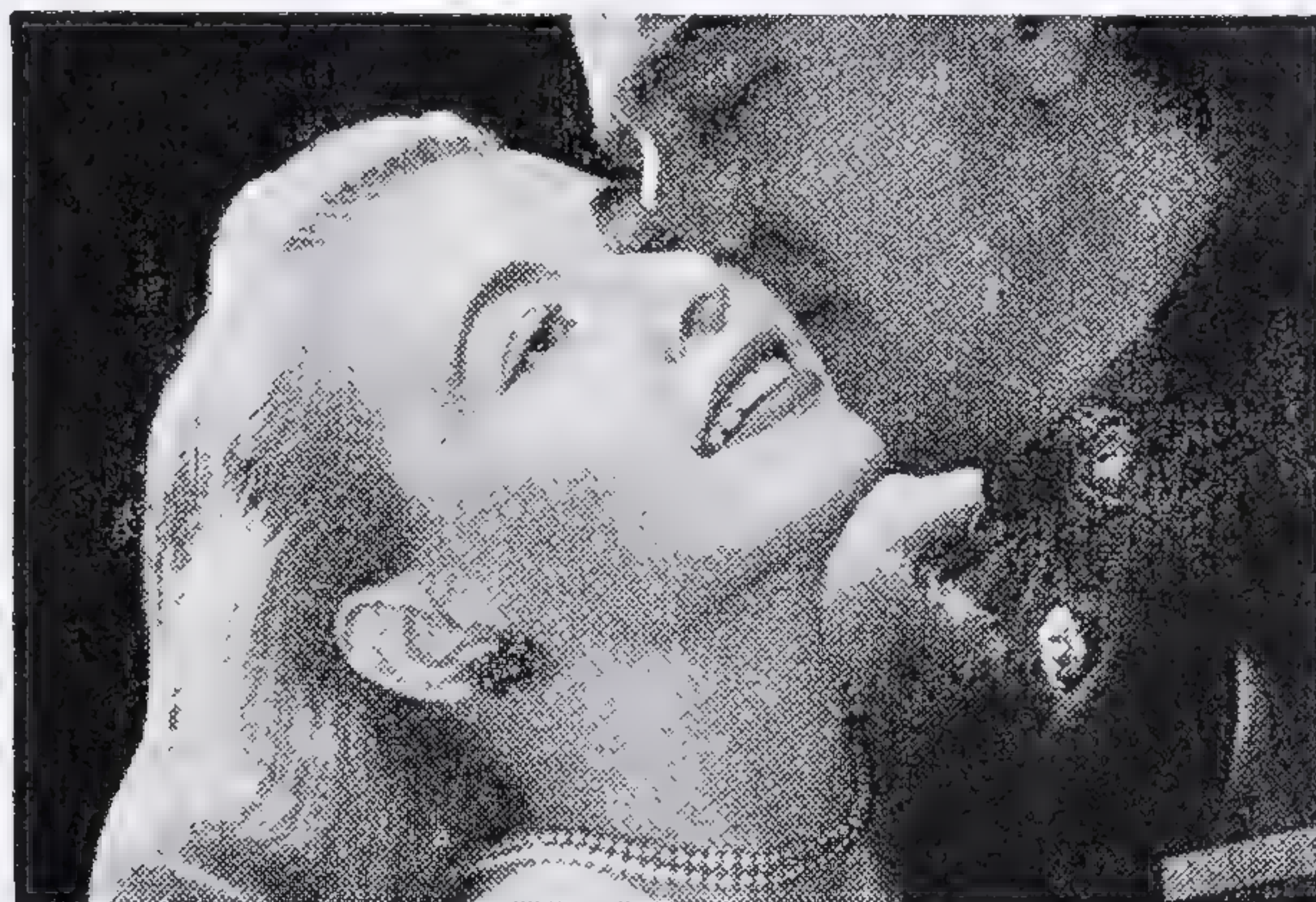
You bet I am!"
Loretta Young

Co-star of Walter Wanger's
"LADIES COURAGEOUS"



"These Beauty facials really make skin lovelier!" says this famous star

"I cover my face generously with the rich Lux Soap lather, work it in thoroughly. I rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat to dry."



YOU want the loveliness that wins romance! Try the simple beauty care Hollywood stars use. See if it doesn't make *your* skin lovelier!

Clever women everywhere find in Loretta Young's Lux Toilet Soap facials a simple, easy care that really works. In recent tests three out of four complexions actually improved! See if this daily complexion care that lovely screen stars recommend doesn't make *your* skin smoother, softer—more adorable!

DON'T WASTE SOAP!

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

(Continued from page 74) constantly getting in her way. She convinced herself early in Hollywood she was neither beautiful nor glamorous, and worried and suffered over it until she realized there was a place for everyone and someday she'd find hers.

She did, too, after years of roaming around in RKO's little B department. She had cried out her disappointments so often on the shoulder of Mr. Charles Koerner that when he became Vice President in charge of production she had only to look at him. "Well, Lucille, I know, I know," he sighed sympathetically, "and darn it all, I hate to lose you. But with whom would you like to sign?"

It was as easy as that. Lucille chose M-G-M and in three days had moved into Norma Shearer's former bungalow. She went right into "DuBarry Was A Lady," "Best Foot Forward" and "Meet The People."

She admits she's the kind of person who needs direction, a man to decide what's best for her in her work. She listens, too, and is grateful. People she can intimidate—and her strong personality is built for intimidation—fret her. She likes, rather, someone who can and will hold his own with her.

She's always planning to sleep late on her free days at the ranch. She never does.

Eight-thirty finds her up and roaming the five-acre ranch. It's the urge for fresh beginnings, even the beginning of a new day, that sends her eagerly forth into the mornings.

She likes clothes and wears them well. She's forever planning to let her hair

grow long and can't imagine why it doesn't. Oh, sure, she admits that the little snips she takes here and there with the scissors may have something to do with it, but Lucille reasons the hair should pay no attention to little snippings off and grow anyway.

Give her a gay, amusing comedy and she'll cry all through it. For instance, people all around her howled at the movie "The More The Merrier" while Lucille sat with tears streaming down her weeping face. Desi had to take her out. "It was so sweet, so darling," she explained, as if that were a logical reason for anything.

There are so many unexpected sides to the nature of this woman Lucille Ball. The crusader yen, for example. With all her heart she yearned to get into the Youth Movement and help organize clubs for young people or to help organize and arrange harvesting clubs among high-school pupils. The fear of being misunderstood, of being labeled a publicity-seeker, kept her silent.

SHE never forgets family or obligations. Dinners with her mother or Desi's mother are looked forward to with pleasure. This love of homey, normal living belies the color and splash and cymbal-crashing personality that seems to be Lucille's—but isn't.

The first time she ever saw her married name written out, Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz de Acha III, she darned near passed out. To this day she can't pronounce it.

She glimpsed Desi first in the New York show "Too Many Girls." He was the Cuban sensation of the year. When he

came to Hollywood to make the play into a picture, Lucille was cast as the lead. They met on the set in the morning, he asked her to dinner that night, and five months later they were married in New York.

A funny thing happened about that wedding that Lucille can't get over. Back in New York she'd joined a hunt club that always ended up at the Byram River Beagle Club in Connecticut with open fires and sizzling steaks, and always she'd thought, "I'd like to be married in this lovely place." On that Sunday morning when Desi and Lucille faced the justice he said unexpectedly, "My office is no place for this ceremony. Let me take you someplace I like."

Of course it was Lucille's Club—the one that always brought on that wistful thought of "I want to be married here."

Desi is Cuban. Lucille has red hair. But they're calming down. Two broken kneecaps kept Desi out of the bombardiers, but he's doing a wonderful job in the Special Division.

Lucille will rehearse her rhumba number with Desi for weeks and go with him to all surrounding camps at any time he asks, yet receives no credit from the Victory Committee because of the proximity of the camps.

She does it for him. Desi is her man. And that same vacant far-off look, worn by so many women these days, comes stealing over her face when she speaks of him. He'll be going over soon. And with him goes half the world and all of its dreams for Lucille.

You see, she's that kind of woman.

THE END

Keep the cost of living down—buy War Bonds—Invest in the Four Freedoms—buy War Bonds.

ADVERTISEMENT



"If I didn't respect you, would I order Pepsi-Cola?"

Portrait of An Easy Listener

(Continued from page 51) walks on the beach and still maintains a schooldays friendship with his English teacher at prep school, a Canadian who is with an insurance company in Ontario.

He is fond of the desert and big league baseball.

His favorite bathroom vocalizations are "Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nelly" and "Carry Me Back To Ol' Virginny."

He was addicted to mountain climbing as a boy, having ascended Mt. Mitchell in the Blue Ridge Mountains several times. He is forever putting off answering letters.

He is expected to marry Pat Stillman once he is legally divorced from his wife.

He never diets, carries a fountain pen and invariably misspells "acknowledge."

He has no children, belongs to Belair and Lakeside Golf Clubs, and believes the most essential ingredient for happiness in marriage is "give and take." He chews gum.

He has never worn a derby.

He is very deliberative when faced by a crisis. His favorite cocktail is a daiquiri and his father was an administrative engineer.

He is very proud of his ability to dish up an egg souffle.

He hates birds in cages and boasts of only three police tickets in twelve years—for parking. He is extremely forgetful.

He played cowboys and Indians as a boy and always was "captain" because he was the biggest boy. He is one of the finest golfers in the movie colony, frequently breaking par.

He doesn't like the smell of a delicatessen. He is rated a beautiful ballroom dancer but has never mastered the rumba or tango. He is very fond of smoked Wisconsin cheese and Camembert.

He is stubborn, once his mind is set.

His favorite singer is Bing Crosby.

He can never relax in a barber chair, prefers a shower to a tub, and the first thing he wants to do after the war is visit London. His childhood idol was the baseball star, Ty Cobb.

He has a special weakness for frog legs and attended Woodberry Forest School in Orange County, Virginia.

HE IS an excellent shot and claims his forebears were full of "horse-thieves." He can never remember a telephone number.

He has a passion for pulling watches apart.

Randy Scott took a correspondence course in law after the first World War—and failed. He doesn't care much for Hawaiian or hillbilly music. He believes sincerity a most uncommon virtue.

He has a bunch of old hats and sweaters he's been planning to give away for years. He is right-handed in everything except combing his hair.

He likes sulphur baths and sardines.

He doesn't understand the Russian ballet and would rather walk down Fifth Avenue than any other street in the world.

He uses an electric razor.

He doesn't like cats.

He has no superstitions, was especially apt in trigonometry and always props his long legs on a table when reading. He is fond of bird-hunting, gin rummy and an occasional pipe.

His Pat Stillman is one of the most beautiful and sought-after girls in Hollywood.

He loves to tell how his father used to say to his mother: "Now, Lucy, don't ask where anyone's from. If they're from Virginia, they'll tell you; if they're not, they'll be embarrassed."

He is an exceptional swimmer and tennis



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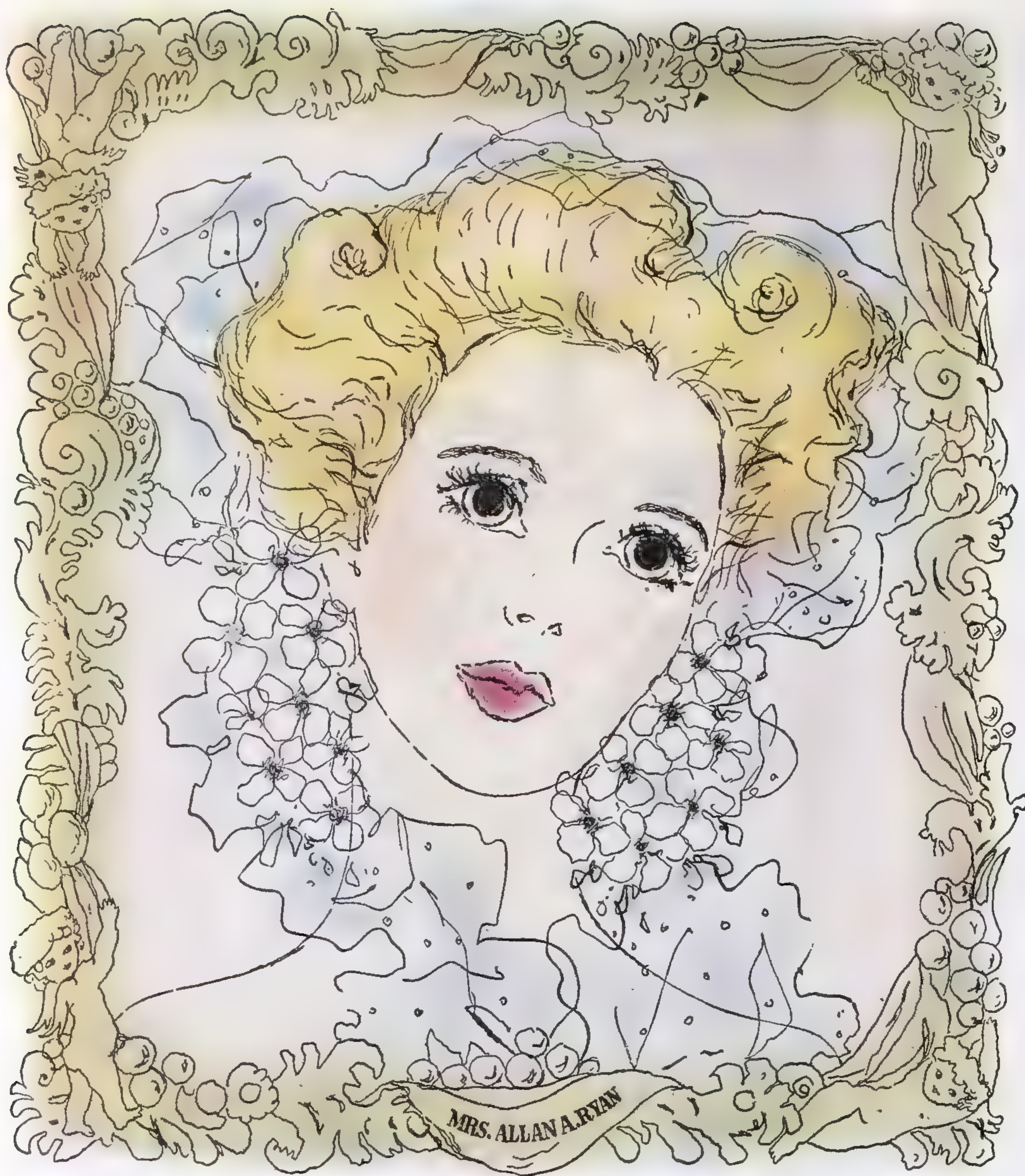
• See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! If you don't agree that FRESH is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund full price.

Three sizes—50¢—25¢—10¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR





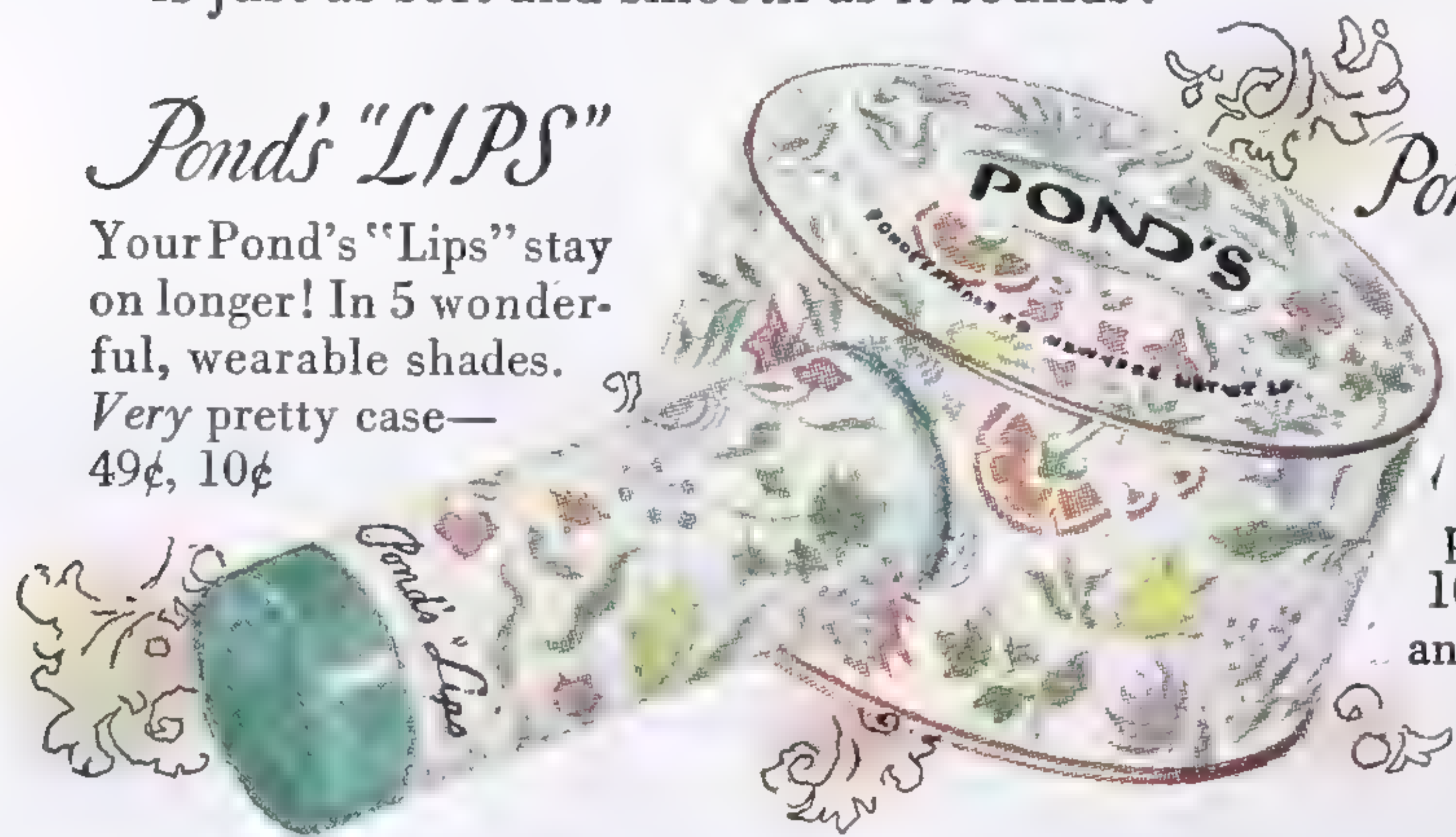
Dreamflower Beauty in "Natural"

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, young society leader, is a charming subject for this Dreamflower portrait. Hair of pale gold . . . tawny hazel eyes with wide velvet-black pupils. And a delicate blonde complexion soft-misted with Pond's sweet Dreamflower "Natural" powder.

"I have never found a powder shade that made my skin look as smooth and fresh as Dreamflower 'Natural,'" Mrs. Ryan says. "The color is really lovely—fragile shell-pink with an unusually flattering touch of cream. And Pond's new Dreamflower texture is just as soft and smooth as it sounds!"

Pond's "LIPS"

Your Pond's "Lips" stay on longer! In 5 wonderful, wearable shades. Very pretty case—49¢, 10¢



Pond's Dreamflower Powder

Your Dreamflower complexion awaits you in this beguiling be-flowered powder box—49¢, 25¢, 10¢. Choose from 6 sweet-and-misty Pond's shades

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

player, prefers dining in quiet places, and sleeps lightly but soundly.

He conducts his business in an efficient manner, nurtures a suppressed desire to write, and gets very excited in political discussions.

His eyes are blue and he prefers wearing tweeds.

HE thinks he looks terrible in an opera hat.

He wears a wrist watch, enjoys professional football and if he had life to live over again he would have finished college.

He likes subtle, light perfumes on women.

He bought silk pajamas in New York more than two years ago which have never been worn because he is always forgetting that he has them.

His outstanding living hero is Secretary of State Hull. He is an easy listener, takes advice readily and he once attended Georgia Tech.

He likes pumpnickel and smoked salmon, played every position but pitcher on the school baseball teams, and raises hogs, cattle, turkeys, alfalfa, olives and all kinds of grain on his ranch. He considers "Corvette K-225" his finest picture.

HE IS proud of a golf trophy he won in a studio tournament with a gross of sixty-eight. He is never content until he finishes everything he undertakes.

He is a fair amateur photographer and was discovered by talent scouts while appearing in Shaw's "Man And Superman" at the Pasadena Playhouse in which there was another actor named Robert Young.

Randy Scott believes that personal destinies are at the mercy of "the tides of life" and that in the final analysis individuals follow a pattern of fate.

He is enthralled by high altitudes, likes tinkering with tools and has never written anything that was published.

He has a strongly realistic outlook, and would rather stroll in London's Hyde Park and the Paris Tuileries than any other parks in the world.

He is seldom punctual.

His only piece of jewelry is a family-crested gold ring given him by his mother on his twenty-first birthday.

He once wore a mustache on a trip to Europe in 1923—"to satisfy my ego." He loves avocados and has never gone to a military school.

He decided by the flip of a coin to accept an offer to appear in pictures in lieu of a trip he had planned to Hawaii.

He usually eats a hearty breakfast, likes driving with the radio on only when alone, and has great difficulty remembering names and faces. He wishes he never had to wear hats or neckties.

He always goes out between the acts for a smoke. He always feels an urge to sing when in a crowd. He can pilot a plane while in the air but he has never been able to take off or land one.

He always tries to fix his own plumbing troubles but inevitably ends by sending for the plumber. He was recommended for a commission at the front during World War I, was sent to La Val Bonne officers' training school where he once won first prize in a ten-mile cross-country walking and running contest.

He first fell in love at the age of twelve with two sisters but he spoiled the romantic triangle by tactlessly giving one a gold star and the other a silver star which he had received for good attendance. When they discovered his duplicity they never spoke to him again.

Randolph Scott avers that if marriage has reached the stage where matrimonial vacations are necessary "the marriage is not in a healthy condition."

THE END

A Personal Story on Clark Gable

(Continued from page 34) how miraculous that is.

One day while he was doing a personal appearance at the Capitol in New York, I went to meet him in his dressing room and go out to dinner. It sounded simple enough, but getting out of the theater was another matter. Crowds had gathered at every door, and it was literally necessary to fight our way through with considerable damage to our clothes and a good many delays while Gable signed autographs and such. When we finally got away someone said to Gable, "Isn't that awful! How do you stand it? How can people behave like that?" And Clark, with that irresistible smile of his, said, "Maybe it's awful, but I'm going to feel a lot worse when they stop."

No other star I have ever known has as much courtesy and consideration and real gratitude to the public for its friendship and support. He was always a little shy about it, a little inclined to wonder if it could all be for him, but they were always dear to his heart. He likes people.

Don't misunderstand me, Clark Gable was never any angel. He had his love affairs, and some of them were hectic enough, before his happy marriage to Carole Lombard. He was a reasonably good drinking man, but he drank as the old saying goes, "like a gentleman." He got into fights occasionally and sometimes he put his ears back like a mule and nobody on earth could move him an inch.

But you may believe me when I say that I think more of us went to him, in trouble, for his opinion and his advice,

than any other man in Hollywood. Spencer Tracy, Ty Power, the producers and directors on the lot—the list would be endless.

It need be no secret now that there were a great many people who did not want Clark Gable to enlist in the Army Air Corps. All the arguments were used. He could do more good on the screen for morale. He could do more selling of War Bonds. He could reach more people, a million times more; he could entertain the men in service; his pictures would be just what men in training would want; they would keep up the spirits of civilians. He wasn't a kid, after all. Some men in very high places insisted that he ought to go on making movies.

It surprised Clark Gable very much. As usual, he saw things without any trimmings or sophistries. He was a man of fighting age and physical and mental soundness. His country was at war. At war for a great and holy cause. Little people were getting kicked around and killed and enslaved by bullies, murderous, maniacal bullies. Women and children were being tortured by an enemy to everything that he had looked upon as sacred since the day he was born in a free land. He had taken all the good that free land had to offer, all the opportunity, all the protection, all the happiness that went with being an American. He had been willing to trust the men appointed and freely elected by the people of America to lead them in times of peace and prosperity. Now those leaders saw that his

country must take its place in the fight to keep humanity free and on the upward road instead of being beaten and kicked back into the horrible slavery of the Dark Ages.

In a case like that, said Mr. Gable, there isn't anything for a man to do but go and fight. Other people could make pictures. He didn't consider it anything heroic. He just simply didn't see any other thing to do.

So Clark Gable went to war, into the thick of it, and it will be an inspiration to see what he learned in those flights over Germany that won him the Air Medal; it will be something to know whether people find him changed and how.

We have, I think, a debt to Captain Gable and some promises to make to him. No man in our fighting forces gave up more, voluntarily, against opposition, to take on one of the hardest parts of our fighting jobs.

He won't be much impressed by this story. He will wonder what all the shooting is about. It will not have occurred to him that any man could have done less than he has done. Just the same, there is a good deal more to say on that subject, whether he likes it or not.

And Mrs. St. Johns is going to say it next month after her visit to Hollywood where she is going to make her estimate of the man today who, more than any other Hollywood personality, has captured and held the affection of Americans. Don't miss Adela Rogers St. Johns' second article on Clark Gable in the April Photoplay!

Keep the cost of living down—pay taxes willingly—don't try to obtain rationed goods without stamps.

3 Main Deodorant Troubles—

WHICH IS YOURS?



"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

(Due to irritating chemicals)



You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing.

CREAM GOES GRAINY?



Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora stays smooth as a fine face cream, and creamy to the last... a pleasure to use.

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?

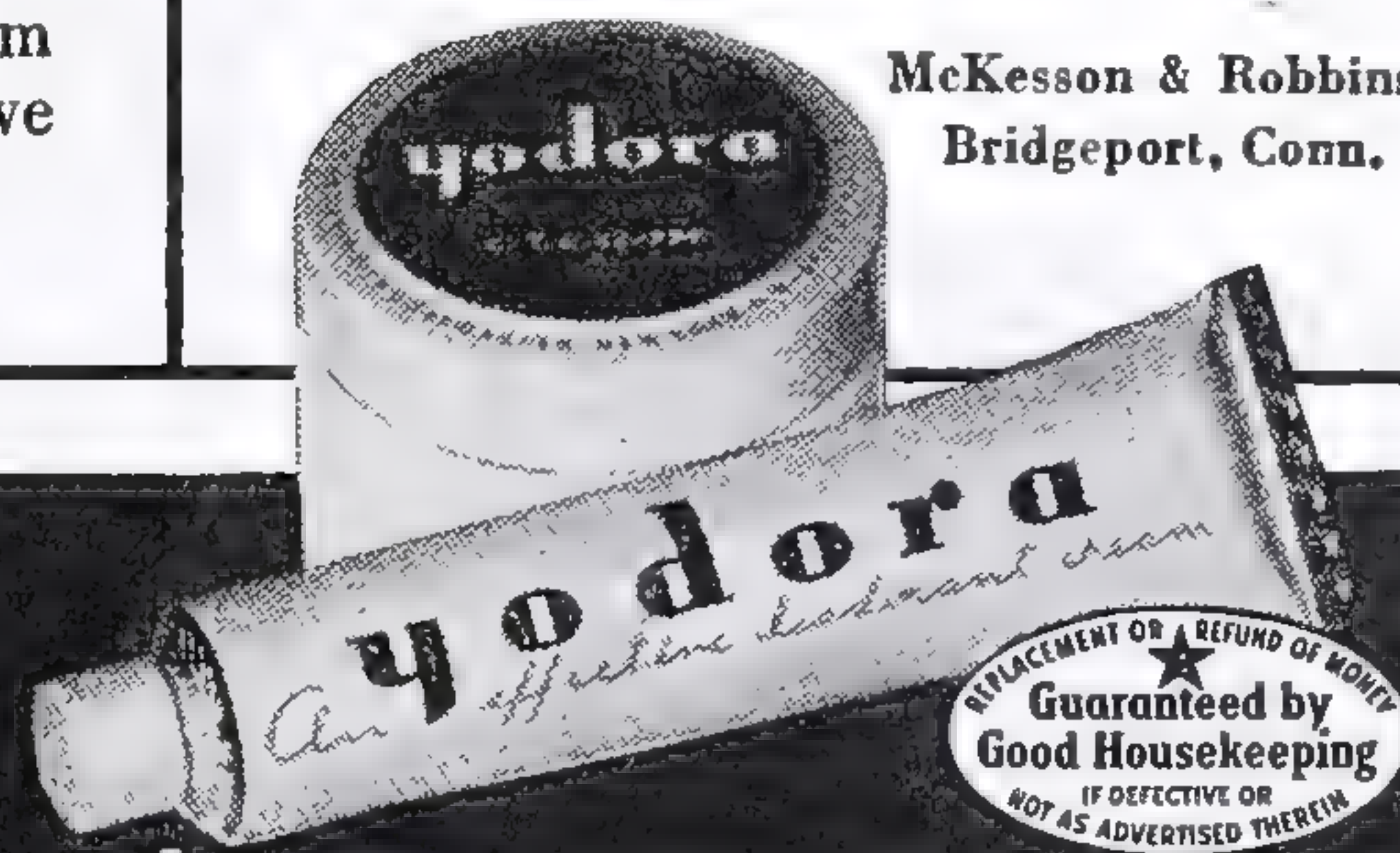


Such creams are out-moded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try different Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get powerful protection. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.

McKesson & Robbins
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YODORA deodorant cream



Every woman
can afford
internal
protection
now!



MEDS
are only
19¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

Meds offer you safety, comfort, freedom from old-fashioned bothers—ALL at a new lower price

- Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON.
- Meds' dainty applicators make them EASY-to-USE.
- Meds satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more, so much faster—up to three times its own weight in moisture—assuring you greater comfort, greater protection.

"Next time," why not try Meds?



The "Minus" Miss

She's the girl who's a minus factor in any gathering.

She's the girl people never look at.

She's the girl who's always minus the glow that comes only to a compliment-catcher.

By Marian Quinn



Minus and plus: Ann Sheridan (1934)—and Ann Sheridan today

HERE she is in person; cross your fingers that you're not she.
P.S.: You're not, if you don't act like her.

Minus Miss draws a complete blank about elbows. She admits she has them, but never for a minute (and just a minute) does she cap cups of lemon on them to bleach them; never does she cream them at night.



She uses her lipstick as rouge, not knowing that rouge and lipstick are two cosmetics with different consistency and what works for skin texture won't work on the lips.

M.M. also uses her feet for purposes of locomotion and as ideal objects about which to complain. She never repays their faithful service by massaging them occasionally with cream and lotion freshener; she never exercises them by walking tiptoe, barefoot, until she just has to drop back on her whole foot. Consequently, she always has those little fatigue lines in her face that can come directly from aching feet.

She skimps on her make-up—one quick cleansing with a cream or lotion; one scant powdering with a flyaway puff. She doesn't realize that the first cleansing simply removes surface dirt; that it's the second creaming that really gives that "clean look" to a lady's face. She thinks that anyone who tells her to use lots of powder for make-up must

have stock in the cosmetic business, instead of realizing that two or three heavy applications of powder over each section of the face, careful patting in and in, and then removal of the surplus with a soft brush or tissue, is the trick that gives a lasting, even make-up.

And, poor girl, she always powders her nose first, so it makes itself into an ungla-morous spotlight. She never took the big beauty hint that says a girl should powder under and around the eyes first and the nose last, always.



She always has her eyes open, too—all day long—when any wise woman knows that closing the eyes, just for a few seconds, occasionally, will do wonders to keep them sparkling all day long. She doesn't know that eye lotions are as necessary as keeping her eyes clean, as soap is to the back of her neck.

So there she goes—the negative little silly, whose only excuse—if she has one—is, "I don't have the time!" Time to be beautiful?

Five extra minutes occasionally that will be paid back by the look in that man's eyes? Every woman would have the right answer to that!

... Now you can have an
exquisitely beautiful **COLD**
PERMANENT WAVE

RIGHT IN YOUR
OWN HOME

for only **59¢** COMPLETE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED



THE GENUINE

"chic"
HOME KIT

So Easy!

So Thrifty!

So Wonderful!

Give yourself a glamorous permanent wave right in the comforts of your own home... just as thousands of women and girls everywhere are doing with the truly sensational "CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT.

Enjoy the thrill and admiration of captivating, natural-looking hair curls and waves... easy to style for the "hair-do" best suited to your own personality. "CHIC" permanents last as long as professional waves.

With a "CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT all you have to do is follow simple, illustrated directions. "CHIC" is safe to use, even on children... no machines, no electricity, no driers are required. "CHIC" is free from harmful chemicals. Be sure to ask for the "CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT.

"CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KITS include everything you need for a complete permanent wave... "CHIC" is featured at Hair Goods and Toiletry counters throughout the nation because it is quality-tested and an outstanding value.



If your dealer cannot supply you with "CHIC" write to
THE LINHALL CO., Dept. L-31,
Saint Paul 1, Minnesota.

Remember, for only 59c you get a complete "CHIC" HOME KIT which includes 50 curlers as well as "CHIC" finest quality shampoo and wave set.

GET "CHIC" AT... DRUG STORES... DEPARTMENT STORES... VARIETY STORES... 5 AND 10c STORES



**WORKING
HANDS**
one minute

**ROMANTIC
HANDS**
the next

**Quick care
for busy hands**

ROMANCE and war work go hand in hand, these days. Busy hands can be soft, adorable and tempting to romance if you give them the softening protection of Campana Balm. Used regularly, it's a swift, sure aid to hand beauty, regardless of how much housework, office work or war work you do—and regardless of drying weather.

Try This DIFFERENT Lotion

Campana Balm will convince you, in one trial, that it is *different*—richer and lusciously concentrated. It contains both skin softening and skin protecting ingredients. Thus it helps to overcome dry skin and protects against outside irritants.

These ingredients function *wisely* on your skin, for Campana Balm is accepted for advertising in the highly respected "Journal of the American Medical Association."

The Original
Campana Balm
FAMOUS SKIN SOFTENER

Campana Balm comes in the green and white carton. Campana Cream Balm, the new lotion with Lanolin, comes in the bright yellow and white carton. Both are beauty creations of the famous Campana Laboratories.

For sale at drug, department and dime stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and one dollar bottles.

Lies I Cannot Tell About Hollywood

(Continued from page 31) tinguish both herself and her career.

For my money, a popular misconception has been floating around this town about Roz Russell and it's high time somebody corrected it. Roz, said the bigwigs, had no sex appeal and when contract time came up a while ago, Metro gave no signs of struggling to hold her. In fact, when she left, there was a sigh of relief and a graceful dusting of the hands. What they didn't realize was that it wasn't dust but butter they had on their fingers. For out in the field on her own, Roz had all the other studios tagging at her heels like a string of ducks headed for the pond on a June morning. She knocked off the best picture deals of the year and topped it all by marrying her agent, producing a son; and is now engaged in the coveted role of *Sister Kenny*. Maybe it isn't sex appeal, but whatever it is, it ain't hay!

Take Greta Garbo and the baloney that she's the most co-operative actress in Hollywood. Well, that's one I can't tell. In her last picture she fought so hard to be just what she is that the picture was a deadly bore and so was she. Her lack of co-operation in the war effort is a matter of record. She even refused to do a broadcast for the Red Cross, never put in an appearance at the Hollywood Canteen or any of the USO centers, and to my knowledge has never visited one of our Army camps. Maybe she writes out big checks in secret for our war funds. But I never heard of it. And so far as I'm concerned, she can go back to Sweden and stay there.

I'd like to be able to reiterate that Vic Mature is still that boastful hunk o' man, always with an eye out for personal publicity and the main chance and thinking only of Mature. But I can't do that any more without lying myself. Since joining the Coast Guard, he's taken that career much more seriously than he ever did his acting one, and has won the respect not only of his buddies but the public as well. Yes, Chief Boatswain's Mate Vic Mature has developed into a nice guy.

Contrary to general opinion, the story of Spencer Tracy is just the reverse. You can no longer say that Spencer is as constant and steady and solid as that rock of Gibraltar. He is now the most changeable, moody, unhappy guy I know. He's a mass of contradictions, even to himself.

LT. COMDR. Doug Fairbanks Jr. has given the lie to those jealous actors who said he joined the Navy to get a lot of publicity. Doug has done a remarkable job, has developed and cemented much good relationship between England and America. And when the war is over, he needn't ever return to the screen. He can push right on into a diplomatic position, if he has a mind to, and so could Lt. Comdr. Bob Montgomery.

People keep buttonholing me and saying, "Where's Vivien Leigh? What's she doing? Isn't it terrible that we won't see her over here until the war's over?" So far as what she's doing, I give her and Laurence Olivier all the credit in the world. They've turned down a fortune practically once a month on offers to come back over here, because Larry is hard at it with the British Army, won't even take a temporary leave to make a picture, which British actors frequently do in the midst of their combat duties. And Vivien, determined to stay close both to her husband and her people, is touring the provinces with her

London play. But so far as not seeing her until after the war, that I'm pleased to report is not true.

Metro has just sent our own Wesley Ruggles to England where he will make a picture with her. And even if he can't bring the enchanting Vivien in his suitcase, at least he'll have a role of film for us all to see.

So you hear it's all off between Anne Shirley and Vic Mature? Well, tain't so. He still puts through a long-distance call to the little Shirley girl whenever his arm is within reaching distance of a telephone. Their romance may have come to a break, but it's not a clean break—not yet.

IRENE Dunne has been called one of the most close-mouthed stars in Hollywood; wouldn't talk about herself or her life. But I'd be putting this hard-bitten pen of mine to a lie if I said that was true. For Irene has come back from her recent trip to Mexico positively gabby—and some of the gab a mild form of dynamite, too!

Perhaps it was the relaxation after the long siege of work at Metro. When Irene signed up for four pictures there, she had no idea that two of them would take practically a year to make—"A Guy Named Joe" with Spence Tracy and "White Cliffs Of Dover." Both, so far as I can learn, are outstanding. The main difficulty on "A Guy Named Joe" was that they had three units, one in Hollywood, one in Florida and one in Arizona, taking background shots. And of course, when the weather was bad in those states, the two stars sat in California and waited for film. Also, practically every scene had to be okayed by Washington, and I don't have to tell you what that means. Then Van Johnson had an automobile accident, and he was laid up ten weeks.

So when both pictures were finally done, Irene took a much needed and deserved holiday in Mexico and went nuts about the place. Was quite the social butterfly; dined at a different home every night. She said, "My friends told me I mustn't go to a bullfight—I wouldn't like it. I went, and can't wait to see another one!" She crowned the winning horse at the opening of the race track, attended an opera in their beautiful opera house, and is just hoping this spring she'll have time enough to go back.

For years Hollywood thought of Joe E. Brown as a big-mouthed comic. Oh, sure, good-hearted and living a mighty clean life. But a hero? You would have been laughed right out of the place for predicting any such thing. Yet that is just what Joe is today and I'd be criminally misrepresenting the truth if I said otherwise.

He was the first to visit our boys in the South Pacific, under fire, under all sorts of incredible jungle conditions. Home only a couple of months, he started out again on the European front, working his way around the globe. Joe really did it without fanfare or any thought of publicity, and with one idea and one idea only—and that was to cheer up the boys and give them a little taste of home. Certain of us here in Hollywood still too often think of Joe as just the big-mouthed comic, but our soldiers think of him as a father, brother, and pal.

In going over these pages, I realize that a lie is where you find it—but, discovery or no discovery, this to the best of my knowledge is the truth, so help me!

THE END

Keep the cost of living down—pay taxes willingly—pay the taxes your country needs.

Just Jinx

(Continued from page 47) is still more of a person than any other actor or actress you're apt to meet in the Hollywoods. No one ever remembers having seen her sulky, or depressed, or unfriendly.

The legend of the Fabulous Falkenburg began some twenty-four years ago in Barcelona, Spain, where her father was detailed on an engineering job. Her natural informality was evidenced early when she tried to make her worldly entrance in an elevator. Mrs. Falkenburg was removed through the ceiling of the lift just in time.

Jinx was an expert swimmer at eighteen months. She waited until the age of fifteen, however, to become woman's swimming champion of Chile, the country to which her family had moved in the interim. Mother Mickey Falkenburg had meantime won the tennis title of Brazil and discovered she could raise nothing but champions. (See the sports pages for the eighteen tennis titles held by U. S. tennis champs Tom and Bob Falkenburg.)

Fleeing a South American revolution eventually, the family settled in Los Angeles—"mostly because of its fine tennis courts." Jinx won a California doubles tournament and then it became apparent she was much too beautiful to remain an athlete.

A tennis photo taken by color-photographer Paul Hesse landed on a national magazine cover and Jinx landed in New York. In twelve months she had appeared on the record number of thirty-five national magazine covers and won such titles as "The Girl of the Year" and "New York's Most Famous Model." In her spare time she starred with Al Jolson in the Broadway musical, "Hold On To Your Hats."

HAVING gone New York's glory gamut in a brisk breeze, she sat back to consider the movie contracts which by now were stirring up quite a wind on the Coast. Columbia won, putting her to work immediately in "Two Latins From Manhattan." Her latest pictures are "Cover Girl," in which she is cast as Jinx Falkenburg for want of any other character as glamorous, and she is currently filming the melange of murder and maidens known as "Nine Girls."

Speaking Spanish and Portuguese fluently, she has her own regularly broadcast program to all the South American countries. She has undoubtedly done more to cement United States-Mexican relations than any of our hard-working diplomats.

According to a recently announced law, if all the military insignia she has had presented to her were indiscriminately worn, they could earn her some 13,200 years in jail. There are three general's stars, silver leafs and gold leafs and bars from every conceivable branch of the service, all pinned on a red felt bag for safe-keeping. In the midst of the glittering array is a small undecorated spot:

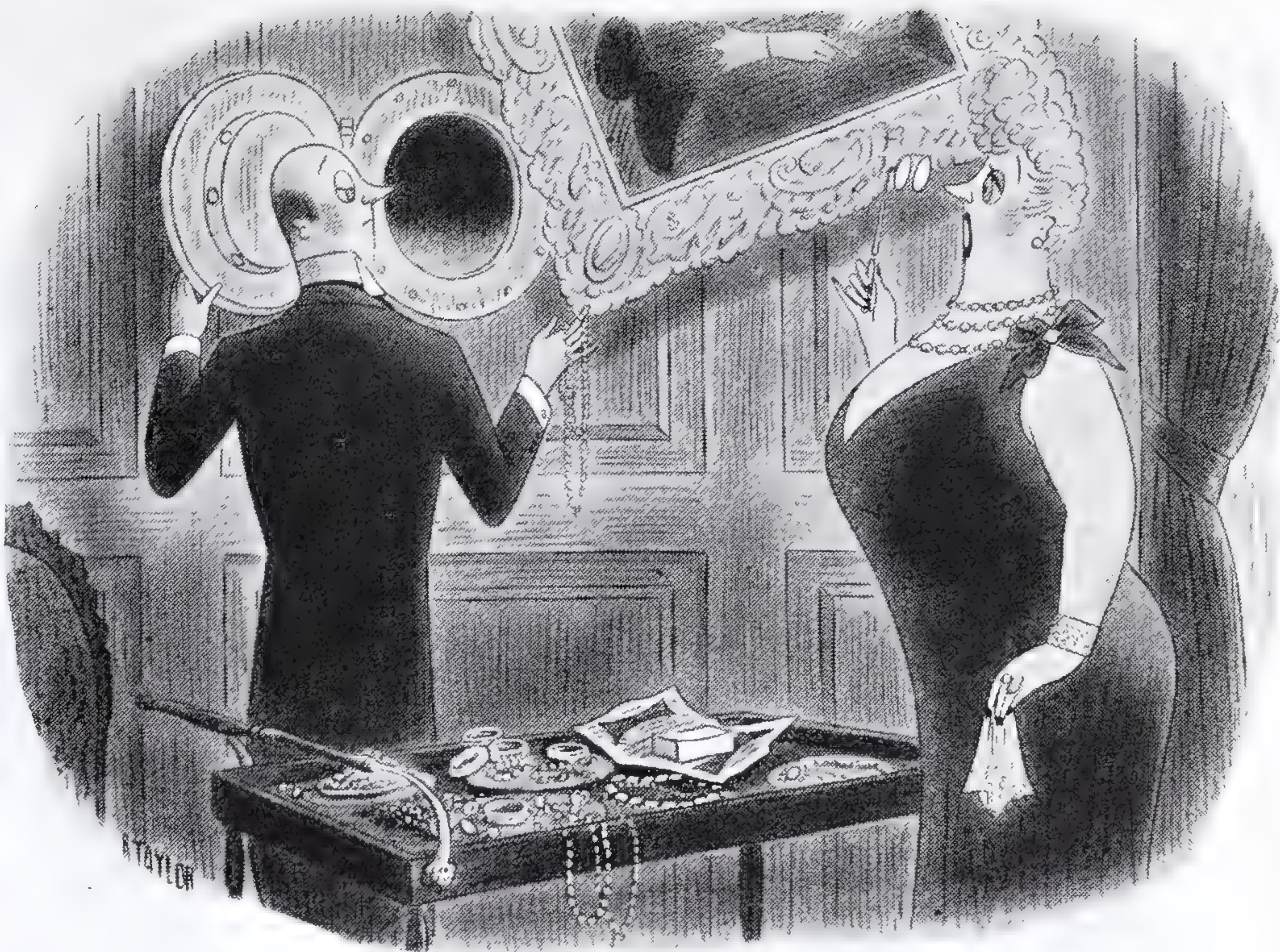
"That's for the private," says Jinx, "the highest rating on the bag!"

All the small details about this walking shot-in-the-arm are as breezy as the big ones. She is an absolute individualist. Her clothes, formal and informal, are "thought up" by herself, and made up by her mother. Her most elaborate costume rarely exceeds the \$10 cost mark.

Only shoes, jewelry, fur coats and perfumes should be expensive, she believes.

"I don't think a girl should buy her own jewelry," she says. Her favorite piece is a large pin spelling out "Jinx" in an abundance of rubies and diamonds. It came attached to a corsage on the opening night of her New York show and, as she says, was "a nice way to send orchids."

She hopes she can always travel, "be-



The Fels-Naptha first, James !

Looks a little silly, doesn't it? . . . Actually, we never heard of a woman who locked up her laundry soap with the family sparklers.

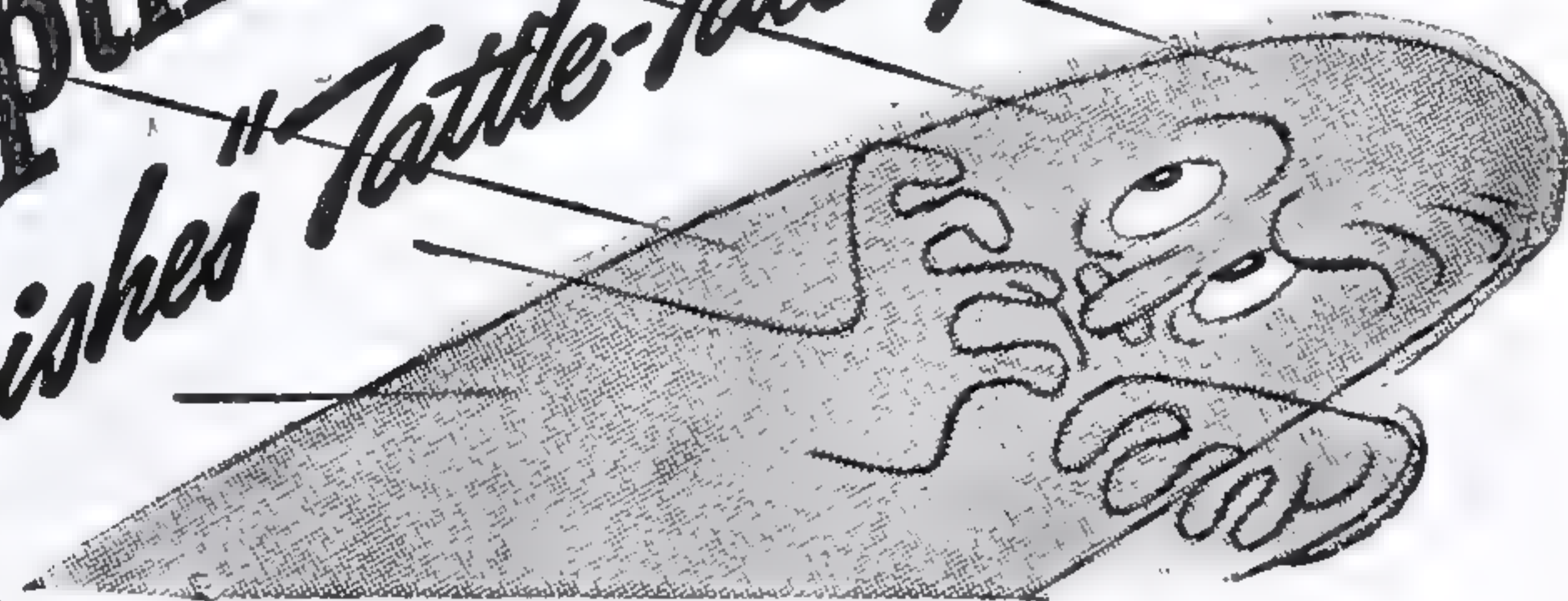
But the general idea isn't bad. Soap, under war conditions, is a precious article. Every bar that's made contains materials vital to the success of our men in the service.

We don't believe any sensible woman needs urging to be careful with soap. To buy just what she needs. To get full value from every ounce. To make every bar last as long as possible . . .

*especially when she uses
Fels-Naptha Soap!*



Fels-Naptha Soap
Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for one purpose—important to you and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

... created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.



**QUEST
POWDER**

The Kotex Deodorant

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with ...



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

cause I'll never get rid of the gypsy in me."

Her worst fault is never being on time, but her best pal, Paulette Goddard, has just about broken her of it. She credits Paulette too, with giving her a very workable philosophy:

"When it comes to deciding things, I'm very bouncy. I decide 'no,' then I worry and change it to 'yes' and then I still worry—and vice versa. Paulette has a beautiful way of making a decision and following it through. Once she has made up her mind, instead of jittering around, she concentrates on making the plan a success. I'm gradually learning to do the same thing."

The friendship between these two has little to do with the responsibilities of fame and fortune. It is composed mostly of animated chatter, giggles, plans for dates and dresses.

They love to "stay all night" at each other's houses. Since the Falkenburg menage is a happy-go-luck hostelry whose walls usually bulge with visiting foreign dignitaries, college boys and their athletic equipment, a lion cub and a whole family of Mexican servants, Jinx often moves in for a week or a month with Paulette.

Recently when her family was out of town and her home turned over to the decorators, Jinx moved bag and baggage, plus her Spanish butler, over to the Goddard mansion. Gleefully the girls quartered the butler in Paulette's guest room, where he slept all night in a huge bed between silken sheets and satin comforters. The glee was occasioned by the fact that said butler, Rito, is only twelve years old and so small he was quite lost in the bed.

Rito is just one of those things that happen with the Falkenburg family. Several months ago, a Mexican woman needing a job, was given one as a maid of all work. She liked her new situation so well, she soon brought her two children, Rito and ten year-old Hulia, to stay with her.

Romantically, Jinx prefers men who can "work hard at something worth while."

Which is as it should be, since her fiance, Major Tex McCrary, is currently working very hard at bombing Berlin.

They met when McCrary, prominent New York newspaperman, interviewed her for his column. The write-up was a little sarcastic in places. Asked what kind of a home she would eventually like, Jinx had replied, "Oh, something simple and ranchy, with tennis courts and a swimming pool."—"just a simple little mansion—" commented Mr. McCrary. Later, when he proposed, he was careful to state that the "something simple and ranchy" was included in the offer!

McCrary has been overseas for more than a year, and letters take a while to travel back and forth. One night, when Walter Winchell mentioned a McCrary exploit on the air, some twenty well-meaning friends called Jinx, who hadn't heard the program. No two reports were alike, ranging all the way from the fact that he was killed over Berlin, crashed in Holland, and missing in Paris. On inquiry, the network was kind enough to send her a transcription of the broadcast, saying his mission had been entirely successful.

For that reason perhaps, Jinx wasn't too perturbed when a syndicated columnist recently printed that Tex would marry a titled British beauty. The studio publicity department, obligated to protect its star's romantic as well as other interests, asked her if she hadn't better check the report. Dutifully she sat down to draft a cablegram, which was typically Falkenburg:

"The papers say you are marrying Lady So-and-So." She thought a minute, then added, "Happy Thanksgiving!"

The answer to that was some three pages from the Major saying as far as he is concerned, the Falkenburg-McCrary contract is still airtight. As this goes to press, it looks as if someday they'll be Fabulously Happy!

THE END



Five-star tennis family: Jinx Falkenburg with her two brothers and her mother and father—all A-1 athletes

The Unbreakable Bracken

(Continued from page 59) Mother added to our budget as a saleswoman in a department store."

After Eddie's debut in the school show he played what he calls the "Knights of Columbus" circuit. He traveled around—alone—by subway to near-by suburban towns, always increasing his repertoire of mother-songs and cheerfully watching gray-haired old ladies dissolve into tears at the sight of his wide-eyed "innocence" and the sound of his choir-boy soprano. After the performance he'd collect his evening's pay and scuttle home. In a couple of years he sometimes brought home as much as \$200. He was about seven then.

At the ripe age of nine the youngest Bracken quietly informed the family that he was going to Hollywood to become one of the original "Our Gang"-sters. After three pictures in the film capital, the boy grew older—and bigger—and beat a quick retreat to Astoria. When he got home nobody was any more disturbed than they had been when he left. Eddie knows what he's up to, they felt, and darned if they weren't right.

"AFTER Hollywood," says Eddie, "I worked on Broadway constantly—in a series of terrific flops."

Finally, alas, even the flops stopped. At sixteen, Eddie was out of work. Whereupon, he packed four tremendous bags with all his worldly goods, painted "Bound for Hollywood" in big white letters on his valise and hitch-hiked West.

He slept—on his first chill October night in Hollywood—under an elm tree at the corner of famous Sunset Boulevard and Vermont Avenue. Followed three luckless months; no jobs; then a wire from New York about a stage role. He went back and into an opus called, "The Lady Refuses."

So, it turned out, did the critics and the public. That's the way it went, season after season, until the day when the call came from Broadway producer George Abbott. One look and Eddie promptly became the youngest brat, *Mistol*, in the road show of "Brother Rat."

He wowed the out-of-town customers. "In fact," he points out with customary honesty, "I got quite a big head. When I went back to New York, however, I came down to earth with a thud."

HIS worst heartbreak came when he lost the role of *Henry Aldrich* to Ezra Stone. Painfully, he accepted a minor part, *Dizzy*, which he promptly built into a memorable triumph.

"But I had to prove to myself—and to Abbott—that I could do *Henry Aldrich*," says Eddie, "and the following season I begged for another crack at it."

This time Abbott liked his characterization and he made a happy tour in the drama of high-school high-jinks.

First time Eddie saw the New York company of "Brother Rat," he observed, chiefly, like any actor, a good part for himself. What he did not see, having no crystal ball along at the time, was a future wife. That's just who was there, though, for Connie Nickerson, who impressed him as "a darn good actress," is now Mrs. B.

He began thinking of her as a "darn nice girl" when she played with him on the road in "What A Life." Eddie was somebody else's fiancee at the beginning of that tour, but love, and Connie, changed all that.

Then came Eddie's first musical, "Too Many Girls." It was a smash hit—and so was Eddie.

The third time he came Hollywood-ward

SUSANNA FOSTER, CO-STARRING IN THE UNIVERSAL PICTURE, "THIS IS THE LIFE"



The "Heart Appeal" of Susanna Foster's Hands

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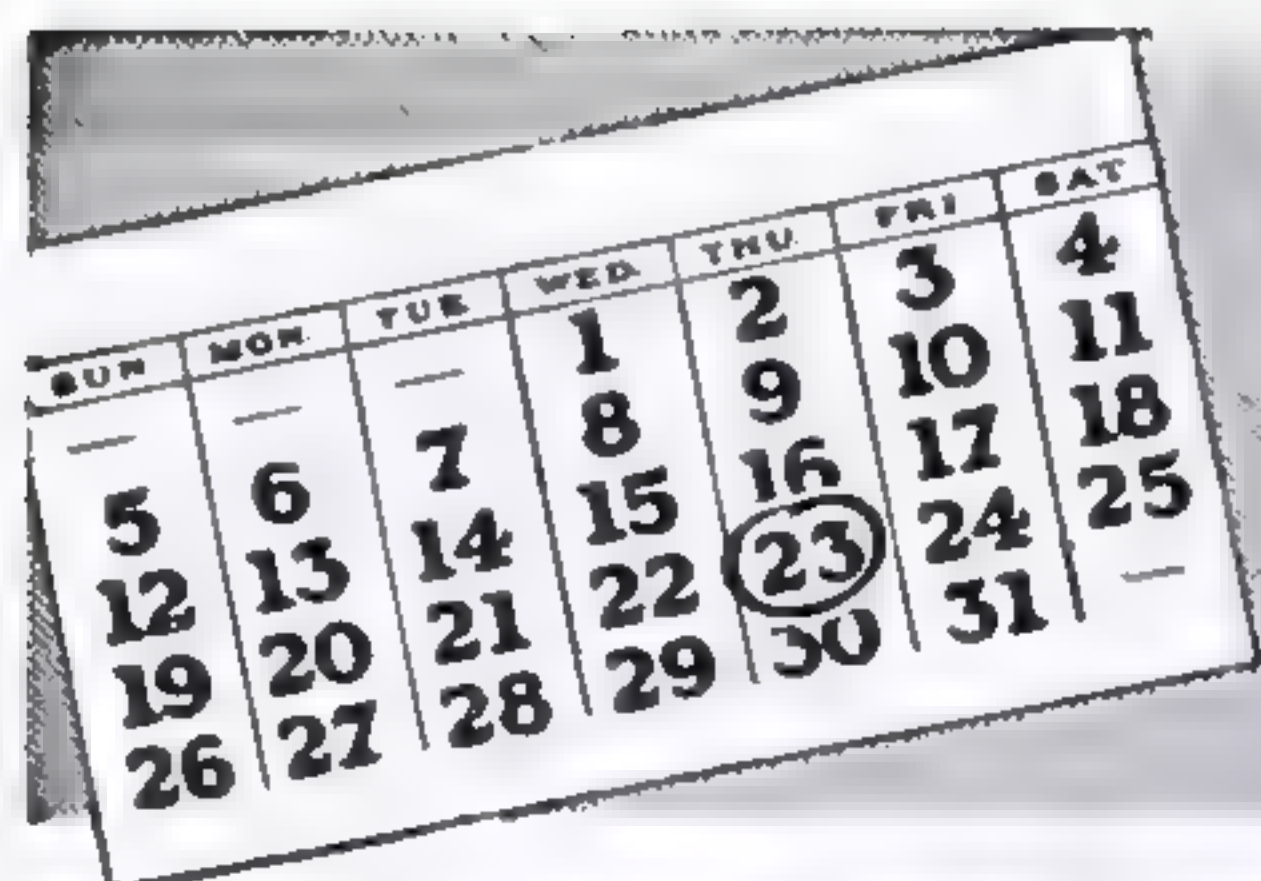
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FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS



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was the traditional charm. He came to stay—and stay he did, as a success.

His personal life is as quiet as possible. He gardens a bit, plays Chinese checkers with Connie, mysterious nameless games with his small daughter, baseball with the neighborhood kids, and a little golf and little bridge with a few close friends. Connie and he readily admit they did "go Hollywood" at first. They had a tremendous Beverly Hills "residence," complete with ermine-lined swimming pool. Now, they have a home. The "front stuff" was just not for them.

"We didn't know half the people at our parties," they explain, "and the place was so big it was all we could do to find one another. Good riddance!"

THEY'VE got the kind of small house in simple American style they both prefer now and if a cold shower isn't so swanky as a private pool, it's less crowded. They live in Westwood Village, a little community where you may have to step around a kiddie car on the sidewalk.

Eddie's mighty pleased with the avocado tree and the peach tree in the back yard, even though he and Connie haven't done anything in particular about them. His real pride out back, though, is the dog-house, which he painted himself. It's white, with irregular black spots, to match "Dizzy," the Brackens' beloved Dalmatian, named, with bittersweet humor, for the "consolation part" Eddie grimly built up in "Henry Aldrich."

The house is small and simple, from the nursery, all pinks and blues, to the kitchen, where the wallpaper meets with the complete approval of the year-old, blue-eyed Miss Bracken. It's a playful design of beaming policemen who help good little girls by taking their hands as they cross gay corners of red, yellow and blue.

One of Eddie's prized possessions is an elaborate record-player, concealed in what might be the living-room book cupboard. But sometimes Eddie uses the loud-speaker for a less formal pastime than impromptu concerts. The machine is rigged up to a microphone Eddie has installed in a hall closet and with this apparatus he plays one of his few practical jokes. One of Eddie's brothers, now in the U. S. Marines, sometimes brings buddies over for a bit of home life. Then, from the hall closet, Eddie, or a friend who's in on the trick, makes an announcement which breaks in on the radio, seemingly. "All Marines report to their posts at once," says a stentorian voice. There's a wild flurry of hasty preparations to leave, as Eddie laughingly admits the hoax to an accompanying "Tsk, tsk" of mild reproof from Connie, who has a wifely suspicion that all this is a bit too prankish for grownups.

HAS Eddie any shortcomings as a husband? A puzzled frown crosses Connie's face.

"Well . . . there are one or two little things, naturally. He just won't get out of bed in the mornings, for instance."

The only other criticism—and this after much digging—is that he just *won't* get around to washing the car.

"You know how it is. He says he will, but then puts it off and puts it off. Of course," she smiles lovingly, "he is busy. I keep after him, though (here she tries to look very firm) and finally the car *does* get washed."

"Dizzy," who has had to admit Judith Ann is a potent rival, though he has "seniority rights," by three years, has a place of honor in the living room in a kind of siesta bed which Connie had made for him. He eyes with suspicion the "growing-stick" hung along the hall just outside the nursery door. Judith Ann hasn't had much

use for it yet, since she's just beginning to stand, a bit wobbly.

"To hear Eddie," laughs Connie, "you'd think Judy were going to grow five years at a time. He's already talking about when she goes to college, and when she'll be working with Preston Sturges. Eddie always wanted a baby sister, you know, and never had one. You'd think Judy were the first girl-baby invented, to hear him."

Writing is Eddie's main hobby. He writes all his own material for radio performances and takes his authorship with complete seriousness. Once Paramount producer Buddy de Sylva—a Bracken fan, who saw him in "Too Many Girls" over forty times—offered Eddie \$10,000 for a story he'd written.

"Nope," said the incredible author, "it's not good enough." He meant the story, not the price!

Eddie's idol is writer-director Preston Sturges. It was Sturges who sensed Eddie's ability to play roles with pathos and warm reality, who gave him a chance to get away from being "typed" as a zany.

When David Selznick took a poll of writers and directors to see who was their first choice to play the part of *Father Chisholm* in the best-seller, "Keys Of The Kingdom," the returns were, Robert Donat, twenty-two votes; Van Heflin, twenty; Spencer Tracy, seventeen; and Eddie Bracken, thirteen! That gave Eddie a real thrill.

Someday, after he has mastered the acting field, Eddie wants to be a director. So what happened recently when Paramount offered him the opportunity on which his heart is set?

"No, thanks," said Eddie. "I don't know enough about the business."

Unbelievable—but it's Bracken!
THE END

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Gay Companions

(Continued from page 27) dollars a year. It was his idea to keep Miami Beach a resort for those in the middle-income brackets. Sun Valley, the fashionable resort which cost millions but from the start paid handsome dividends, was largely conceived by him.

Many tycoons, to whom Steve talks as directly as he does to his office boy, insist he is psychic. More than once they have been glad they listened when he said, "I can't tell you why, but I wouldn't go into that right now. . . ."

MAYBE it was because of Steve's indisputable prestige that Ann wanted him to look after her. Maybe, a mythical figure in his way, he intrigued her personally. She had, after all, known him casually and by exciting reputation for years. He would challenge any woman. But Ann would understand him better than most. She would believe utterly in his most incredible plans, his most fantastic exploits. A girl from the Texas plains who forsook her original dream of being a school-teacher to storm Hollywood and then survived cheesecake publicity to give outstanding performances in dramatic roles would know, of course, that it is no more difficult to achieve the incredible and the fantastic—provided you refuse to call quits no matter what happens—than it is to accomplish the ordinary.

"I'm going to play squire to a movie gal," Steve told friends and associates as he awaited Ann's arrival in New York. He was very casual about it. He didn't know then how direct her speech would be and how gentle her mouth.

To quote Ann's and Steve's friends, "they clicked." And once either of these gay companions has an objective they waste no time going after it. That is the personal history of both of them. Take, for instance, Steve's first meeting with his ex-wife, from whom he was divorced, incidentally, only a month or two before Ann reached New York. At the Stork Club, one night, he asked Lopez, the maitre d'hotel, "Who is that very beautiful girl who just came in?" "She is head model at Saks-5th Avenue," Lopez explained. "Suzie Brewster's her name." "Check with me in six weeks," replied Steve. "Her name will be Hannagan!" It was.

One night Ann and Steve went to the Wedgewood Room at the Waldorf to hear Frank Sinatra. A not-too-sober gentleman, dancing past their table, called to Ann, "What's my girl got that you haven't got?" "You, you lug!" answered Steve.

"Steve's wonderful," Ann told everyone, as she reported this incident. "On the spur of the moment he always comes up with the sort of thing I would think of the next morning."

AFTER a week or two or three Ann had to return to California. But Steve saw to it that no one replaced him in her affections. He telegraphed red roses after her all the way across the country. In Chicago he had a man waiting to look after her between trains. He was, it developed, a fire chief. And the car in which he drove Ann all around town was the official bright red.

Ann had hardly reached home when Steve decided the time had come for him to go to Omaha, headquarters for his railroad account. But as soon as his conferences there ended, he headed farther west. Promptly upon his arrival on the sound stage where Ann was making "One More Tomorrow," Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson and Jane Wyman disappeared. They ransacked the property rooms and found, at last, a bright red fire axe. They



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*"I had thought I was fat for life,"—
says Mary Jane Bevan, now a slim,
successful war-plant secretary at 20.*

EVER SINCE she could remember, Mary Jane Bevan of Monessen, Pa., had been "just plain fat." When she got her first job, she wished she could be slender and pretty, like other girls in the office.

Not long ago she stepped on the scales when no one was looking. The heartless arrow pointed to 152, far too much for her 5' 4½". That was when Mary Jane Bevan decided she needed the DuBarry Success Course.

In the exciting weeks that followed, she lost 25 pounds, reduced her waist 4½", her hips 4½", put to good use lessons in skin care, hair styling, make-up. "Now I have all the vitality I need," she writes. "And oh, how glad I am that I found this new way of living while I'm young!"

Mary Jane Bevan is just one of more than 110,000 women and girls of all ages from 16 to 60 who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair from top to toe!



Above, Mary Jane Bevan when she weighed 152. Right, the streamlined glamorous girl she is today.



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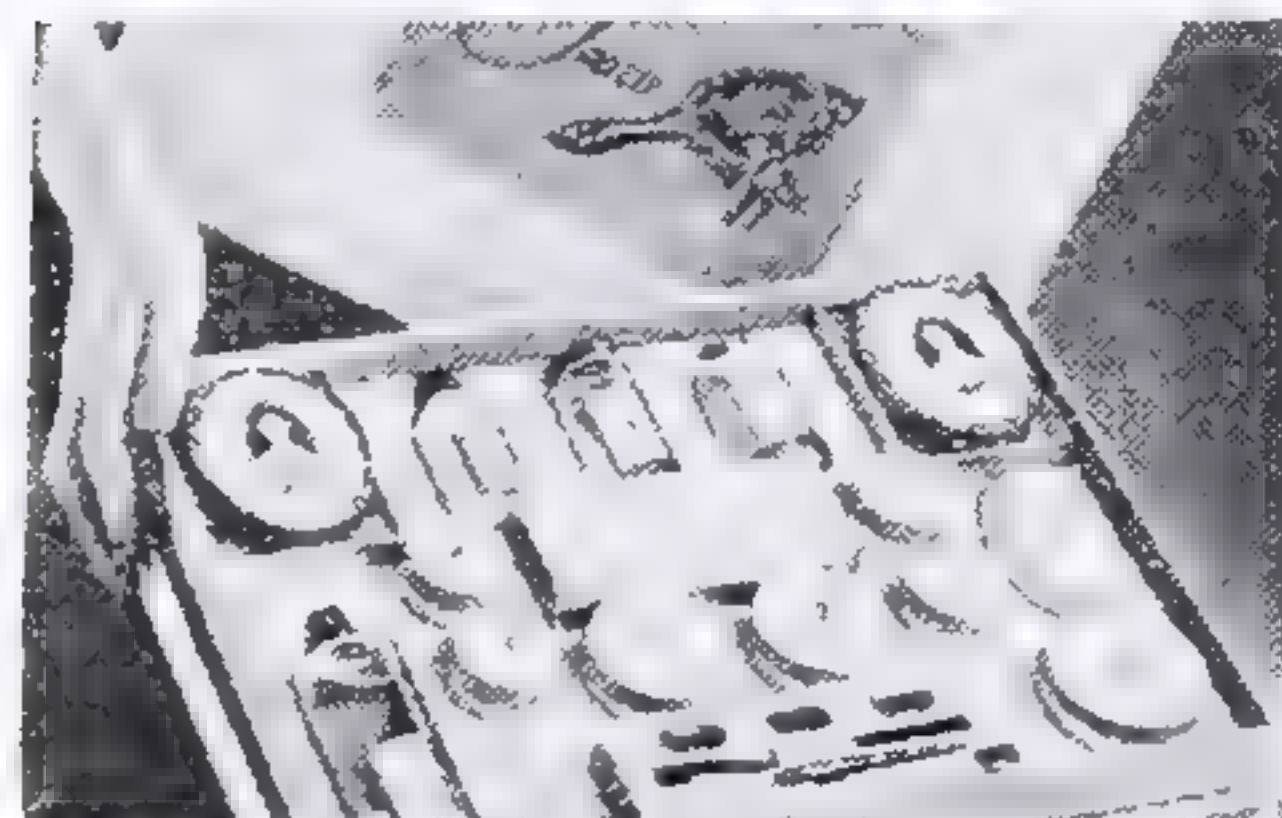
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Please send me the book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

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Mrs.

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if any

State



propped this up in Ann's dressing room with a large sign that read: "Steve Haggan, get out of town before it's too late."

Ann and Steve had a glorious time telling about this gag, and laughing. The way a man and a girl do when life quite suddenly and unexpectedly—because they have found each other—has a glow.

The instant Ann's picture was finished she went traipsing back to New York, where Steve had gone before her. New York was only a stopover, however, for they were en route to Florida. Whereupon, for the first time in his public-relations life, Steve admitted he had seen something in Florida more wonderful than the sun. "Anniepie," as he calls her.

Of course, reporters besieged them when they came back to New York. "Don't force us to hide out in bomb shelters," they pleaded, laughing.

A famous columnist gave them the most trouble. It wasn't a story he was after, however; it was Ann. Morton Downey saved them from him. When he followed them one place after another Morton ran interference, giving them a chance to make a getaway. That was fun, too.

ONE night when they were entertaining friends at the Stork Club a Navy captain, not young and not sober, made his way to their table and asked Ann to dance. "Sorry," she said, "I'm not even dancing with the gentlemen in my party this evening."

The captain made a slurring remark about the lesser rank of one of their guests. Fighting words, but Ann saved the day. "No one invited you here," she told the captain quickly, quietly. "As for our friend here, we are very proud of him with his campaign ribbons and his stars."

The captain, who wore no campaign ribbons and no stars, stole silently away. Incidentally, the officer who was with Ann and Steve, and about whom there has been much mystery, was Lieutenant-Commander Robert Montgomery.

Steve told everybody how beautifully Ann handled this situation. That is his favorite sport these days—telling how smart she is, repeating the cute things she has said.

A second time Ann returned to California. A second time Steve, who has three little residences of his own—a streamlined apartment high above Park Avenue, a farm in the Connecticut hills, and a villa in Florida—followed. "I'm going to have a Christmas tree this year," he went around saying. "At Annie's!"

When any man gets excited about traveling three thousand miles to climb a ladder and hang a star on the tip top of a Christmas tree, look, we say, for the girl who will hand the star up to him.

At this writing Ann, in California, is working hard on "Hollywood Canteen" and Steve, in New York, is working hard for Big Business. Soon she will go overseas to entertain the soldiers. Over what seas she will be sent she doesn't know. He won't be able to follow her, of course, for even a mythical man, such as he, can't get overseas travel priorities. But wherever she goes—Africa, China, England, Greenland or the Philippines—he will find some way of giving her laughs to remember him by. And she will laugh—so much—that over there, too, people will say they're in love.

The End

Keep the cost of living down—observe ceiling prices. When incomes go up, prices go up—help keep them down.

Speak For Yourself

(Continued from page 21)

is Farley Granger. Although he's a new-comer to the screen and is only seventeen or eighteen years old, one would think from his acting that he has had years of experience. He is refreshing and masculine instead of the usual run of the screen's seventeen- and eighteen-year-old hep-cats.

E. Jack,
New York, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Skating Queen

EVERYONE'S talking about how the movie stars are helping the war effort. About Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Frances Langford and many others. I'm not saying they didn't do something big. They did. But if you want to mention names, why doesn't someone mention Sonja Henie?

Sonja Henie has made two U. S. O. tours since Pearl Harbor. She has to give professional performances but always buys 500 to 2,000 seats each performance for service men. Her husband is a captain in the Marines and her brother is in the Army.

She manages Dan's football team, gives ice exhibitions, makes pictures and goes on War Bond tours. What more do you want?

Lita Lavorini,
Cicero, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

HATS off to Mae West for the splendid idea of designing a button for honorably discharged service men. Many of us who have thought Mae unpatriotic humbly apologize and bless her for such thoughtfulness toward the service men.

Mrs. Blanche Furst,
McKeesport, Pa.

MY choice of an ideal American is Sergeant Gene Autry. Born on the plains of our great country, he worked hard to earn a living and finally, with the determination that is truly American, attained success as a Singing Cowboy.

Because of his admirable enlistment at the peak of his career we can no longer cheer this great American in new pictures but will continue to see and enjoy his grand re-issued ones until he comes back.

Dolores Werdein,
Buffalo, N. Y.

THANKS for all the items and articles written the past year, in Photoplay, that have helped present to us the side of Errol Flynn that the papers didn't print.

Now that he has finally got the chance to do something for his country, by going to Alaska with a U. S. O. unit, I hope people will give him all the credit he deserves for his part in the war effort.

Carroll Scovel,
Runnells, Iowa.

WONDER if a certain person who wrote in the December issue about James Craig replacing Clark Gable, knows what he is talking about. Mr. Gable has for over a decade been the idol of millions and if he returns to the screen he will still out-perform any star in the business.

Dorothy Nemser,
New York, N. Y.

Keep the cost of living down—buy War Bonds. Fight for the boys at the front—buy War Bonds

"But I've Never Worked Before!" — what kind of war job could I do?"

"The More Women at Work— The Sooner We'll Win!"

Experienced or not, there's a job *you* must do—you and millions more women—to save our war effort, our boys' lives! If you're married, your job won't change your husband's draft status. If he's called anyway, you'll be financially prepared!



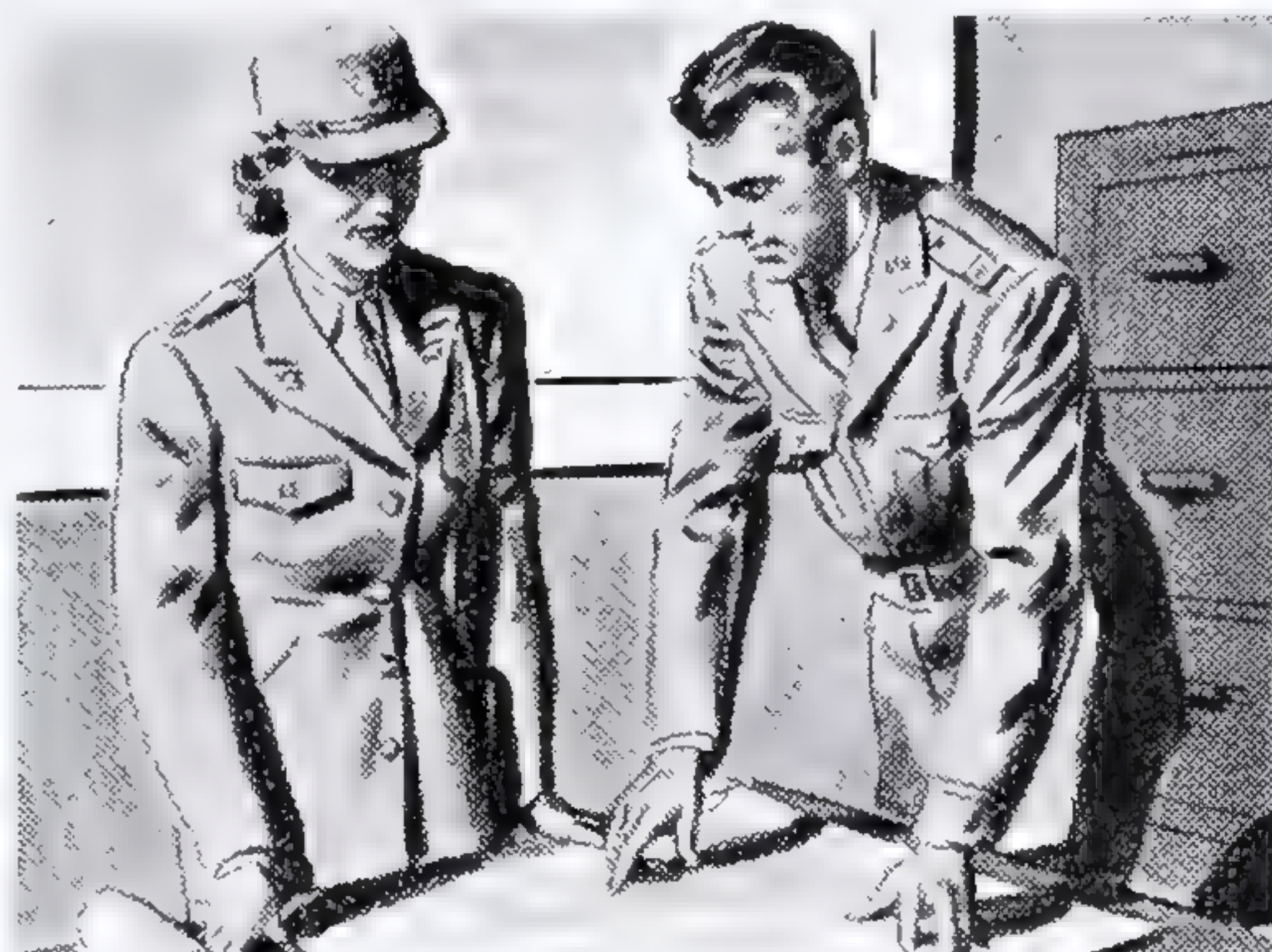
You can take any Civilian Job . . .

Restaurants, hotels, department stores, transportation—all are war jobs! Read your newspaper want ads for the job that needs *you*! Or get advice without obligation from your U. S. Employment Service Office. Full or part time, you're wanted—*immediately*!



You can work in a War Plant . . .

If there is a war factory in your community, or a shipyard, or a government arsenal—there may be dozens of different kinds of jobs you can do to help bring Victory closer! Read the want ads or ask your U. S. Employment Service office.



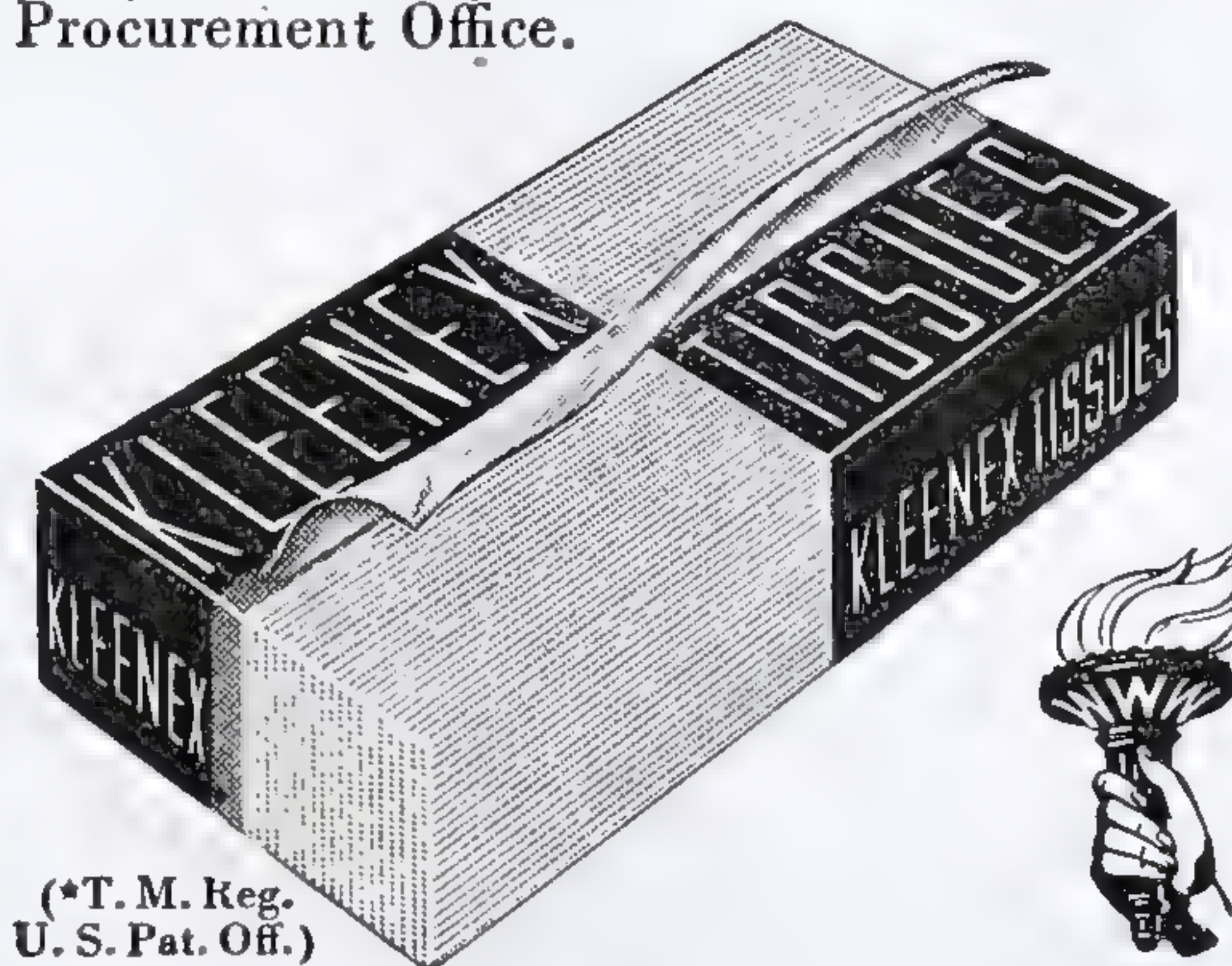
You can be a WAC or WAVE . . .

— Spar or Marine. Send a soldier to fight, bring our boys home sooner! If you qualify, you'll be serving your country, *and* learning an important job you may need, after the war. Get full details at any U. S. Army or Navy Recruiting Office, or Naval Officer Procurement Office.



You can be a Cadet Nurse . . .

Healthy? 17 to 35 years old? A high school graduate? Get free training, with pay, to replace nurses who are with the armed forces. War workers—ill or injured, civilians needing operations, new mothers and babies—depend on you! Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps!



(*T. M. Reg.
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Published in the interest of the
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Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex* quality in every particular, consistent with government regulation.

For Finer Flavor FLEER'S



FRANK H. FLEER CORP. ESTABLISHED 1885

How "Nice" are the Stars?

(Continued from page 45) Bennett, Maria Montez, Paulette Goddard. . .

Tallulah has earned her reputation for an acid tongue, rapier wit, and devastating retorts by making a fine art of these things. She is often deliberately rude. But essentially, for all her outward brashness, she is a much finer and nicer person than many who are never questioned.

We have known Talu to leave an Easter-Eve party at the height of its gaiety because she wanted to be up at dawn, having promised her household staff an egg hunt and breakfast party. For many years she supported a maid she had had in England who had become too ill to work. There was, during this period, a long span when Tallulah drew no weekly check herself. Even so her adequate dependable check went to this woman regularly. Under her glittering, brittle surface Tallulah Bankhead is an old softie. But don't tell her we said so.

Constance Bennett may be counted upon to get the last copper out of any deal. She also may be counted upon to recognize her advantage and pursue it with a ruthless determination and will that is either maddening or fascinating, depending upon where you fit into the picture. In her personal contacts, however, Connie is delightfully democratic and humorous. The maid of a friend whom she visits frequently thinks her one of the nicest and greatest ladies she has ever met.

"When Miss Constance comes here for luncheon and I admit her," she says "she always calls me by name and seems honestly and truly interested in what I have

been doing. And whether I set up a table in the living room or a waiter brings up a table from the restaurant she is quick to jump up and push chairs aside to make room. I can't say that for all the ladies who come here."

Those who truly know Maria Montez declare her interesting and colorful, as interesting and colorful as her appearance promises she would be. Since she married Jean Pierre Aumont her friends insist she has softened a great deal and isn't nearly as possessed to make herself an important Hollywood figure. Those who only know Maria casually have another story. They maintain she is too fascinated with herself. They tell how whenever she is at a restaurant she must make at least ten trips to the Powder Room—just for the entrances and exits she hopes she is making. And they pooh-pooh those who really know her and ascribe this sort of thing to Maria's temperamental "showmanship."

OBVIOUSLY no star is a fragile flower. It takes brains and backbone to get to the top in any field. *Plenty!* is what Paulette Goddard has of both. She doesn't spare herself. Ask her to do a fashion sitting two hours before she is crossing the continent and she will agree. But she will make certain every picture that is taken is a credit to her. She will arrive with a special, de-luxe hairdresser, her maid and several cases of clothes. Throughout the sitting she will be co-operative and interesting and gay. But she will not once step before the camera until her make-up and

hair and general appearance are, in her eyes, perfect—irrespective of the fact that time is limited and there is much to be done. What isn't done isn't done. And what the staff do with themselves while she primps—not with vanity, but with shrewd showmanship—doesn't for the moment concern her.

A mere dash of "ham" is colorful, interesting, enlivening. More than a dash becomes irritating and boring. James Craig please note. . . .

James Craig is definitely a runner-up as a nice guy—if he would stop looking in the mirror or, when he looks, manage to glimpse all the other guys who are making the Hollywood grade. If he would, also realize that if he doesn't stop being overpleased with himself those other guys very likely will surpass him.

Very often it takes the pressure of great events to show a man's true colors. Only in the last year or two—since the war—has the film colony discovered the full measure of John Garfield's niceness and humanity. Shortly after John arrived in Hollywood a white-haired boy if ever there was one he became "difficult." Any time he wasn't given his own way he turned belligerent and arty. He would refer to the studio as a factory. He would talk of returning to New York and the advanced theater movement from which he had come. Then gradually he found his bearings and, working hard, became more reasonable all the time. It remained, however, for his own effort to prove just how human and just how nice he really is. When Bette Davis was having the inevitable discouragement

and setbacks and difficulties starting the Hollywood Canteen, John was her strength. He stood behind her. He fought those battles which needed a man's voice. He still works for the Canteen untiringly. Besides, he goes out on long camp tours.

There are some malcontents who knew John when he was with the theater movement who insist, nowadays, that he has gone Hollywood, forgotten art for money, and acquired such a swelled head that you cannot talk to him any more. Don't you believe them! John has grown up. Many of his detractors have not.

IT DOESN'T take long—especially in Hollywood where everything is accelerated—for disagreeable traits to catch up with men and women. But sometimes it is surprising how long some masquerade as swell human beings, without ever backing up their fine conversations and gestures. Like a big star who shall, out of kindness to his studio who has a tremendous investment in him, be nameless.

He's a good talker, this star, and people, meeting him, have found it easy and pleasant to believe him all the warm, generous things he pretends to be. The studio publicity department, also, has worked overtime for years creating and sustaining the myth that he is a generous trouper, eager to give the other fellow a chance. Yes, he is! Let anyone capture a little glory in a scene and this star will see to it, in his quiet, thorough-going way, that the scene is either refilmed or cut out entirely. It is only recently, at the behest of his friends, studio officials and high-pressured members of the Victory Committee, that he has raised a hand in be-

half of the boys in service. Finally he is visiting a few hospitals where he condescends to talk to the wounded boys and turn on his very convincing he-man charm. But when booked for any camp appearance which promises to be uncomfortable or inconvenient he still balks. Not long ago he quit a trip to a distant post; insisting—when he was less than a third of the way there and still in a cushy safe region—that he could not fly.

JOAN CRAWFORD is definitely nice. Because it is definitely nice to be ambitious for more than success and money. Joan, gathering these things, has given much thought and time to improving her mind, taste, and manners too. She has transformed a hey-hey girl who was identified with Charleston contests to an intelligent, well-read, beautifully gowned lady whose charities and kindnesses are too well known to be repeated. If Joan wasn't humorless she would, without doubt, be one of the most glamorous and exciting women in the land. As she stands she is one of the nicest!

Susan Hayward, at this writing, belongs in the un-nice category. But we have a strong hunch Susan won't stay here when she has grown up. She seems to think a slightly bored and arrogant manner will hide her youth and the insecurity she feels. Instead—to anyone who has enough patience to understand her—these qualities herald her insecurity.

In vain members of Susan's studio press department tell her illuminating stories about other stars whose bad grace cost them dearly. But she never seems to suspect their reason for this.

Bonita Granville is as nice a girl as you

will find anywhere, combining the old-fashioned virtues which are basic and, therefore, admirable in any era with a resourcefulness and courage and realism which are still new to girls her age. Last year when "Bun" went out on a personal appearance tour everyone who played on the bill with her moved into her cheering section.

She had recently been promoted to stardom, on the heels of her truly brilliant success in "Hitler's Children." This, added to her youth, might have influenced her to act the glamorous movie star all over the place. She did nothing of the kind. She behaved like what she was, a beginner in the theater. She was eager for any advice seasoned troupers offered, whether it was dropped casually or offered in friendship. Furthermore, although she played many shows a day and went through a nervous tizzy every time she opened in a new city, she refused no request for a personal appearance at a military base and interrupted her act, upon occasion, with plugs for War Bonds.

We have no intention of wasting space—paper is precious and rationed—to announce that Bob Hope belongs at the top of any "nice" list anywhere. Not only because of all the gay valiant things he has done this past year as he entertained troops under fire but because of all the gay valiant things he has been doing all his life—even when no romance or drama or excitement attended them.

All of which proves you cannot tell from your fine orchestra chair in a movie theater what any star is like—really!

The End

Keep the cost of living down—don't profiteer—don't ask for higher wages—the Army pays \$50 a month.

EMINENT DOCTORS PROVED PHILIP MORRIS

far less irritating to the nose and throat!

**CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS**
America's FINEST Cigarette

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

That is from the findings of distinguished doctors in clinical tests of actual smokers—reported in an authoritative medical journal.

We claim no curative powers for Philip Morris—but that evidence proves them less irritating to the nose and throat.

In addition—you will find Philip Morris finer in taste . . . more enjoyable.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
A Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

A Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will help you

Be Alert...and Alluring!

By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

You needn't take off your attractiveness when you put on a uniform! That's a suggestion I pass along to you from the many women with whom a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick is always "regulation."

Here, at last, is a lipstick that combines rich, natural coloring with a softness and smoothness of texture never before achieved. Whether you choose Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural... you can trust

it to keep that satin-y sheen despite hours on duty in all kinds of weather!

And whether you're "on the alert" ...or frankly alluring...don't forget to match your complexion with your own right shade of the new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder and the companion rouge to your Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipstick!

TANGEE *Lipsticks*
with the new *Satin-Finish*

TANGEE *Face Powder*
with the new *Petal-Finish*

GET IN THE FIGHT — BUY A BOND TODAY

Jennifer Jones

(Continued from page 38) and it was months before either of you guessed the truth. Nobody else in the great metropolis noticed you both enough to tell you, either—for you were like thousands of other unimportant young couples going out on the cheapest of dates.

When summer came and with it the Academy's closing until the fall, there was no great farewell scene between you. "Good-by, and I surely hope you'll be back in New York in the fall," you said briskly, when Bob saw you off at the station for a summer in Tulsa, where you were acting in a stock company.

"I hope the same for you," Bob said, and you shook hands quickly and earnestly and then you swung onto the train. The next time you suddenly ran to a window, though the train was already moving—and you caught a glimpse of him starting irresolutely off through the crowd as if he didn't know quite what to do now. His shoulders were slumped, and you'd never seen them slumped before. For the first time you thought, "Why, he hasn't any plans for the summer... he hasn't enough money to go back home to Utah." The next you were oddly unhappy for weeks, until you got a letter from him stamped with a foreign postmark—and that made you more unhappy.

"It got so lonesome in New York after you left that I shipped on a banana boat to South America," he wrote. "My aunt's annoyed over my trip and won't send me back to the Academy next fall. So when you're back at classes, I don't know where I'll be."

THAT was the only letter you got from him. All your letters were sent back marked "Party Unknown." And with each returned letter, loneliness settled deeper around you. And when the fall came, you hurried back to enroll at the Academy... and to sit in your closet-like room at the Barbizon for Women staring at the telephone on your desk. You had been back in New York for two days before it finally rang—with Bob's voice at the end of the wire. And when you heard it, you had sat down suddenly on your narrow bed because your knees wouldn't hold you, and because suddenly you knew what had been the matter with you all summer.

He seemed to know too, because he was almost stammering over the phone. "I raced from the dock to the nearest phone," he said. "I just got into port, and thank heaven you're here. I have something I must tell you—and I can't wait to see you to say it." But that night, when you two finally sat opposite each other over a table in the Barbizon Coffee Shop, neither of you was able to say a word—nor to eat, either. You just sat and looked at each other as if you couldn't look enough. Because the long summer apart from each other had told each of you what you had never known together—that you were in love.

But getting married was another thing again. You discussed it endlessly, and there was no way out except for Bob to land a job—an acting job, of course. So you went alone every morning to the Academy to classes, and every evening you rushed back to the Barbizon alone to start the really important part of your day—to see Bob, and to hear of his hopes, less, dawn-to-dark search for jobs to the length and breadth of Broadway. He was living in the confusion of a co-operative

Keep the cost of living down—don't profiteer. Profiteering raises living costs.

boardinghouse, where a dozen penniless young men lived together sharing the work and the few expenses. Bob himself survived on ten dollars a week borrowed from a brother.

It was only a few weeks of this before you knew you couldn't bear to watch him struggle alone, while you lived comfortably at the Barbizon and attended classes at the Academy. So you left the Academy and joined him in his daily search for an acting berth . . . and you worked at it together for further weeks. It was at the Cherry Lane Theater that you got your big break—though it was hardly a financial one. You both acted in several plays here, and were paid fifty cents a performance—at the evening's end the producer solemnly handed Bob a one dollar bill, for the first time.

When that ended, so had the fall, and you were still in love and still miles from marriage.

ONE morning you appeared breathlessly at his co-operative boardinghouse—which you had never done before, so when Bob appeared still soapy from shaving and saw you on the doorstep he knew something astounding had happened. You gasped it at sight of him. You'd been telegraphed from Tulsa that a radio station wanted you there right away for a program—and when they'd asked you to suggest a leading man, you'd named Bob. "And they said yes! And we'll each get \$25 a week! For months!" you cried ecstatically.

In Tulsa, Bob stayed at a boardinghouse and you stayed with your parents for thirteen weeks. Then when the radio program ended, you got married on Bob's savings.

You were married suddenly, on a two-hour decision exactly a year from the time you met; and your parents watched you being taken into the custody of this strange, likeable, intense young man you'd met in New York. And then you and Bob drove away for your honeymoon in the only present your family was ever to give you two because that's the way you wanted it—a brand-new sky-blue car. You drove it to Ogden, Utah, so that his family could meet his bride; and then, on another sudden decision you drove on to Hollywood to take a fling at films. But there you were old-shouldered at every studio, and five months later you gave up and went back to New York City and its dubious chances. And to get down to hungry reality . . . and marriage.

You went through it all, shoulder to shoulder with Bob—through fear and anger and worry, and then through the coming of two children. For a few weeks after Bobby was born you were a Powers model and several pictures of you appeared in Harper's Bazaar. But then, since Michael was to be born eleven months after Bobby, you retired to your home again. You took this retirement with the serenity that is part of you, just as you'd taken housework and cooking, neither of which you enjoy.

WHEN you'd been married almost three years and the Walker family had progressed from two dingy rooms in Greenwich Village to six sunlit rooms in Garden City, Long Island, Bob and you went one night to see the play "Claudia."

The very next day you went to David O. Selznick's office in New York City, and told the Selznick agent you found there that

Keep the cost of living down—buy only what you need. Don't buy what you don't need—buy Bonds for Berlin instead

"The 1-Minute Mask

makes such a lovely quick difference in my skin"

says MRS. W. WOOSTER RICHARD

One of New York society's youngest and most attractive Navy wives, Mrs. Richard is charmed with this swift and effective method of "restyling" her complexion—a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream.



"When powder snags on my cheeks and nose—and when my skin looks just half-fresh, half-bright . . .



"I hide my face under a snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," says Mrs. Richard. "—Nothing shows but my eyes! Then for 60 seconds I relax—while the Cream's 'keratolytic' action loosens and dissolves tiny powder-catching flakes of chapped skin—and specks of imbedded dirt, too! Then I tissue everything off—clean . . .



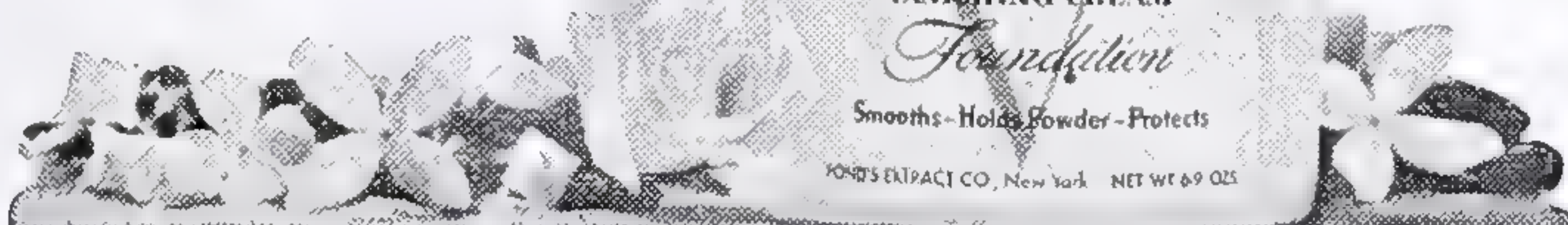
"—And gloat over the heavenly effects of my 1-Minute Mask! My face looks cleaner and lighter—and when I feel how much smoother the Mask has made my skin, I know my make-up problems are over. Powder goes on perfectly—and stays!"

Glamorous Mrs. Richard suggests:

"Give yourself a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week—and on the other days, use Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Just a very light film holds make-up for ages!"



Now there's a glass shortage! Help save glass and manpower—buy one BIG jar of Pond's instead of several small ones.

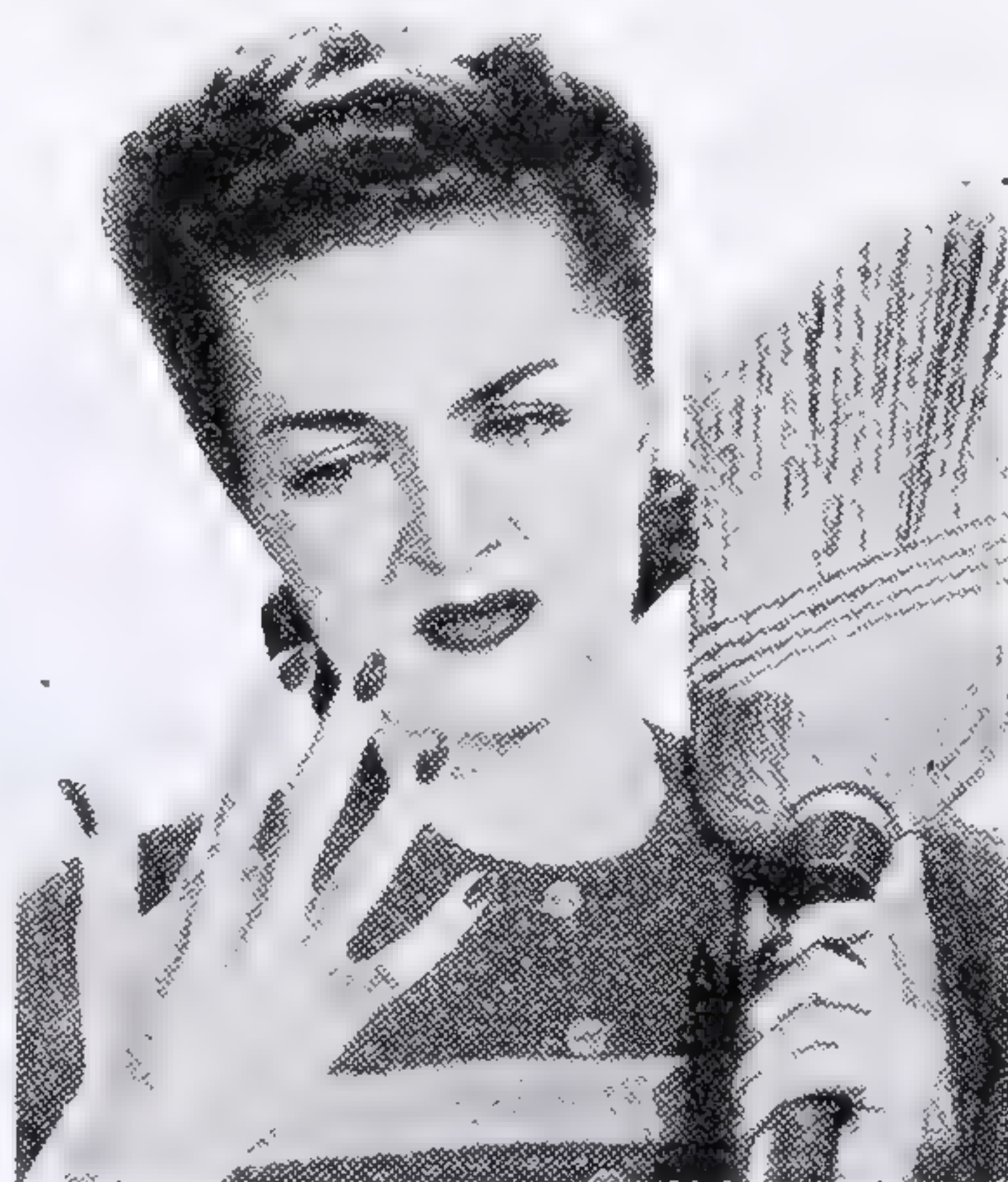


TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

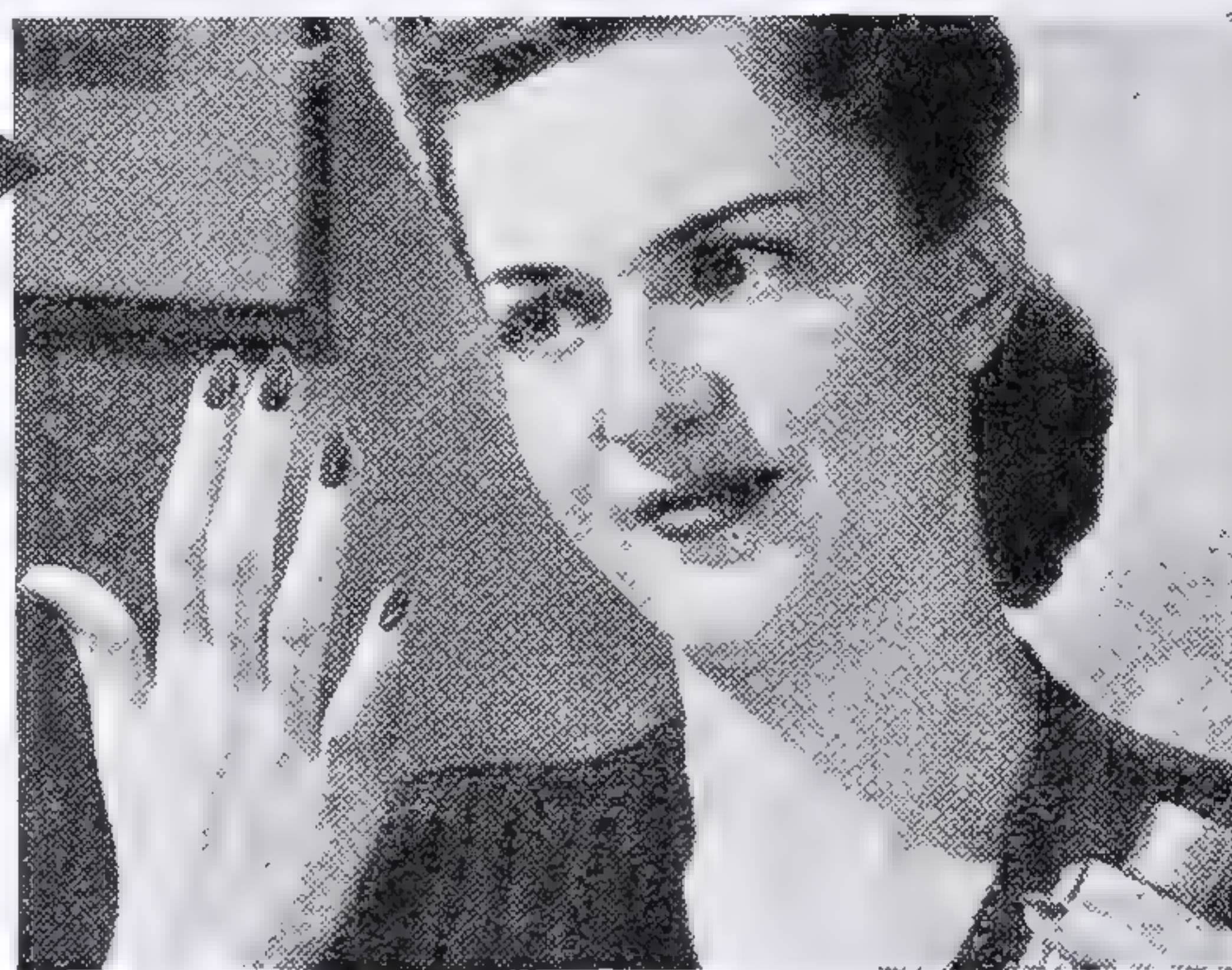


*"My hands made
me feel old as the
**OLD GRAY
MARE!**"*

"**Broom...brush...mop...what** a work-out for my poor hands! What *upset* me wasn't just that old saying: 'A woman's age shows in her hands'... But the work-coarsened *look* of my hands made me *feel*—well, as old as the Old Gray Mare!"



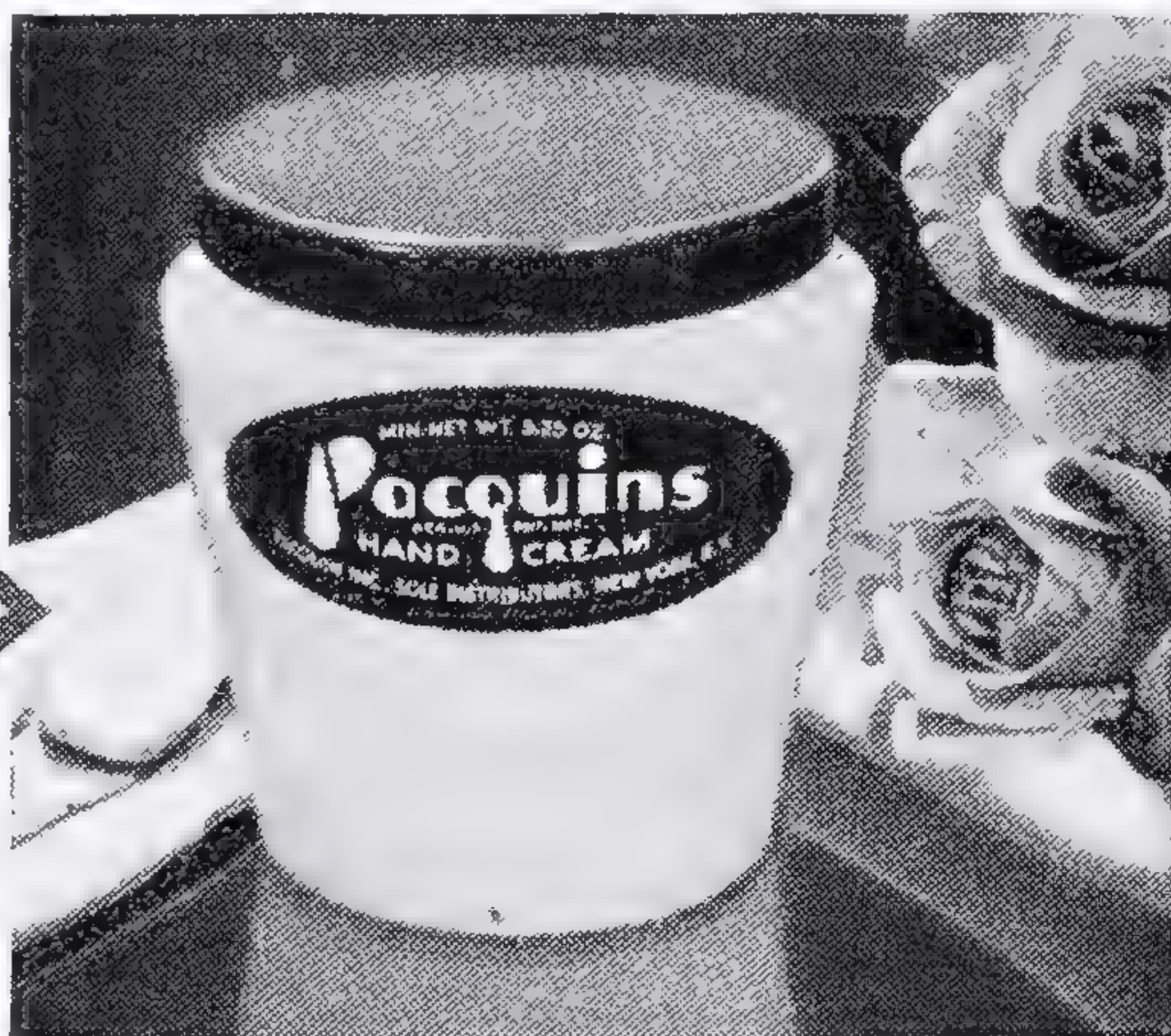
"**The Old Gray Mare**, she ain't what she used to be!' And oh Lady, the *same* was true of my *hands!* Their lovely white softness...their smooth, flattering 'young' look...*gone!* So rough, red...*old-looking...now.* I didn't know *what* to do!"



"**Then, lo and behold... 'it' worked...** Pacquins Hand Cream! A friend (a nurse) told me how wonderful Pacquins was for *her* hands. A nurse's hands lead a hard life...yet *hers* were smooth and white. Now *my* hands—Pacquins-soft... white—feel and look 'young' again!"

**Do your hands make you feel
older than your years?**

● See for yourself if work-roughened, old-looking hands don't smooth out *faster*...feel smoother *longer*...with Pacquins! Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, who wash their hands 30 to 40 times a day. Don't despair over your hands... try creamy, non-greasy Pacquins!



Use Pacquins for wrists, elbows, knees, and ankles, too. It won't rub off on clothes.

Pacquins HAND CREAM

At any drug, department, or ten-cent store

you wanted to try out for the movie role of *Claudia*. A minute later you were reading scenes from the play to her—and ten minutes later you looked up from your emoting and caught her in a yawn. You were so unnerved by this reaction that you promptly burst into tears... which so unnerved the agent that she hastily promised to have Mr. Selznick himself see you the next afternoon at five. But you didn't believe her, and you sobbed miserably all the way home.

So the next afternoon at five you were clad in an old pair of slacks and were shampooing your hair when the telephone rang.

You almost collapsed from shock when you heard it was Mr. Selznick's office demanding to know where you were. "I'm coming right away!" you managed to gasp—and went into action.

HASTILY you rinsed the soap from your hair, jumped into a suit, seized a hair brush, and called a taxi. All the way in to New York (while the meter ticked up ten dollars worth of mileage), you brushed your wet hair, and by the time you pulled up before Mr. Selznick's office it was dry, if straight as a mop handle. Nevertheless, Mr. Selznick was impressed by you and your readings—and two weeks later you were under contract to him for many, many years.

The first two of them you spent still living in New York with Big Bob, Little Bob and Michael—while you took lessons in singing, dancing and drama. Then finally came the summons to go West for "The Song Of Bernadette." You took the two little boys with you, and you kissed Bob Sr. good-bye in Grand Central Station—five years after the time you'd shaken hands in the same spot at train time. You were both torn between delirious happiness for you, and sadness for yourselves; for, of course, Bob couldn't come with you. By this time he was a steady (if unknown to the public) actor in radio, and he had to stick to his job.

So when Hollywood lightning struck him, fourteen days later, it was an unbelievable miracle. He had been discovered by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and was to play the part of a sailor in "Bataan"... and, wonderful and magical as that news was to you both, what really mattered was that two weeks after he'd said good-bye to you in New York, you were saying hello to him in Hollywood.

In Hollywood, you remained you. You were never seen without a glass of milk—two quarts a day being your quota. You still demanded (and got) eight or nine hours' sleep a night; and in your spare time away from your household and your career, you still liked to listen critically to your own recordings of recitations and play readings, to see how you sounded. As for your almost-five-year marriage—you still thought of it as you had always thought of it: as the most important thing in your life, and a never-ending adventure....

* * *

This was the way things were until just a few weeks ago, Jennifer. You had faced a marriage foundation only in love, certainly not in security; you had put motherhood ahead of your beloved career—and you never wavered from the faith that when your time came to act, your chance would come with it.

It did. With its coming, the whole country's eyes were on you and your earned success... and your marriage.

And now, now that you've read the story of you and Bob, Jennifer, must it end here?

The End

My Favorite Hollywood Mysteries

(Continued from page 37)

Or did she think it up herself one sunny schoolday, never dreaming the time would come when it would cause half the world to wonder: Is it pronounced Betty, or simply Bet?

?

6. "The Enigma of the Omitted Osculation." Why, I ponder, does Fred Astaire never kiss his leading lady? For years there has been a legend in Hollywood to the effect that Mrs. Astaire preferred her husband's lips never to touch those of any heroine, even in the most mercenary interests of the celluloid, but I could never quite bring myself to believe that story. Yet there must be some reason why Fred's beautiful co-stars never get closer to him than the embrace required by the rhumba and why, if the script calls for a kiss, that scene is always played behind a screen, beach umbrella or very wide tree trunk. I think in a recent picture I did see Astaire give a girl a slight smacker, but it was hurried and uninspired, more like a peck, and bearing no resemblance to what you would get from Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, or Charles Boyer.

?

7. "The Case of the Puzzling Penmanship." Maybe someone can tell me—and if so don't write, telegraph!—who is responsible for the handwriting shown in screen close-ups. You know what I mean. Ann Sheridan leaves home, pinning a note on her pillow, and the director very kindly permits the audience a thirty-second gander at a neat, legible script reading, "Dear Mom, I can't stand it any more in One Tree, Arkansas, so I am leaving. Please forgive me. Helen." Or William Powell, in a tight spot in a murder film, passes a note out the window which says: "Help! Send police!" But I can tell (you know how hep I am about such things) that the writing is not Annie Sheridan's, nor is it Bill Powell's, so what I would like to know is—whose is it? The writer can't be just one person, because the writing is never twice the same. Could it be that the assignment is tossed at random to any prop man or grip or studio messenger who happens to be walking by? Is it done by a board of graphologists? Is there a forger in the employ of M-G-M who can copy any kind of handwriting from a bank clerk's to a dowager's? Or does Central Casting cast penmanship, too? I'd love to know.

?

8. "The Familiar Face Murders." This bit of bewilderment, which has haunted me for some seasons, concerns the reason why Hollywood's beautifying experts won't learn that the best thing to do to some faces is just to let them alone. It was that way with the aforementioned Bette Davis; when she first landed in the screen colony they glamorized her and peroxided her to the point where she became just a watery ingenue, but after she brushed them off she started hitting her dramatic stride. Just imagine what would have happened to Ingrid Bergman

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is chic and smart in her interesting suit-dress.
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The beautiful line of Fashion Frocks for spring and summer, which we send FREE, is the last word in smart styles. They are authentic, having the approval of fashion editors, and they are worn by many prominent screen actresses. Fashion Frocks are advertised—known to millions.

FREE TO YOU

The elaborate portfolio, together with plans for a brilliant success are sent you without a penny of cost. We will show how you can enjoy for part time work, as much as \$23 weekly, and besides get your own stylish dresses without any cost. Just mail coupon for full details.

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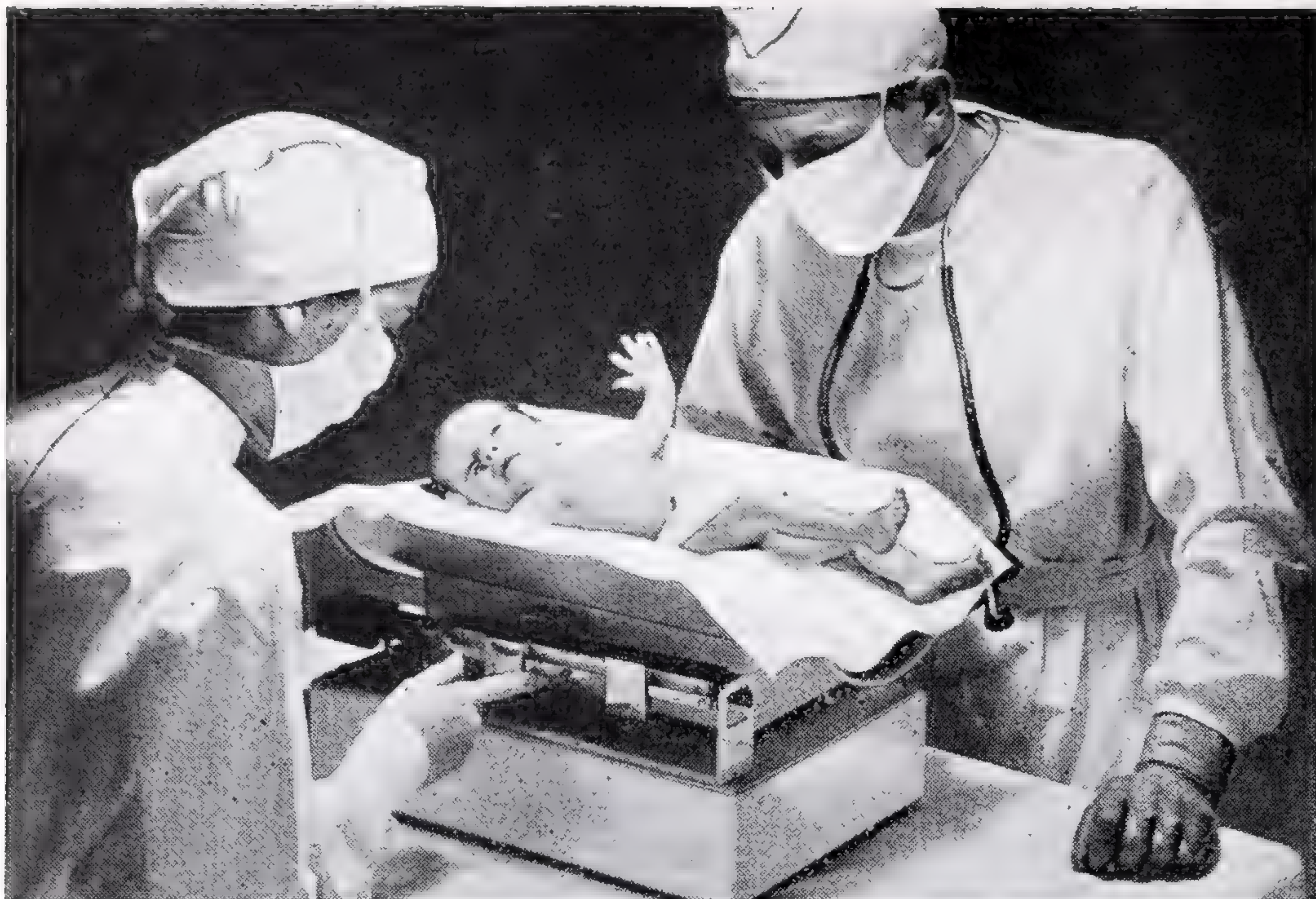
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Ruth Terry
chooses a gay printed two-piece dress of unusual design and of lovely material.
STYLE 728

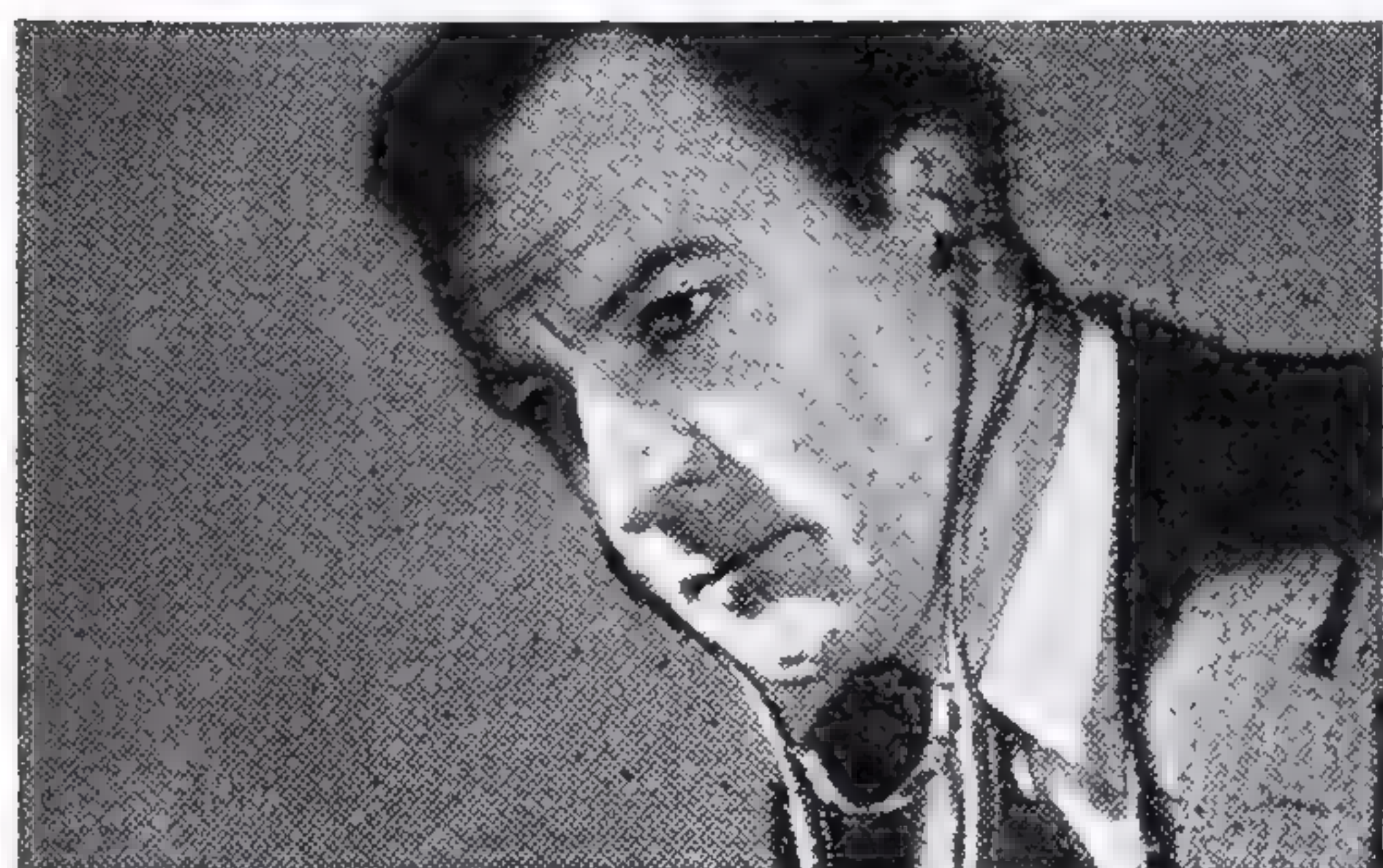




WHEN WEIGHING BABY (AND AT ALL OTHER TIMES), HOSPITALS GUARD INFANT AGAINST GERMS

Compare YOUR knowledge

Important to every mother: A leading medical journal asked 6,000 physicians, including most U. S. baby specialists, these vital questions about baby care. Read answers below:



QUESTION: "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"

ANSWER: Over 95% of physicians said *yes*. Hospitals advise the same (almost all hospitals use *Mennen Oil*—because it's *antiseptic*).



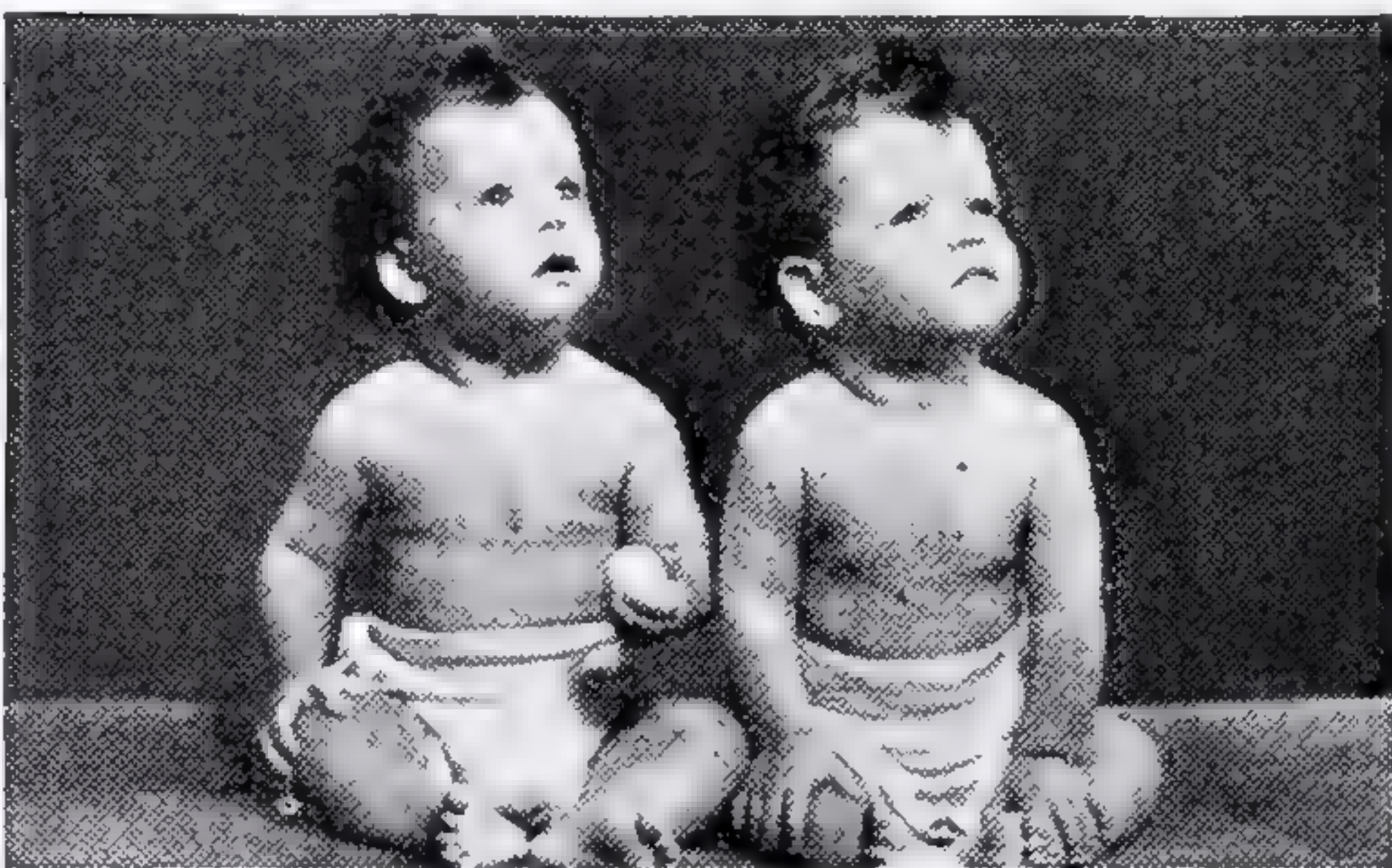
QUESTION: "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—*antiseptic* oil helps protect skin against germs).



QUESTION: "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"

ANSWER: 3 out of 4 physicians said *yes*. (*Antiseptic* oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of *germs* in contact with wet diapers).



QUESTION: "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"

ANSWER: Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.



QUESTION: "Should baby oil be *antiseptic*?"

ANSWER: 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil *should be antiseptic*. Only one widely-sold baby oil is antiseptic—*Mennen*. Helps check harmful germs, thus helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find *Mennen* is mildest, safest, keeps baby's skin *smoothest*. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the *best* for your baby—*Mennen Antiseptic Oil*.

if she'd let the beauticians do what they wanted to do to change her face when she made her first picture. Margaret Sullivan had a battle, too, to keep them from plastering her with the regulation glamour mask. But the biggest victory of all was won by Hedy Lamarr who—in the face of the Hollywood hairdressers' rock-bound conviction that black hair will not photograph at all and that every star should have pink hair if she is unfortunate enough not to be blonde—started a whole vogue for dark tresses as soon as her first talkie was released in America.

?

9. "The Profile Puzzle." It will, I am afraid, take a better sleuth than I or Ellery Queen to uncover the real reason why Claudette Colbert will permit only one side of her face to be photographed for the public. You can't tell me it's because the other side is homely. Maybe Claudette is bewitched. Could it be that a fairy godmother said to her, "You will have good fortune and be a great star in films, providing you never let James Wong Howe or Clarence Bull or even Hurrell take a snapshot of the right side of your face?" Or maybe Claudette enjoys having whole sets built and torn down and rebuilt around her one eligible profile. Maybe she just loves to watch carpenters work.

?

10. "The Case of the Balding Bachelor." I would like some clever deducer to figure out why no belle has been able to lasso Edgar Bergen into the matrimonial knot. In a town where people marry at the drop of a hat or even of a suggestion, this personable, intelligent, witty fellow has managed to escape wedlock or even, seemingly, the temptation thereto. It certainly can't be that he's a girl-hater—my own eyes have observed him enjoying the proximity of some very pretty dishes and it was obvious on each occasion that the experience was causing him no pain. But none of the lasses, however delicious, has managed to steer Edgar to within sniffing distance of an orange blossom. Could Charlie McCarthy be at the bottom of the mystery, as well as the trunk?

?

THOSE are my top ten favorite mysteries, but naturally there are others. When insomnia clutches me in the small cold hours it is usually because I am asking myself, "Why does Kay Francis still talk baby talk? Why do producers keep casting Betty Grable in Gay Nineties films when she's as streamlined as a helicopter? Why don't movie actors ever get a busy signal when they dial a telephone? Why does Walter Pidgeon ever have trouble getting the girl when millions of women fall in a dead faint at the very utterance of his name? Why is it that when a member of the Gestapo shoots at an English spy he always misses him by a kilometer, whereas any United Nations agent, aiming over his shoulder on the run, can nail a Nazi right through the heart? Why are they bringing back Clara Bow? What has Red Skelton got that chases me right out of theaters even on rainy days?"

And Perry Mason thinks he has troubles!

The End.

Irrepressible Ryan

(Continued from page 58) a heap at the thought of the jitterbugging Marine. It was too much for her to bear all at one time.

"Excuse this screen make-up," she begged without one single, solitary breath between sentences. "After shooting today, I was redecorating my studio dressing room and didn't have time to take it off. We're repainting the walls—Gwen Carter and I." The arms tore through space to indicate the wall space covered. "Gwen is Don's girl, you know. That's why I'm late. On account of Gwen. She and Don had a tiff, just one of those things. Gwen said, 'Look, now, Peggy, I'm driving home with you. No matter what Don says I'm driving home with you.' So I started home with Gwen in my car and there at the studio gate stood Don waiting, so I started to drive on past, of course, and then Gwen squealed to stop and I told her to get out now because she knew she was going home with him anyway, and I was late and I couldn't wait for those two to make up. So she did. The walls are a lovely color."

One minute later she was on to the butterfly dance she did for the Elks Lodge in San Diego.

"I did the whole thing with my back to the audience," she said.

"Why?" we asked. "Is there something in the Elks bylaws, or—"

"No, no, I was only two years and nine months old," she explained. "I've never turned my back to an audience since."

"Then, when I was eight and dancing pretty good," she went on, "Mommy begged Daddy to let me try Hollywood. He was superintendent of service at the El Cortez Hotel in San Diego and didn't want to give up his job so he agreed we should try it a year."

IN DISTANCE, it's a mere 150 miles or so from San Diego to Hollywood. In every other respect the towns are a million miles apart. The Ryans, mother and daughter, made that discovery. Peggy enrolled at the Hollywood Professional School and with her mother took a small and inexpensive apartment about as light and cheery as a gopher hole. And then came "the awful discovery," as Peggy calls it. All the kids trying to storm movies, they discovered, were dream dolls. Golden curls, blue eyes, dimpled knees. Peggy's pipe-stem legs, that bowed in the middle, were plain ridiculous. Her thin, shapeless little body and Irish face were about as alluring as a one-eyed caterpillar. No one ever stopped and patted her on the head with, "My, what a pretty child. You should be in pictures."

But she could dance. With a finger placed on one cheek and feet going it like mad she did the best Eleanor Powell imitation going the rounds and Eleanor, then the newest rage, had plenty of imitators. In fact, they heard about Peg and her dance down at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where Eleanor was under contract, and sent for her. First thing she knew she was in Eleanor's next picture and had telephoned Dad to throw up his job and come at once. She had a contract. For how long? Oh, gee, seven years or a million years maybe. She wasn't sure exactly.

As it turned out, she wasn't even in long enough to make that picture. Someone who thought the too clever tapping of little Peg might be competition for Eleanor

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"ISN'T THIS salad a 'beaut'! I call it my 'Coolerator Special' because all the fresh vegetables with which it was made were kept fresh in my Coolerator until ready to use. That's why Coolerator is the best refrigerator we have ever had—it keeps fresh foods fresh longer!"

"COOLERATOR'S 4-way circulation of washed air uses ice in a new way. And we always have plenty of pure, taste-free ice for beverages and salads. Vitamins are protected, food odors do the disappearing act... there's never any need for covered dishes."

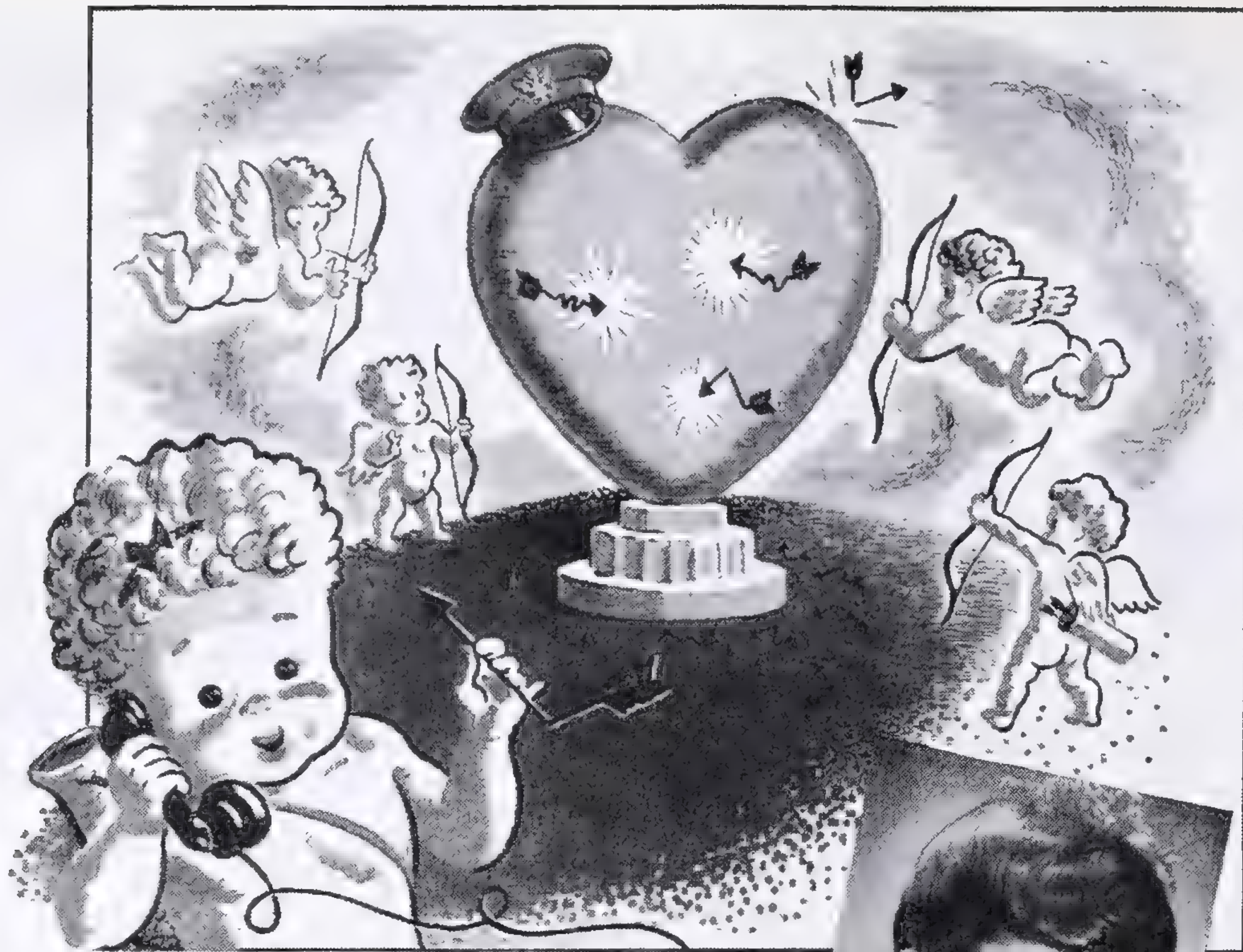


"MY FAMILY loves ice-box raids and our new Coolerator is large enough to accommodate the entire family. We never worry about repair bills because there's nothing to get out of order. And Coolerator's beautiful cabinet is so easy to keep clean and sparkling with a damp cloth. Absolutely silent too, of course, because there are no moving parts."

WHAT A BARGAIN—only \$72.75*! Although busy with war work, Coolerator has additional capacity for making this new refrigerator which fully meets WPB requirements. See your Coolerator dealer, or ice company today, or write The Coolerator Company, Dept. 53, Duluth, Minnesota. **\$72.75** *F. O. B. DULUTH

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NOW, more COLOR with Duart Liquid Rinse.
At your beauty salon
ask for a Duart Wave and Rinse.

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ruled her out. She was tasting the bitter brew of Hollywood success and at such an early age!

THREE months later her name was up in bright lights with all the biggest stars of Hollywood—at an Actors' Fund Benefit. She did her dance well and it did well by her, too, for George Murphy remembered Peggy when the Universal picture "Top Of The Town" came along and sent for her. Peggy was the little girl wonder who danced a duet with Murphy in that picture.

Charles Rogers, head of Universal, had a talk with Peggy after that. "You're cute and a swell dancer," he said, "but right now we're busy with another little girl called Edna Mae Durbin. If she doesn't pan out we'll send for you." They didn't send for Peggy. Edna Mae grew into Deanna Durbin and there was nothing Peggy could do about that.

Next came the call for a little girl to play in the picture "The Women Men Marry." "I'll look glamorous if it kills me," Peggy determined and, donning her best stiff taffeta dress and curling her hair into a frizz, she reported to the studio. The casting room was full of bedraggled, miserable-looking offspring. The part, it seems, called for a poor little wretch to cry all through the picture.

"There I was," Peggy says, "amongst a lot of rugged individualists looking the part while I looked like Little Lord Fauntleroy's sister." But she got the part. She wept swell. In fact, she was instantly typed as a perpetual weeper and, after that, cried all through "Wrong Way Corrigan" and "Grapes Of Wrath."

"Now this has got to stop," she told her family one evening. "I've wept my last tear. I'm going on the stage to get away from this vale of sorrows. I'm wading in."

"Meet The People" was being rehearsed at the time and Peggy applied for a job. She lied a little about her age as she wasn't yet sixteen. But she got the job. She camouflaged her figure a bit, too, until one night in the midst of a dance with Buddy Pepper, a certain portion of Peggy's glamour slipped out of place. It was terribly embarrassing. Especially since Bill Orr, the boy she worshiped, saw the whole horrible thing.

The show went on the road, she learned new steps and rhythms, got engaged to Johnny Peterson and broke it, and when the show hit New York for a six-months' run she got engaged again to Charley Peck III. She broke that, too. It's so hard at sixteen to know one's own mind, she thinks. But with Ray now, well, that's different. She's been engaged to Ray, whom she met jitterbugging on a movie set, for two whole years.

"I love him," she said. Her right arm almost swept the lamp from the table. The left arm swung through the air with the greatest of ease.

A CERTAIN little kid she'd met in New York tramping the streets begging for a chance was back in Hollywood by the time Peggy returned to her native state. His name was Donald O'Connor. His parents and Peggy's parents had been vaudevillians and both kids had been born with the urge to get ahead in their profession. They knew so young the misery of not getting there as they now know the joy of success, and it took a little thing called "What's Cookin'?" to start it all. Don had a small part in that film and in there among the Jivin' Jacks and Jills was a little Irish kid called Ryan, doing her

Keep the cost of living down—observe ceiling prices. When incomes go up, prices go up—help keep them down.

darnedest to get noticed and howling when she didn't.

"Private Buckaroo" and "Give Out, Sister" followed. Don and Peggy were slowly emerging from their shells into something not unlike a team of fireflies that jittered and flashed and danced and clowned in perfect synchronization. The studio was quick to catch the idea that here was the perfect screen twosome. Youth's own answer to youth's demands. Once the idea was recognized it was put into action. Speed was gathered and the ball got rolling for Ryan and O'Connor in "Get Hep To Love," "It Comes Up Love," "Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Mister Big," "This Is The Life," "Top Man," "Chip Off The Old Block," "Patrick The Great," "Hello Boys," in which Peg and Don join a parade of big names and, now in production, "The Merry Monahans," with Jack Oakie.

This will be perhaps the last picture Don will make before going into the Army. Peggy will go ahead on her own until Don gets back.

The fact that Peggy's only been allowed to get Donald once in all that string of pictures gets her goat and hurts her vanity, too. "What am I? A ghoul?" she demands. "I'm not so bad-looking I can't get a beau. What's more, my fans write and tell me so."

"There's only one thing that kinda spoils our friendship a little," Peggy says. "Don always spits for luck before every scene with me and, gee, where's the romance in that?"

Sometimes between pictures Peggy goes back to San Diego to see her Grandpa Skelley, who owns a grocery store. Peg will get behind the counter and wait on the customers that, for some reason, turn into service men all of a sudden. The way business booms is a caution.

"Can't understand it," Grandpa Skelley says, scratching his head. "Biggest week in a long time."

THE camera must be jealous of little Ryan. Off screen she's as pretty as a picture, all ninety-five pounds of her in a size eight frock. A size nine has to be taken in in places to fit properly. Hot fudge sundaes down at the Farmer's Market fail to put a pound on her. No wonder, with all that leaping about.

With her mother and daddy and Hamish, the Scottie dog, she lives in a little house (Peg redid the walls herself with gestures) on Cahuenga Boulevard. She has one ambition—to save her money and buy a home for her parents. Brother Mike, an Air Cadet, is married and has a baby.

"I'm an aunt," Peggy cries, her feet flying up. "Gee, it's wonderful."

Filly things like fancy nighties and practical things like linen and china are going into her hope chest. She has to struggle hard against using the prettiest things right now. She wants to have everything ready when the war is over and she marries Ray. "I don't believe in getting married while he's away," she says. "Of course, right now he's stationed at San Diego, but he'll be going out soon."

"We get along pretty swell, too, but, darn it, every time we decide to set a good example to Don and Gwen and be sweet and understanding we end up in a fight."

"Know why I really love Ray?" she asked on her way out. "It's because he has powder-blue eyes."

And then she grinned. That Ryan grin is worth its weight in solid gold!

THE END

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P
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3. *After* the bath, use *Bathasweet Talc Mitt*. It's the final touch of refreshment and daintiness

Bathasweet also makes 3 alternative products: Foam Bath, Shower Mitt and Cologne.

2

BATHASWEET SOAP

3

BATHASWEET

Talc Mitt



Bathasweet

Your choice of these delightful Fragrances:—
Garden Bouquet; Forest Pine; Spring Morning

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 61) good deal of time around the house. He tells me how to cook, when and why. Nothing I do is ever quite as well done as his wife used to do it, or his daughter does it. He reads my mail unless I burn the letters the instant I read them, and he listens to telephone conversations on the upstairs extension.

However, when he returns from his visit—every six months—with his daughter in another state, he brings all of us presents.

There are good things about him and bad things, which is natural, I suppose. For a short time after his wife's death he lived in an apartment alone and nearly died of loneliness and misery. He didn't eat properly and he took no care of minor infections and colds.

My husband became so worried that he said Dad must never be alone again.

But sometimes I have to bite off the tip of my tongue to keep from telling him to get out and stay out. If I have to punish one of the children, he goes to the neighbors and says I am abusive. He tells everyone how much I pay for my clothes.

My husband and I have practically never had a word, except over his father. And lately it has grown worse. There must be a constructive way out of this mess but I'm so close to it that I can't think straight.

Can you think of some sensible course of action?

Mrs. Perry F.

Dear Mrs. F:

Apparently your father-in-law is, at heart, something of a busybody. Add to his natural inclination the fact that he has too much leisure on his hands and the result is a very uncomfortable situation.

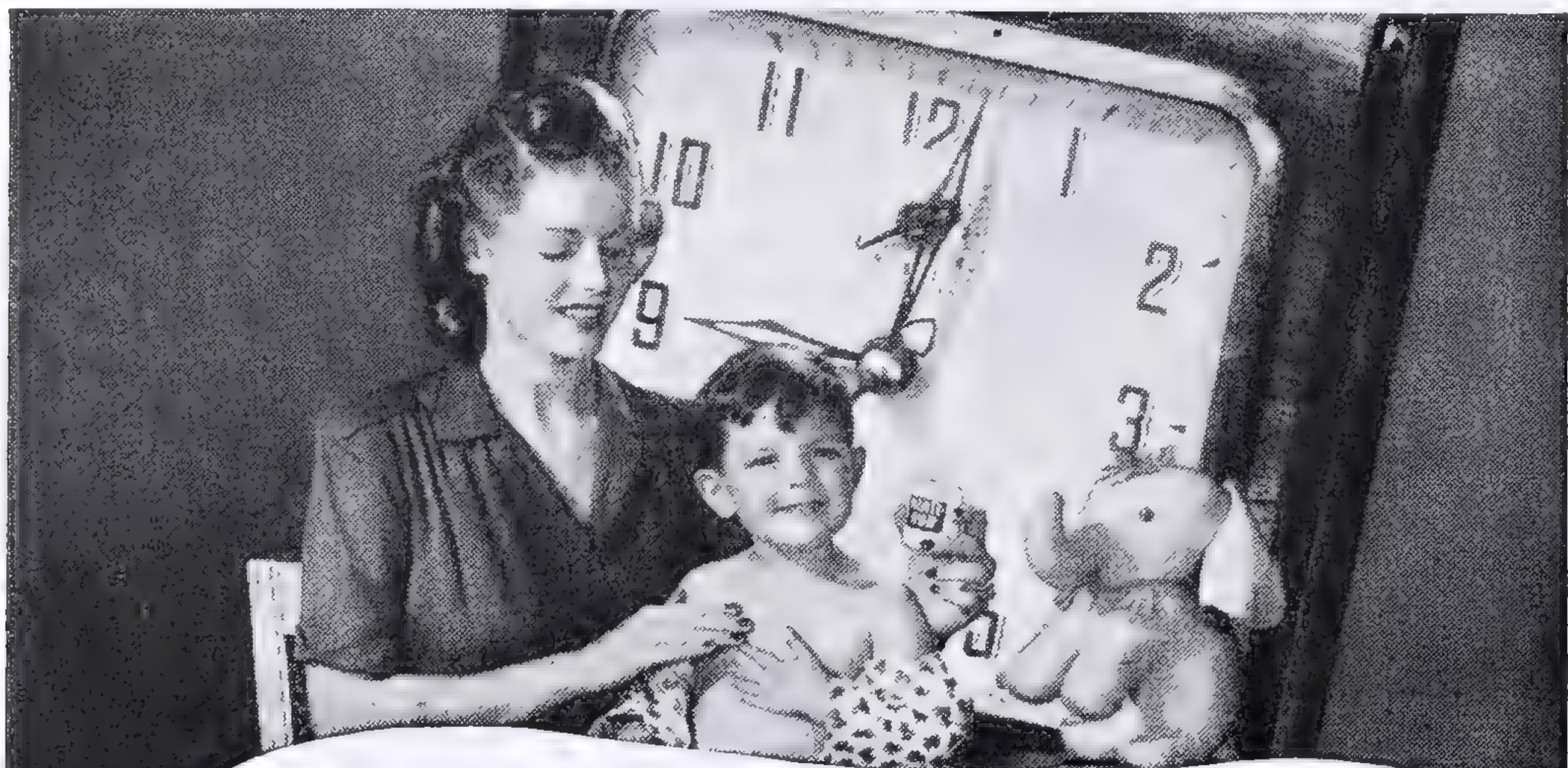
It seems to me that the first thing is to find something for this man to do. He seems to have a great deal of energy. Since there is definitely a manpower shortage at present, there are undoubtedly a great many positions that would be open to a man even though he is of advanced years. Your local U. S. Employment Office might possibly find a job, full or part-time, for him.

Even presuming that he has ample means and doesn't need the money, still he should have some occupation. If he has affairs of his own to discuss, he won't have so intense an interest in what you are doing.

I wish I could honestly advise you to look for a room for him outside of your home but close in the neighborhood, and then let him have his meals with you and spend his evenings with your husband. But there might be definite hazards about such a plan in his particular case and you would never forgive yourself if something went wrong. It seems to me the wisest procedure would be for you to have a heart-to-heart talk with him; explain without rancor the very real problem you are having to work out with yourself and frankly ask his help in mending some of his ways that bother you so much. If you are careful not to make him feel too much in the wrong, but, putting it on the basis of your own personal "peculiarities," appear to share with him some of the fault, you may well be pleasantly surprised at his reactions.

As you have said, this is a delicate problem. I hope you are able to work it out satisfactorily.

Claudette Colbert.



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SPEED, MOTHER! Minit-Rub hurries relief from cold distress *three fast ways!* Rub it on chest and back.

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Dear Miss Colbert:
I am only nineteen and I have a wonderful boy friend now serving in the Army overseas.
A while back I became involved with a married man. I was lonely, didn't want to date single men because they represented competition to my boy friend, and the invitations to fun without entanglements sounded wonderful.
My boy friend has heard of this and has quit me cold. I've written again and again, making explanations and asking his forgiveness, but he doesn't answer my letters.
What can I do? I feel as if the world has started to spin backward.
Bettijane M.

Dear Miss M:
Of course the first thing you must do is to admit to yourself that you have made a mistake. However, as there was nothing improper in your relationship with this man, you shouldn't reproach yourself too bitterly.
Now you must square your jaw and enter a new phase of your life. If you are working during the day, you might go to night school to study a language. Spanish or French. You will meet new people in that way.
If you aren't working, you should try to become a Nurse's Aide, as competent and serious workers of this type are badly needed.
After you have changed your activities entirely and feel that you have something new to tell your ex-boy friend, you might write one friendly, chatty letter, describing your experiences. If he answers, you may be able to start your friendship again. But if you still hear nothing from him, I should think you would do well to call the whole thing over and done with.
Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:
My problem deals with my wife. We were married in January, 1942, after having known one another for three months. At the time I was 4F because of a heart condition and that is still my classification.
My wife left me and returned to her mother's home, which is about two thousand miles from here, in May after we had been married just four months. We didn't argue, but we didn't agree on anything.
Last week I received a letter from her saying that she is ready to come back to me and settle down. She felt that she married too young, but now she wants me to send her carfare so she can start our marriage over again.
What I would like to know is, should I send for her? Should I begin our marriage again when I still have that secret little hate for her because she refused to wait until I was doing better? Should I let her come back when I know that I will never be in love with her again?
Belden H.

Dear Mr. H:
This is the sort of problem for which it is extremely difficult to supply a constructive suggestion. The crux of the situation is your attitude, and no one knows your own feeling as well as you do.
Sometimes it is possible for either of the marriage partners to be thoroughly exasperated with the other, yet still love the offender.
It is true that your wife at twenty might not have realized the responsibilities of marriage. After having been home, she may have discovered that the position of pampered daughter is no longer as precious as she thought it was. She may be ready to assume her position as your wife

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and make a success of it.

However, if you are convinced that you actually dislike her and that love between you is impossible, it would be quite wrong for you to let her come back. However, don't forget that almost every married couple has had an experience similar to yours during the first year or two of life together. That's where we get our humorous expression, "home to mother." Marriage is a sacred enough responsibility to warrant every effort to make it endure. Your wife has swallowed her pride and has done her share in asking to come back to you. Do you think you should do yours?

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I love John very much and he feels the same about me. I have known him for seven years and we have "gone steady" for two, so I'm certain it's the real thing. I am twenty-one and he is ten years older.

John didn't marry when he was younger because he had his mother and father to support. When they were gone he wanted freedom and fun for a while, then we met and he wanted to settle down.

My mother represents our problem. She has been ill, off and on, for the past three years. I do not know whether she will ever be completely well again. John doesn't believe a marriage has much chance to succeed if the mother-in-law lives with her daughter and son-in-law, but I don't see how we could afford to keep Mother in an apartment of her own. Nor do I believe it would be safe as her illness comes by "spells." She has a definite daughter-complex and wants to go everywhere with me.

John really loves me, Miss Colbert. No one could be kinder or more understanding or unselfish, but if I can't marry him I suppose I should break off our engagement—much as I love and adore him. We have talked the matter over many times, but never seem to come to any conclusion.

What can I do?

Gabrielle R.

Dear Miss R:

It has always seemed to me that the most important thing to realize in these mother-daughter or mother-son tangles is that the children are responsible, naturally, for the physical well-being of an ailing parent. There are certain definite duties to be fulfilled.

But I also believe that children have a right to full and unhampered emotional lives of their own.

By all means you and John should marry. To make this possible, you should talk it over with your mother and find out whether she wants to take a small apartment next to the one you and John will occupy, or whether she would prefer to live in a guest house. In any case, she

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CONGRATULATIONS!

—if you could solve those

"Favorite Hollywood Mysteries"

appearing on page 36

If you couldn't

just watch for the answers

in

APRIL PHOTOPLAY

should be kept near you and she should be made to feel that you want to give her every consideration while living your own life.

In case you are working, I believe you should continue to do so, in order that your mother will not be a burden to your husband. After all, your mother is your responsibility, not his.

It should be clearly understood by your mother that a certain number of evenings each week belong to your husband and a certain number belong to her. She may not like this, but if she can be given new interests she will soon cease to depend so much upon you.

A little effort, a good deal of tact, and a firm determination should bring happiness to all three of you.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I kept company with a girl for four years, thinking all the time that we would eventually be married. This summer a sailor busted the whole affair up because of his uniform.

After the sailor went back to his ship, this girl started keeping company with a married man who has a family. This man happened to be an employee of the same firm for whom this girl worked. Their affair finally became so blatant that she was discharged.

All this time I have tried to stand by her, thinking she would come to her senses, but my appeals have gone unanswered.

Her reputation has suffered terribly and people have started to look down upon her. I still love her, though, and I want her to come back to me. Do you feel I am foolish, and that she has changed entirely from the sweet person she used to be?

Leroy B.

Dear Mr. B:

It seems to me that the first thing to remember in a case of this kind is that a girl who makes one mistake will not necessarily make the same mistake again. It is quite possible that this girl will abruptly come to her senses and realize what frightful damage she has done to her chances for future happiness. That being the case, she would have learned her lesson and you would have no cause to distrust her; sometimes the girls who have had to learn the bitterest lessons make the best wives.

However, why don't you make an effort to go out with other girls? It may be that you would meet someone far more suitable than she seems to be. Some other girl might appreciate your gallantry and return the affection and respect that you deserve.

Claudette Colbert.

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JANE watched her handsome husband, in his lieutenant's uniform, disappear through the gates of Track 7. Her brave smile vanished as the ache in her heart became unbearable.

Saying goodbye to Tom always meant a heartache, but this time the pain was far greater. Something had spoiled their precious reunion . . . something she couldn't understand. He seemed almost glad to be leaving her . . . he was so aloof and silent . . .

DOCTORS KNOW that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman's health and happiness.

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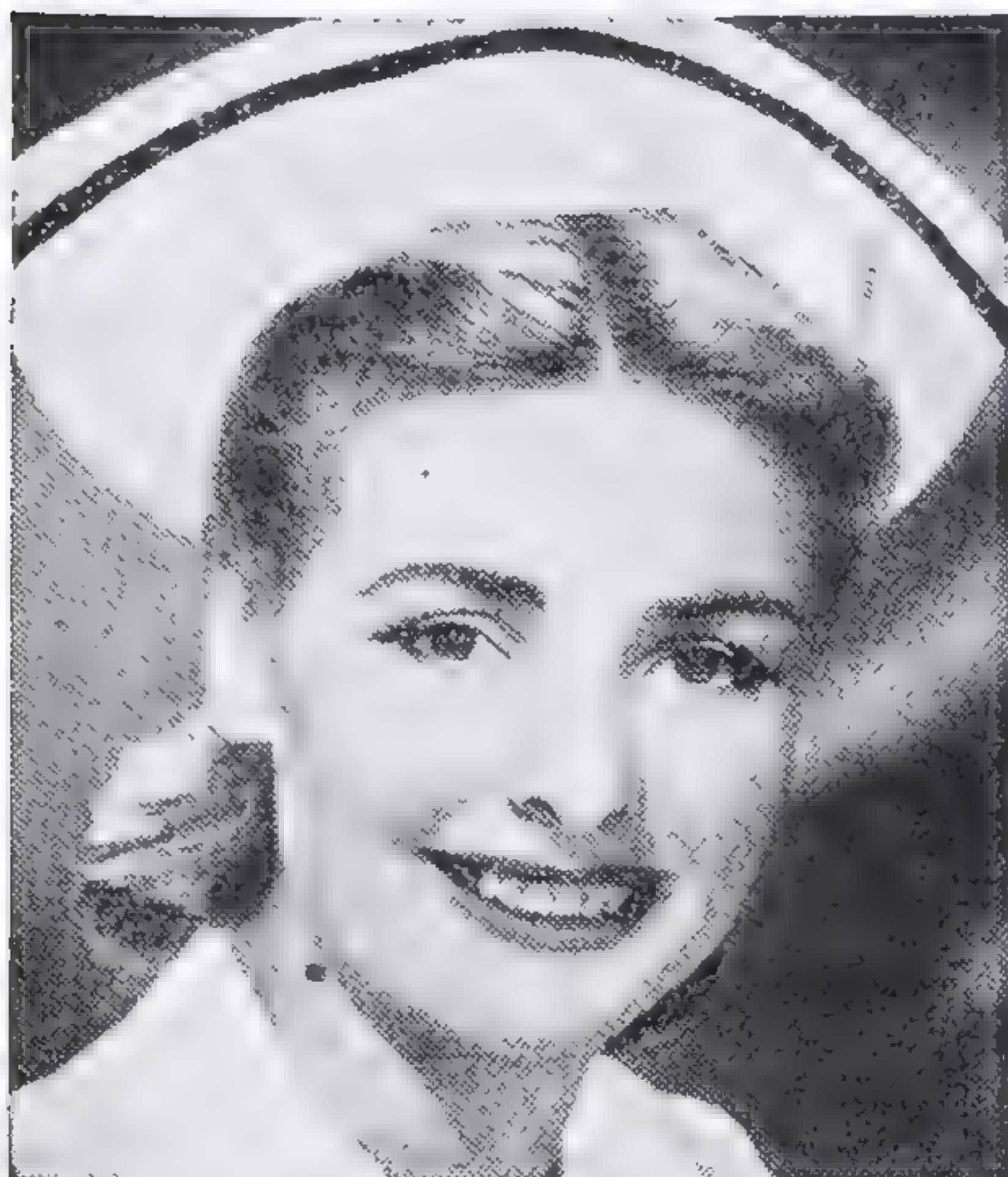


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Hands Chapped?



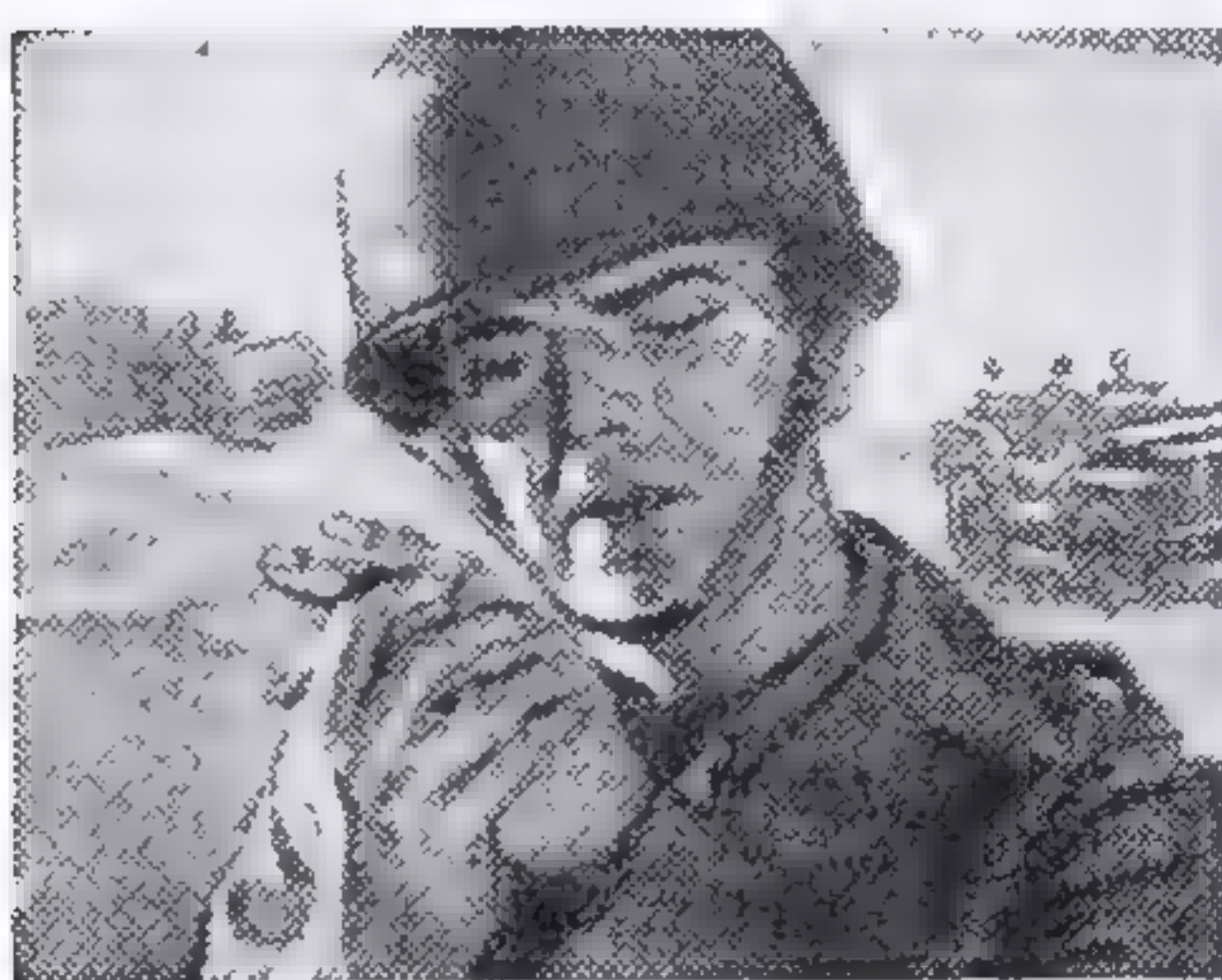
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NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM



See Here, Private Hargrove!

(Continued from page 49) to do another. "Come on, Esty," Mulvehill called across Hargrove impatiently. "We don't want to be late."

"All right," Esty said. To Hargrove he confided, "There's a USO dance tonight and Mulvehill's going to sell some tickets."

"But the dance is free," Hargrove said. A little self-consciously, Mulvehill explained. "Some of the boys don't know that. And anyway, they shouldn't get too much for nothing."

"How much are you charging?" "Only a quarter. And the beauty of it is—"

"—they don't have to pay you until the first payday," Hargrove finished. "I know."

Just before the barracks emptied for the USO dance, a corporal came in with a handful of mail, and there was a scramble from which Hargrove emerged clutching a long envelope. When he opened it, a slip of paper fluttered out. Mulvehill saw it and his eyes bulged.

"Hmm," Hargrove said nonchalantly, glancing at the check. "That much, eh?"

"A check?" Mulvehill asked eagerly. "How much?"

"Oh—enough," Hargrove replied, putting it in his wallet. "It's from the paper, for that story I sent them." He unfolded the letter from the managing editor and read it to himself. "Dear Hargrove," it said. "The piece was punk, but the paper feels it ought to help support you for a while yet. Enclosed find check for three dollars."

Aloud, he said, "They think it's a masterpiece."

Mulvehill and Esty were gazing at him in open-mouthed respect.

"Hargrove—" Mulvehill began; then, feeling that this was perhaps too formal an address, began over again, "Buddy, of course you know that my joshing about your writing ability was just kidding."

"Yeah, Hargrove," Esty seconded him.

But Private Hargrove was no longer listening. With the air of a man who thinks great thoughts, he went back to his cot, picked up his typewriter and gazed into space. The *News* was going to get another three-dollar masterpiece.

Two hours later, when he'd finished the story, he went out to mail it in the box outside the Service Club. The dance was still going on, but a few people were leaving, getting onto the Fayetteville bus which stood at the curb. All at once, Hargrove recognized Mulvehill and Esty. They were talking to the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen. As he watched, she smiled, waved to Mulvehill and Esty, and jumped lightly into the bus, which pulled away.

Hargrove hurried over to the other two soldiers. "Say, who's the girl?" he asked.

"The girl?" Mulvehill said. "Oh—the girl. Why, she's—" Suddenly his manner lost its vagueness. "She's one of the girls that works for the new Date Bureau me 'n' Esty are organizin'. Cute, ain't she?"

"Date Bureau?" Hargrove asked, and Mulvehill explained. It was one of his better ideas, he felt. He'd spent the evening lining up girls who lived in Fayetteville. For the payment of a small fee to the Fort Bragg Date Bureau, Inc., any soldier in Fort Bragg could have a date. "Fix me up with that girl," demanded Hargrove.

"Well, she's our most popular number and it'll cost you quite a bit—"

"Who cares about money at a time like this?" Hargrove said—and then, warily, he

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added, "How much?"

Five dollars, it seemed, was the Bureau's regular charge for a Saturday-night date with this particular girl. After a moment of shock, Hargrove paid it.

ON Saturday night, Mulvehill and Esty took Hargrove to Fayetteville, bought some flowers and candy for him to give his date (Mulvehill said payday would be time enough to pay for them) and deposited him in front of a respectable-looking frame residence on a quiet street. "All right," Mulvehill said. "Her name's Carol Holliday. And don't be too surprised if she's a little stand-offish at first. Remember, she's a very high-class babe."

"Okay, okay," Hargrove said impatiently. Leaving the other two standing at the curb, he marched up and rang the bell. The door was opened by a pleasant-looking, middle-aged man.

"Good evening, sir," Hargrove said politely. "I am calling on Miss Holliday."

The middle-aged man seemed surprised, but he held the door open. "Is Carol expecting you, Mr.—er—" he said as Hargrove entered.

"Private Marion Hargrove, sir. And yes, sir, she is."

The man pursed his lips and shrugged his shoulders; then he called upstairs, "Carol! Private Hargrove to see you!"

Hargrove was sitting in the chintzy living room, clutching his flowers and candy, when Carol Holliday came downstairs. He gasped. Her eyes were a deep-sea blue. Her hair was like—like night with stargleams in it.

He stood up and bowed. "Good evening, Miss Holliday," he said.

"Why—good evening. You wanted to see me about something?"

HE stepped closer and held out the flowers and candy, and automatically she took them. "I'm your date," he said sunnily.

"Why—thank you," she said, and jumped. "My what?"

"Your date," he repeated, delicately adding, "from the Bureau, you know."

A frown appeared on Miss Holliday's perfect forehead. "I don't," she said ominously, "know what you're talking about."

"Mulvehill and Esty—the fellows who run the Date Bureau—you know them, don't you?" Hargrove felt as if he were going down very fast in an elevator. "But you must know them!" he exploded. "They sold me this date! I paid five dollars for you."

"Five dollars!"

"Yes," he said miserably.

Miss Holliday's eyes flashed. "Well, of all the nerve! Do you think girls are cattle? To be traded in the market-place like so many—" She piled the flowers and candy into his arms. "Well, you can have these back. And there's the door!"

"Yes, ma'am," Hargrove muttered, completely crushed.

"Now, just a minute—" Both of them had forgotten the middle-aged man. Now he rose from his armchair. "Private Hargrove, I'm Carol's uncle, and a lawyer. If you'll allow me, I'd like to plead your case. It is plain to me that you are the innocent victim of circumstances."

"Yes, sir!" Hargrove said with emotion.

His advocate turned to Carol. "Your Honor, I maintain that my client here has committed no crime except that of admiring a strange girl—the unalienable right of every man in the armed forces. He has paid this girl a great compliment by forking over ten percent of his monthly

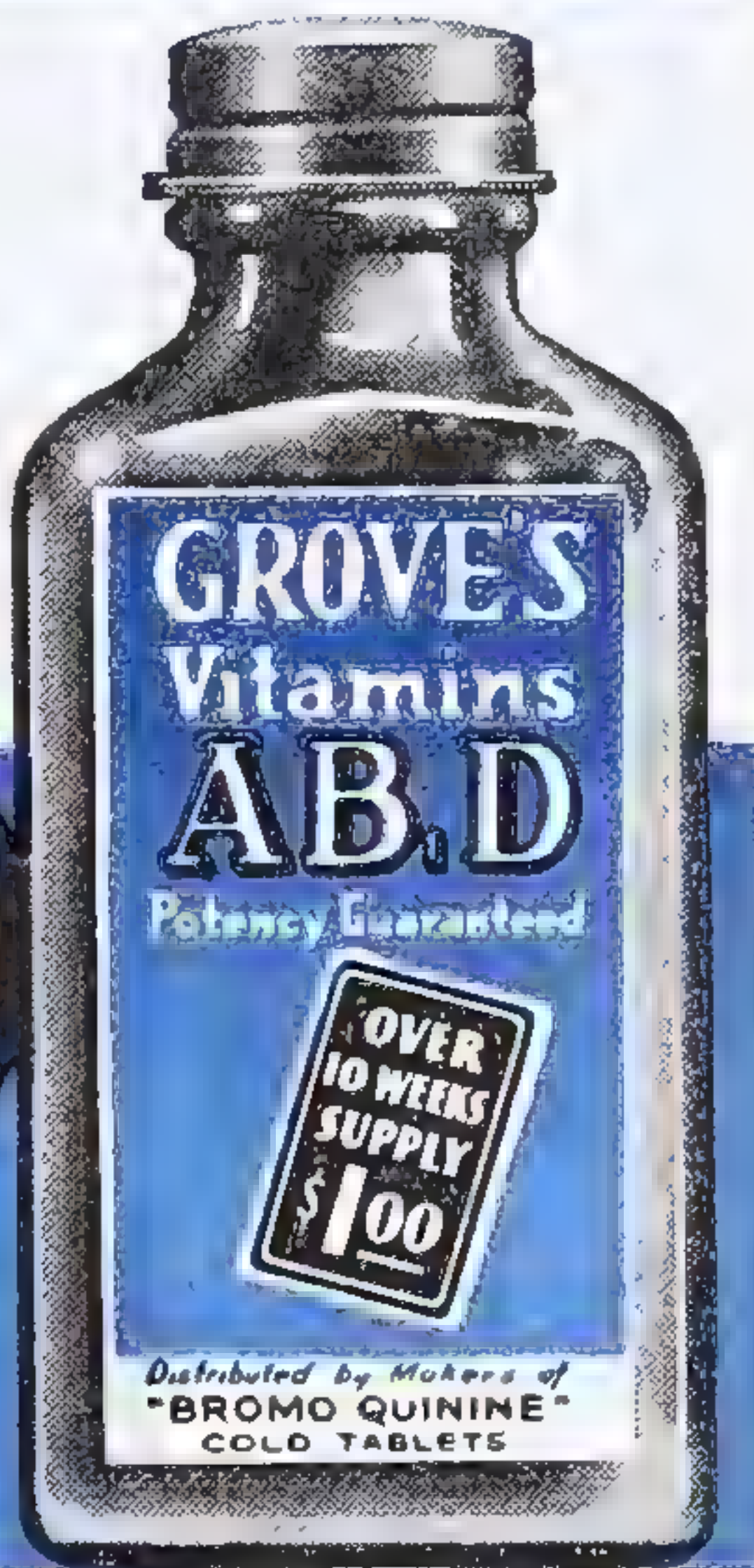
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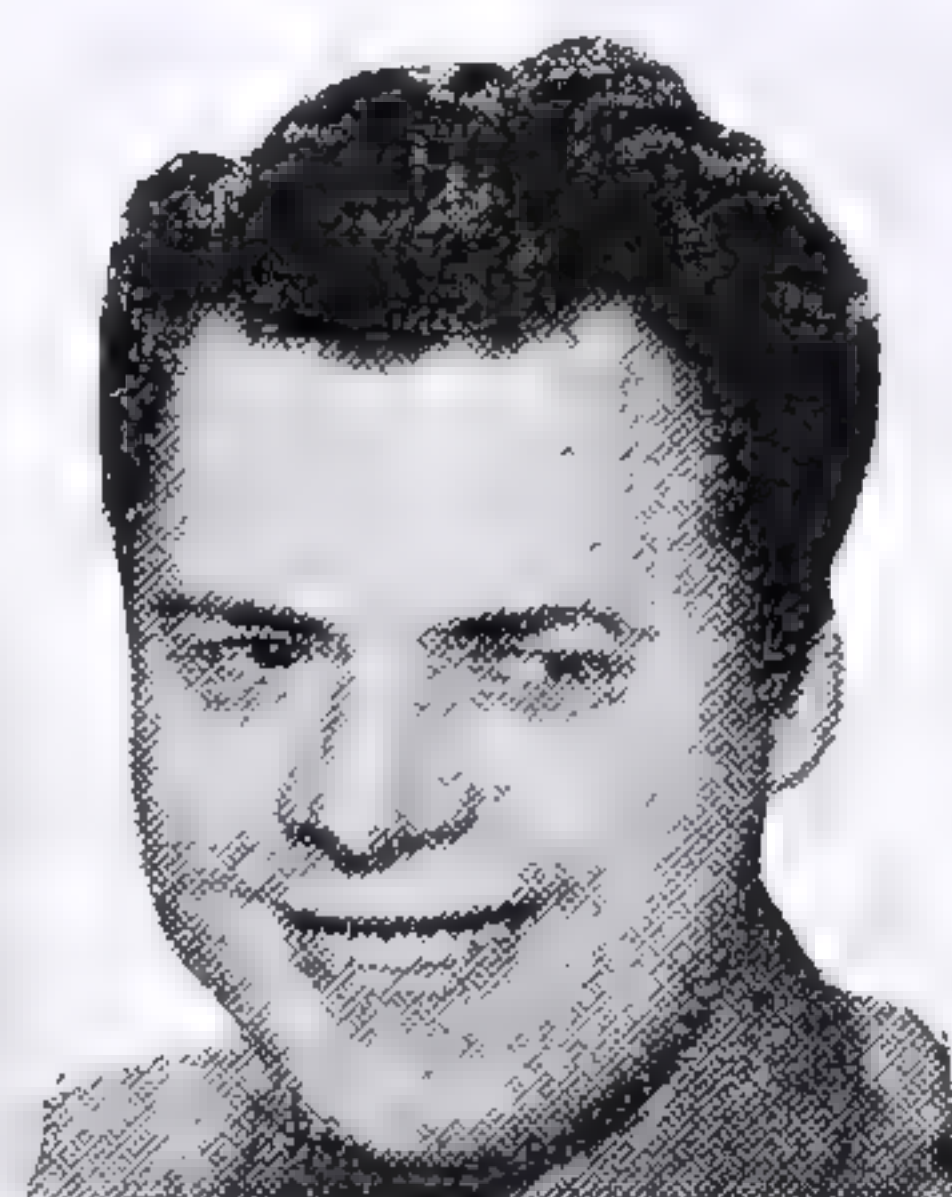
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pay, not counting the extra cost of flowers and candy, for the privilege of meeting her." He paused dramatically.

A faint—a very faint and wholly enchanting smile touched Carol's lips. Her uncle saw it. "Counsel has some very important letters to write," he remarked, and quickly left the room.

Carol looked at Hargrove, and Hargrove looked at Carol. She giggled—and so did he, hopefully. Then she laughed out loud, and after that everything was wonderful.

QUITE a while after midnight, they came back to Carol's house, walking slowly. They'd been to a dance-and-beer parlor where the beer had somehow tasted like champagne. Now Private Hargrove spoke in complimentary terms of the Fort Bragg Date Bureau. "I could probably get them to arrange the same date for me next Saturday night—at a discount," he said.

"Why," asked Carol, "don't you eliminate the middleman and deal directly with the manufacturer?"

"I will. Next Saturday, then?"

"Yes—if I'm still here."

"Huh?" Hargrove ejaculated. "What do you mean, if you're still here?"

"I have to go back to New York some time—I live there. I'm only visiting Uncle George. But," she added comfortingly, "I can probably stay a few more weeks."

"Try to," Hargrove urged. "Because if you don't, I'll have to blow up the railroad station, the airport, and the waterworks to keep you here."

"Well, to keep the peace, I'll stay."

They were in front of her uncle's house now. Hargrove took her hand and said formally, "Good night, Miss Holliday. I have enjoyed the pleasure of your company exceedingly."

"Good night, Private Hargrove," she replied. "I, too, have enjoyed the evening, and I thank you for taking me to the night club."

All this having been taken care of, they went straight into each other's arms.

Private Hargrove in the following days became the wonder of Fort Bragg. No longer could he be found in back of the mess hall, manicuring garbage cans. A major general could have been no more military, no neater, no more correct.

And every night except Saturday, while his barracks-mates surrendered themselves to sleep or frivolity, Private Hargrove's typewriter chattered away. He sent a piece to the *News* every week, not only that, but he returned to a book he'd started writing while he was a reporter and showed every sign of finishing it.

Private Mulvehill took all credit for the change. "He's in love," he explained to Sergeants Cramp and Heldon. "I fixed him up for a date with one of the Service Club hostesses and now he's in love and full of ambition to be a good soldier so she'll be proud of him."

Even after Carol returned to New York,

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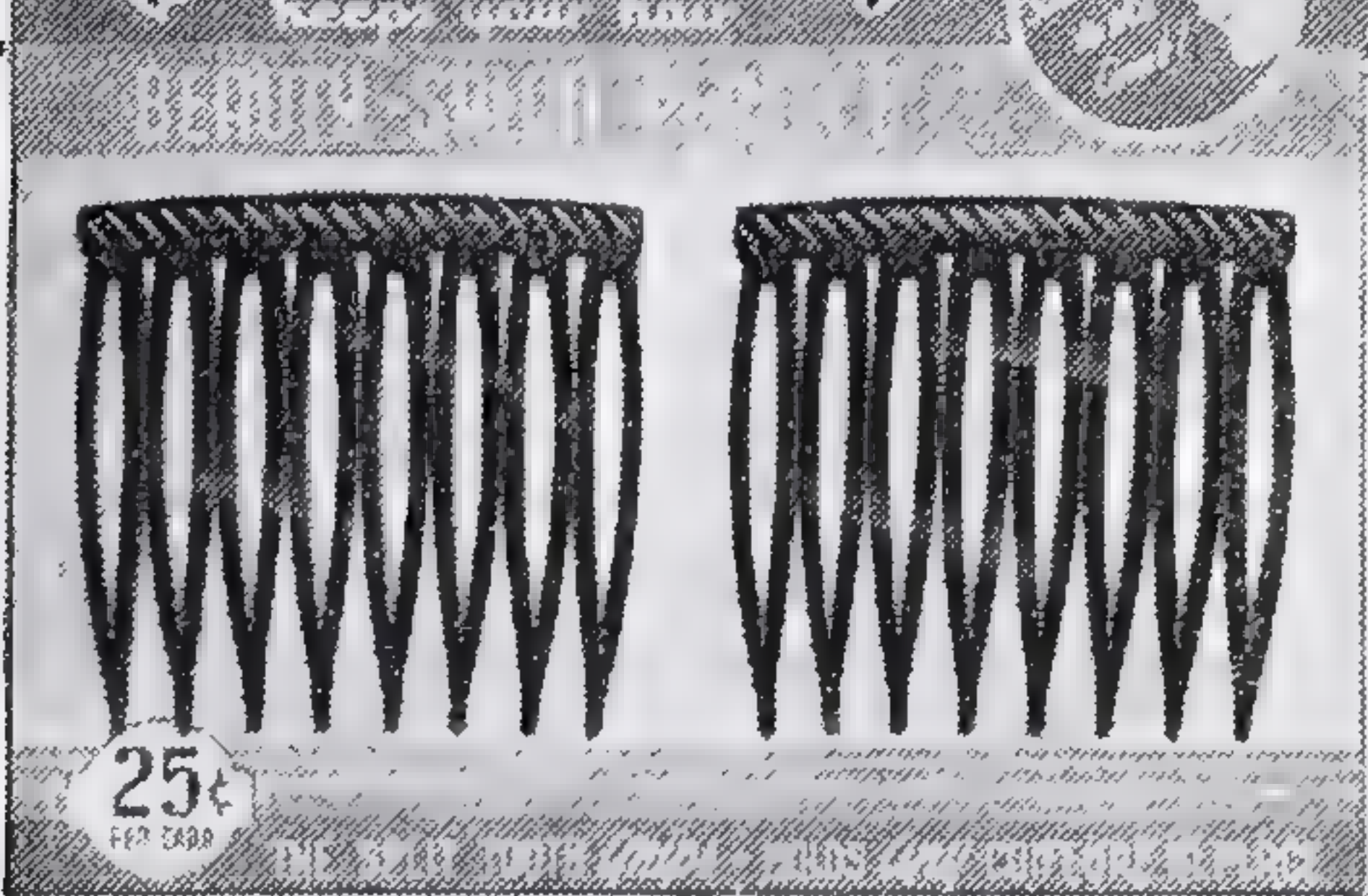
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Hargrove showed no signs of backsliding. He was saving up money and good behavior for a furlough, so he could go north and combine the pleasure of seeing Carol with the business of taking his book to a publisher.

And his diligence bore rich fruit, because just before the battery went on field maneuvers, he was promoted to the rank of Acting Corporal.

MOVING out of camp on the morning the maneuver began, he stroked his brand-new stripes with gentle fingers, and reflected that it was too bad the road was so dusty—it would dull the stripes' beautiful glitter. However, there were compensations. He was in full charge of a truck and a 105 Howitzer, and he had a crew all his own, consisting of Mulvehill, Esty and a serious young private from New Jersey named Burk, who was driving. He felt like General Eisenhower, although it was just possible he didn't have the General's grasp of what the field problem they were all working on was supposed to prove. He and his truck and crew were part of the Blue Army, which was engaging the Red Army over some very rugged terrain—that was about all he knew.

As they were approaching a wooden bridge, a jeep tore up to them and a sergeant leaned out, saying excitedly:

"Corporal, enemy detachments have broken through, advancing to this point. They have captured the bridge."

Hargrove looked at the bridge. It looked just the same as before.

"You'll have to get this piece across the river lower down," the sergeant told him. He whipped out a map, indicated a spot with his forefinger. "This shallow ford marked out—get your gun across, then rejoin us. Got that?"

"Yes," Hargrove said, not sure that he did.

From then on, life was difficult. They found the shallow ford, but the truck bogged down in the middle of it. Hargrove exhibited his qualities of leadership by ordering his crew to tear down a farmer's fence and put the planks under the truck's wheels. It worked, and for an hour they bumped over a countryside that was suddenly deserted. Burk stopped, and Hargrove got out his compass and maps to do a little figuring.

"Any idea where we're at?" Mulvehill inquired.

Hargrove shook his head dejectedly. "Lost, huh?" Mulvehill said cheerfully.

"Well, let's look up the nearest detachment of troops and surrender. I'm tired."

"Surrender? Never!" Hargrove said.

They were, however, out of gas.

Hargrove ordered Burk to stay with the truck, while he, Mulvehill and Esty went in search of a filling station. Long after noon, they found a farmhouse and were able to talk the farmer out of five gallons. Just as the sun was setting, the truck toiled up a steep ridge and its weary crew spied Army tents pitched in neat, even rows.

"Headquarters!" Hargrove cried joyfully. "We made it!"

They rolled down the company street to the headquarters tent and stood, dusty and disheveled, in front of a group of officers. Hargrove made his report in a masterly fashion, describing the difficulties of the ford, the sortie for gasoline, the intricate calculations with compass and map. "But we've got the gun, and it's ready for action, sir," he concluded proudly.

The captain in charge appeared pleased. "Well, Corporal," he said, "I want to compliment you on your resourcefulness."

"Thank you, sir," Hargrove said.

"I believe you said your unit was attached to D Battery, Blue Battalion—is that correct?"

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TURN ALL OF IT IN

KEEP TABS ON YOUR FILES, TOO

Dennison
INDEX TABS

At Stationery Departments Everywhere



"Yes, sir."

The captain smiled broadly. "In that event, Corporal," he said, "since this is C Battery, Red Battalion Headquarters, you men are prisoners!"

It was like old times to be back among the garbage cans. Only now he had company—Mulvehill, Esty and Burke. He didn't mind for himself—much—but he was sorry he'd gotten the others into trouble, so when Mulvehill suggested that it might make it up to them if he treated them all to dinner in Fayetteville, he agreed. After all, there was no sense in saving his money any more. After the field maneuvers fiasco, there wasn't a chance in the world of getting his furlough.

The day after he'd spent all his money on the dinner, the furlough came through.

Mulvehill was unsympathetic. "Well," he said virtuously, "if you're going to throw your money around, Hargrove, I'm sure—"

Hargrove swallowed. "Look," he said desperately, "finance my furlough, and I'll make you a partner in everything I earn by writing."

THUS the Marion Hargrove Beneficial Association, Inc., came into being. Its board of directors and list of stockholders numbered four: Mulvehill, Esty, Burk and Hargrove. Its bylaws provided that in return for supplying Hargrove with funds for his New York furlough, the Association was to take all right and title to any and all subsequent earnings of the said Marion Hargrove, not only from writing but from the United States Army or any other source whatsoever. Hargrove himself, as a member of the Association, would receive only a one-quarter share in these earnings.

But it was worth it to see Carol again. It was worth it from the moment Carol met him at the station in New York and, without any hesitation, threw her arms around him and kissed him.

She took him straight to the apartment where she lived with her father and mother, and for ten days he was like one of the family.

THEY saw "Oklahoma" and "Winged Victory," and took the book to a publishing house and walked along Fifth Avenue in the afternoon sunshine. But out of all the wonderful times, the best time of all was probably the evening he left, because that evening they didn't do anything but stay quietly in the apartment until traintime. Mr. and Mrs. Holliday had gone out to a bridge party, and they were alone. Hargrove stretched out on the sofa, pretending it was his, and Carol filled his pipe with some of her father's tobacco.

"There's a knack to doing that," he warned her. "Mustn't be too loose, mustn't be too tight—"

"Try that." She handed the pipe back to him and held a match flaring over the bowl.

"It's perfect." He puffed contentedly. "You know, you're a very talented girl."

"Am I?" Carol asked demurely.

"Mm-hm. Pretty, too. And with a good disposition."

"No—really?"

"Well, you know what I mean, Carol. You're fun to be with—no matter what we do, just sitting around even—"

"Like this?" she asked softly.

He reached for her hand and pulled her closer to him, until she was snuggled in the curve of his arm. "Like this," he said. After a minute, he added, "You know,

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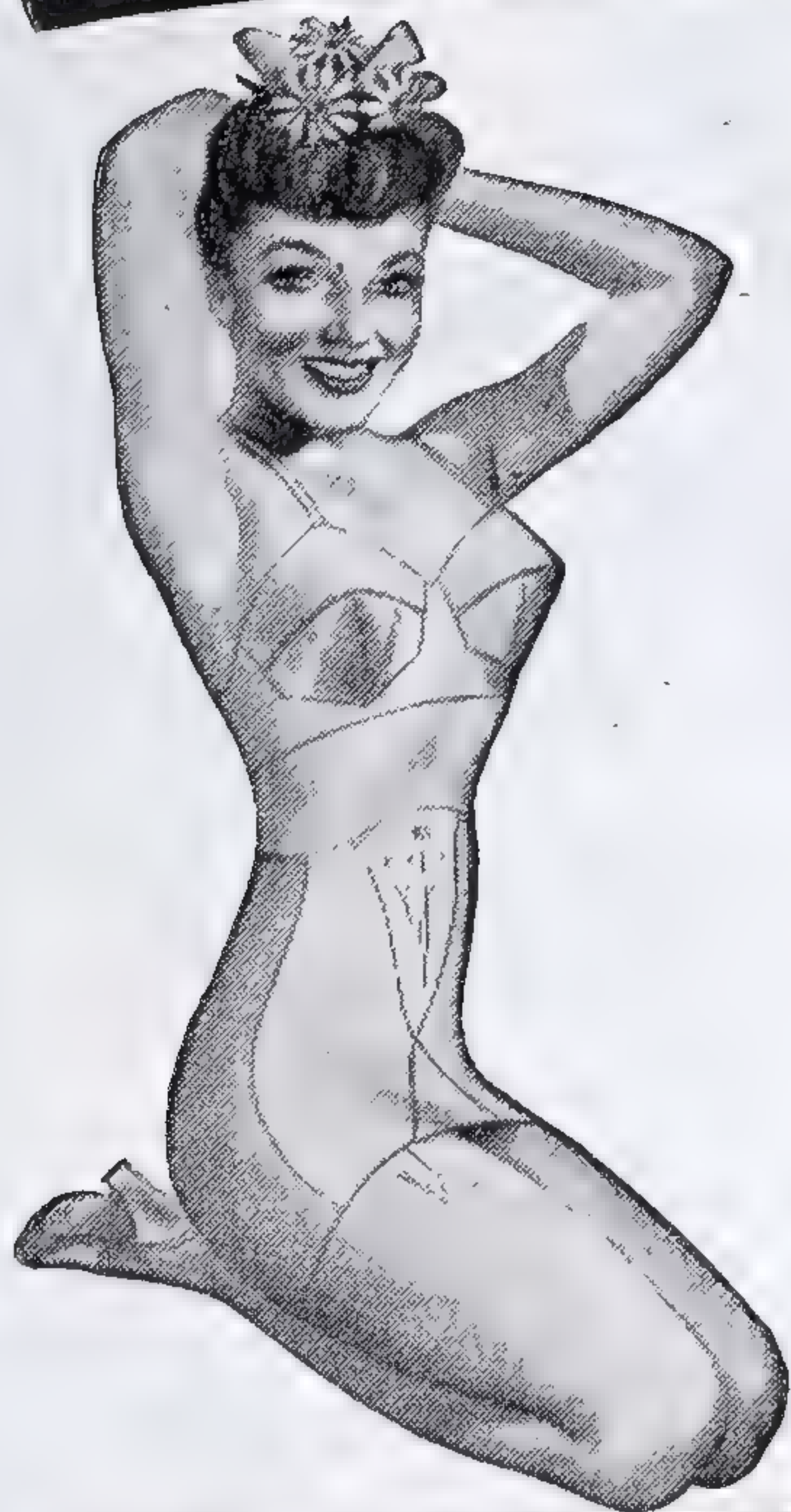
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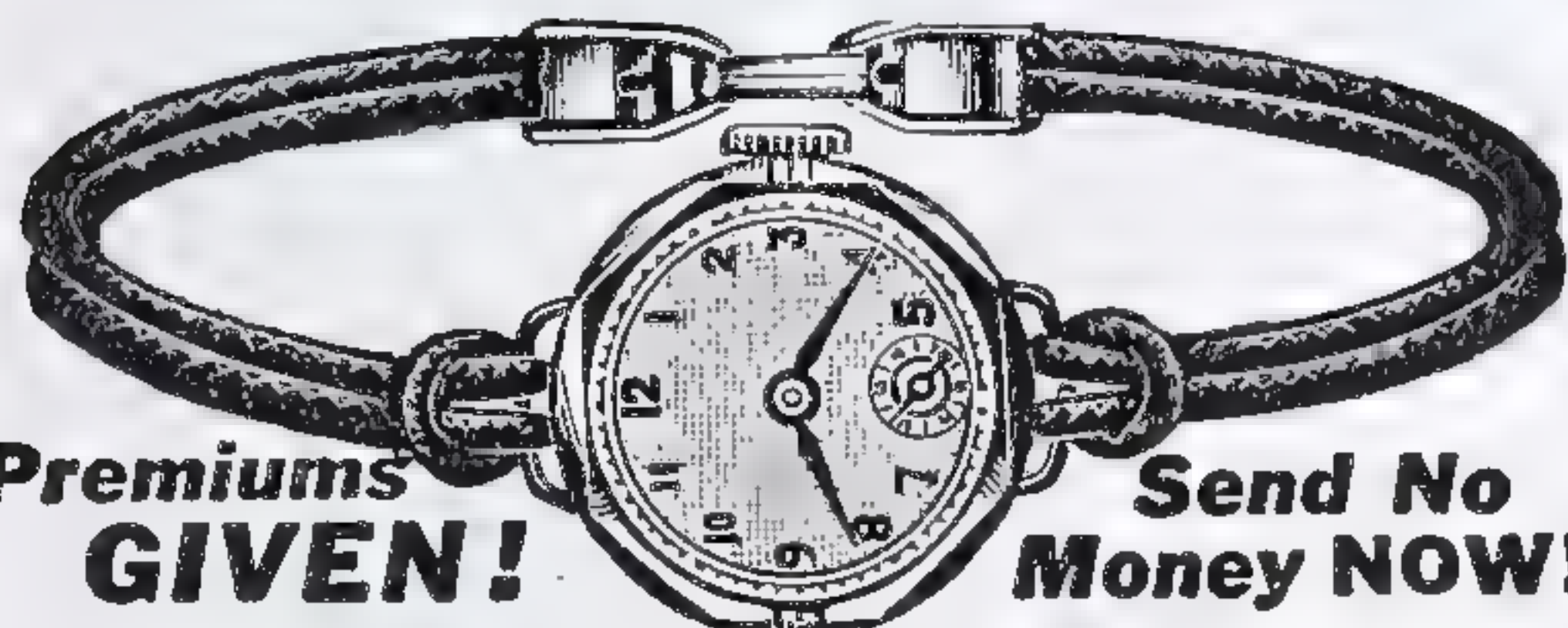
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even while I was hoping a publisher would take the book right away—I've been a little scared, too."

"Scared?" Carol asked in surprise. "Why?"

"Well," he said carefully, "if I'd sold it while I was up here, and gotten some money right away . . . well, there's no telling what I might've felt like doing. I might—we—well, you know what I mean, Carol, we might've gotten married, or something crazy like that."

"Yes," Carol said wistfully. "That would have been crazy."

He tightened his arm around her waist and they sat for a long time thinking how crazy it would have been to be married—how crazy and how wonderful.

The next morning he arrived back at camp and was immediately put on K.P. duty because he forgot to report to Sergeant Cramp as soon as he returned.

He was polishing his fourth can when Private Mulvehill came up to him, saying, "Pst! I've got to talk to you."

"Sure. Pull up a can," Hargrove said hospitably.

"Look," Mulvehill said, "you know our basic trainin' is nearly over, and pretty soon the battery will be shipped out—maybe 'way out—maybe thousands of miles from our friends and loved ones. I hear it may be India."

"Well, wherever it is," Hargrove said, "I'm quite confident someone will see to it that I still polish garbage cans."

"But that's what I'm drivin' at! Why polish garbage cans?"

"You mean," asked Hargrove, "you have some solution?"

It appeared that Mulvehill had. He had heard that two men from the public-relations department at Bragg were being transferred to the Army newspaper. Why, he wanted to know, couldn't he and Hargrove apply for their vacant posts?

Hargrove had to admit the idea appealed to him. "Mmm," he said. "Go out on assignments—probably bounce around the country—"

"Maybe right to New York," Mulvehill said cunningly.

"I think you've got something there," Hargrove decided. "I'll try it!"

"Attaboy! You send to Charlotte for letters of recommendation right away."

In due time the applications for transfer to public relations were made. And every night Hargrove prayed for the transfers to come through.

Coming into the barracks one night, he found a long envelope waiting for him. In it were a contract from the publishers and a check for three hundred dollars. They were going to publish his book!

The next day the Marion Hargrove Beneficial Association, Inc., held a meeting for the purpose of dividing up current assets. Their whole attention was centered on watching Mulvehill divide a wad of bills into equal parts. They didn't see Sergeant Cramp come in until he was right behind them.

Mulvehill looked up. "Hello, Sergeant," he said amiably. "Too bad you're not a stockholder."

"Shut up, Mulvehill," Sergeant Cramp said grimly. He turned to Hargrove. "I had you marked down for a quitter the day you hit the post, Hargrove," he said.

Hargrove jumped up, his face paling. "Now look, Sergeant—" he began.

"Well, there's your transfer," Cramp broke in, tossing two sheets of paper on the

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bed. "And yours too, Mulvehill. I call it a good break for the battery."

There was a dead silence when Cramp had left, while Esty and Burk looked first at Mulvehill, then at Hargrove.

Burk shuffled his feet. Then, avoiding Hargrove's eyes, he said briefly, "You can keep my share. Count me out."

"But that's not fair," Hargrove exclaimed. "You're entitled to—"

"Look, bud," Burk said calmly and without any particular rancor, "what I'm tryin' to tell you is that some soldiers in this Army are choosy about who they go in business with." He turned and walked away.

"Well," Mulvehill said with forced gaiety, "that just leaves more for the rest of—"

"Excuse me, fellas," Esty said hastily. "I promised the sergeant I'd—" The rest of his speech was lost as he rushed off.

Hargrove followed him with his eyes. Then he, too, without a word to Mulvehill, started to walk out of the squadroom.

"Hey!" Mulvehill called. "Where you goin'?"

"Leave me alone," Hargrove said in a muffled voice, and went out.

ONCE it is issued, a transfer of duty can't be argued with. The next day, Hargrove and Mulvehill reported and were assigned to cover the maneuvers—Hargrove with a notebook, Mulvehill with a camera.

Mulvehill was brave about it. When they passed Burk, Esty and others digging a slit trench at the Executive Post, he said defensively, "See,—isn't this better?"

"Shut up!" Hargrove said.

"I can't understand you, Hargrove. Here I go and get you one of the most important posts in the whole U. S. Army. We're practically war correspondents—if we were near a war to correspond with—and you beef! What's eatin' you?"

"What's eating me," Hargrove said savagely, "is that the whole battery thinks we're yellow!"

The 105's and 240's at the Executive Post were trained on a machine-gun nest and motor pool three thousand yards away, and were using live ammunition. Flashes far up the hill showed where the shells were exploding around the target. Hargrove persuaded Mulvehill, very much against the latter's better judgment, to move up closer for pictures. They worked up to a spur of a low hill.

"Shells fallin' awful close," Mulvehill muttered.

"I can't understand it," Hargrove said, half to himself. "They are falling close—too close to that observation post. Something's wrong, I— Hey, look!"

Out of the post dashed Sergeant Heldon, of their old battery. He fell on his face and began to crawl.

"Something is wrong," Hargrove said with certainty. "Looks like one of the guns has got the wrong range."

"Let's get outta here," Mulvehill said sadly.

They saw Sergeant Heldon pause, fumble around the ground, stand upright to reach into his pocket. At that moment a shell landed with a terrific crash only a short distance away, and Heldon fell, obviously wounded.

"Hey, Hargrove!" Mulvehill sobbed. "Come back!"

But he was too late. Hargrove was already streaking down the hill toward Heldon. At first he ran, the rest of the way he crawled, remembering to keep his head down. He was almost exhausted by the time he fell into a shell-hole with Heldon.

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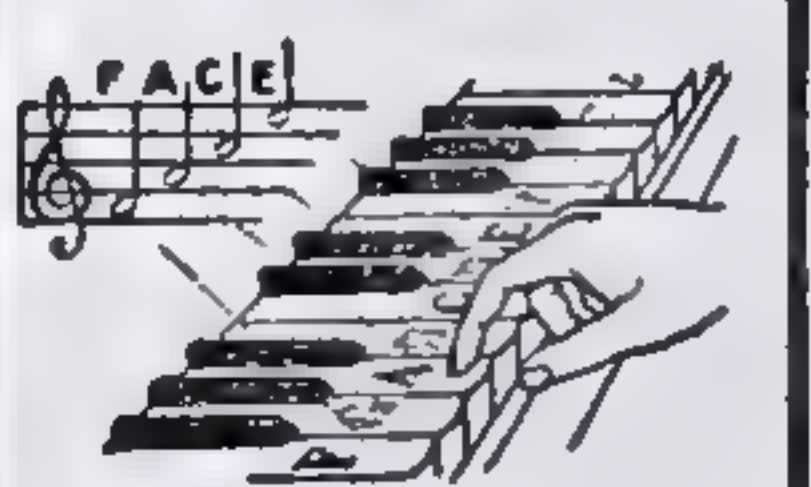


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Heldon stared at him in amazement. His leg was covered with blood. "Hargrove!" he said. "Get out of here!"

"You want me to go back and send somebody else?"

"Go on—you can't get me out!"

"I'll get you out," Hargrove promised.

"Listen, kid," Heldon pleaded, "go on. This shell-hole is okay. They'll cease fire in a minute."

"Come on, lemme help you up," Hargrove said.

Heldon gave in. He put one arm around Hargrove's neck, using him for a crutch, and together they limped a few yards. There was a crash behind them. A shell had landed smack in the middle of the sergeant's former refuge.

Heldon said, "Number One gun's firing short—one of its shells broke the telephone wire before we could correct their range. I was trying to fix it—"

"Okay," Hargrove said irritably. "I don't care how you got there. I'm just wondering if either of us'll ever get out."

Suddenly there was a dead silence. Somebody had got through to Executive Post with the order to cease fire. Hargrove let Heldon slip to the ground and fell down beside him.

Minutes later a jeep came tearing toward them. It stopped and Mulvehill and a lieutenant piled out. The latter clapped Hargrove on the back. "That was great, Private Hargrove! Great!" he exclaimed. "Do you know you saved this man's life?"

Weakly, Hargrove nodded.

The battery was shipping out. Hargrove, after his experience of the afternoon, should have been happy. But he wasn't. He mooned around, looking glum. Suddenly, he snapped his fingers and rushed into the Public Relations office. He fumbled in a desk until he found what he wanted—a transfer application blank.

TRANSFERS of duty don't come quickly in the Army. But you can get them through in a hurry if you try. Hargrove proved it that night, while the troop train was loading equipment in preparation for leaving in the morning. From a lieutenant he went to Captain Manville, from Captain Manville to Major Strong, from Major Strong to Colonel Forbes.

Colonel Forbes couldn't help him, but gave him permission to see General Howard. Coming out of the Colonel's office, he bumped into Private Mulvehill, who looked sheepish.

"You too?" said Hargrove, happily. "Well, come on—we've got to see General Howard before we can get back into the battery."

Hargrove had never talked to a general before and by the time he and Mulvehill had finally tracked General Howard down, standing near the troop train, he was so tired he was hardly in a condition to be at his best.

"Sir, I—" His voice cracked. "Sir, I was transferred from my Battery—it was a mistake. What I mean is—I want to get back into my battery. They're leaving today and I want to leave with them."

General Howard eyed him frostily. Then, suddenly, he smiled. "Very well, Private Hargrove, you may rejoin your battery. I'll rush the papers through."

Mulvehill jogged Hargrove's elbow. "Please, sir," he said, "there are two of us."

"Get them both back," the General said to his aide. He really sounded pleased!

In the dim light of early dawn, the men filed into the cars. Privates Hargrove and Mulvehill were with them.

Sergeant Cramp, standing near the siding, watched them board the train. And he chuckled to himself, proudly. "Who would have believed it!" he marvelled. "They're soldiers now!"

The End

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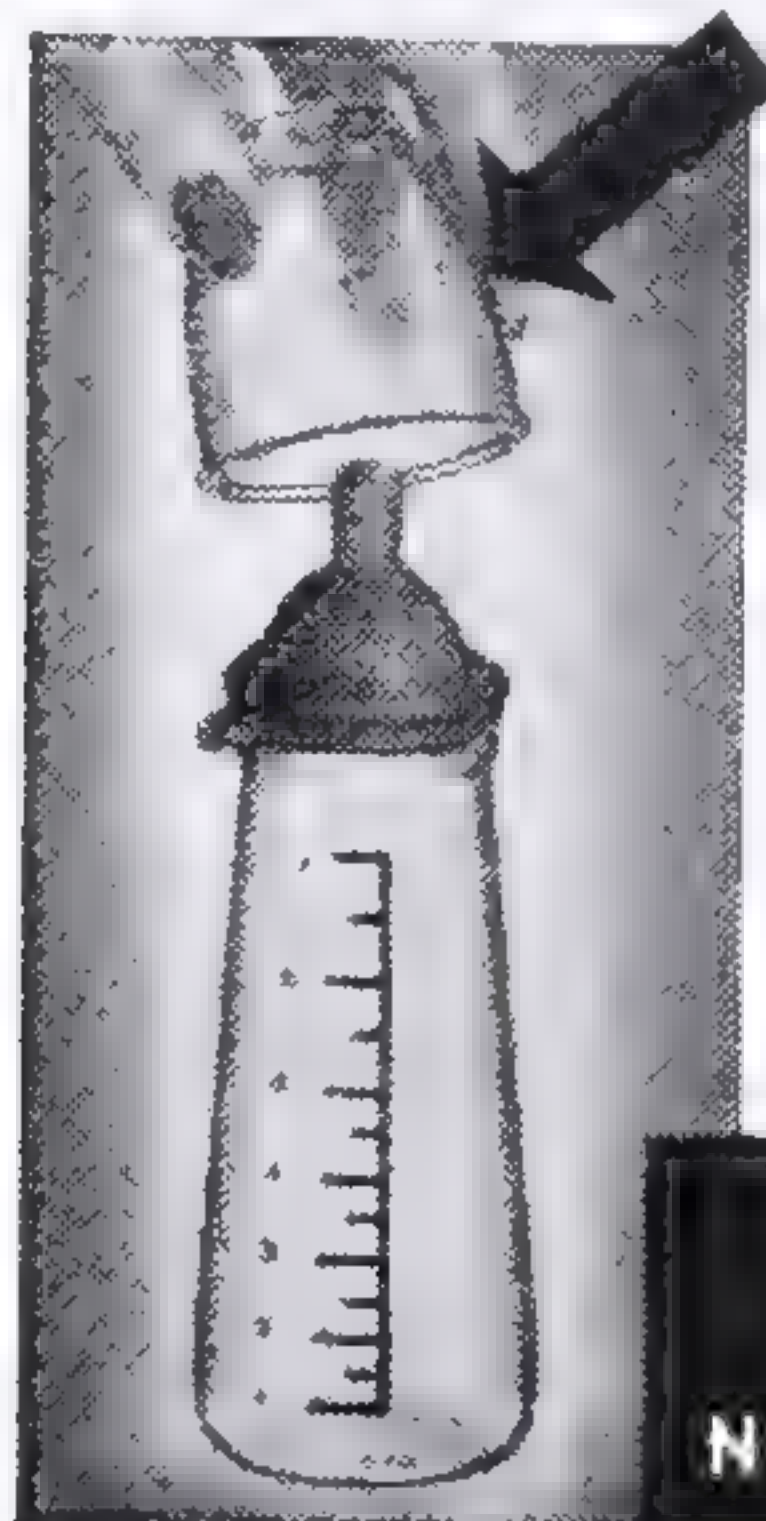
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 19)

SWING FEVER—M-G-M: Kay Kyser is an unsuspecting hick who ventures into New York to sell a tone poem and remains to put the evil eye on a prize fighter. William Gargan is a crooked fight manager, Maxie Rosenbloom and Nat Pendleton are fighters, Marilyn Maxwell is the girl, Lena Horne sings, but none of it is worth your time to see. (Feb.)

TASK FORCE—U. S. Coast Guard: You'll be spellbound by this story of one of our great invasion fleets. It shows the great convoy getting under way surrounded by Coast Guard cutters, the tense life of sailors, and the landing barges going into action. It's a must-see. (Feb.)

THOUSANDS CHEER—M-G-M: A tiptop musical, with Kathryn Grayson, daughter of Colonel John Boles, falling in love with Private Gene Kelly. Then guest stars, including Jose Iturbi, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell, are brought to the camp to put on a show—and what a show! You'll cheer it all, too. (Dec.)

WHERE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?—Monogram: All about the ease with which youngsters become involved in crime, this reveals the plight of a young waitress, Gale Storm, who innocently becomes tipsy while on a dinner date with rich Jackie Cooper. She becomes involved in a hold-up and ends up in court. With John Littel and Patricia Morison. (Feb.)

WHISTLING IN BROOKLYN—M-G-M: Red Skelton, amateur radio detective, is accused by the police of being a notorious murderer, all of which he thinks very funny until he finds himself trapped in a warehouse with Ann Rutherford, Rags Ragland and Jean Rogers. The fracas ends on the ball field of the Brooklyn Dodgers. There's a lot of laughs. (Dec.)

WINTERTIME—20th Century-Fox: The ice routines are the best thing in this weak little story, with Jack Oakie and Cornel Wilde owners of a defunct resort hotel whence comes S. Z. Sakall and Sonja Henie, thinking it's a swanky resort. Carole Landis chases Cesar Romero who chases Helene Reynolds, but outside of Sonja's routines nothing matters much. (Dec.)

WOMEN IN BONDAGE—Monogram: A surprisingly good little film about the degeneration of women under Hitlerism, with Gail Patrick as a Section Leader in charge of a group of teen-age girls. Her final rebellion against the orders of Gertrude Michael leads to the climax. Nancy Kelly, Alan Baxter and Anne Nagel round out the cast. (Feb.)

YOU'RE A LUCKY FELLOW, MR. SMITH—Universal: This is the old story of a girl who must marry by midnight in order to inherit money under terms of a will, but it's brought up to date by having everyone caught in a troop train quarantined with measles. Evelyn Ankers and soldier Allan Jones are the romantic couple, and Patsy O'Connor, Billie Burke and David Bruce add to the complications. (Jan.)

Jottings on Joan

(Continued from page 41) fingernails a bright red, for Brian disapproves. She says this is a small thing to do for the patience he exhibits with her.

She is always hungry and can always eat. She may have apple strudel for breakfast and then, not much later, have bacon and eggs. She will eat anything that is set before her.

She is a practical joker. She likes to play gags on her friends. Especially over the telephone, for she is a good mimic, although very few friends know of this accomplishment.

Her house is very English and is furnished with antiques. She is very proud of the house and everything in it. She has a fine library and often she and Brian will spend an evening reading to each other.

She entertains informally. There may not be enough chairs to go around. Then the guests sit on the floor and their hostess may join them there. Her favorite sitting position is with her legs on the seat of the chair curled under her.

She loved making "Jane Eyre" and thinks Orson Welles is one of the most marvelous persons she's ever met.

She has a French poodle named Nicholas who sleeps close to her bed every night. He is the first one to greet any visitor who rings the doorbell and will snap at anyone who comes near his mistress, much to the annoyance of Brian Aherne.

The End.

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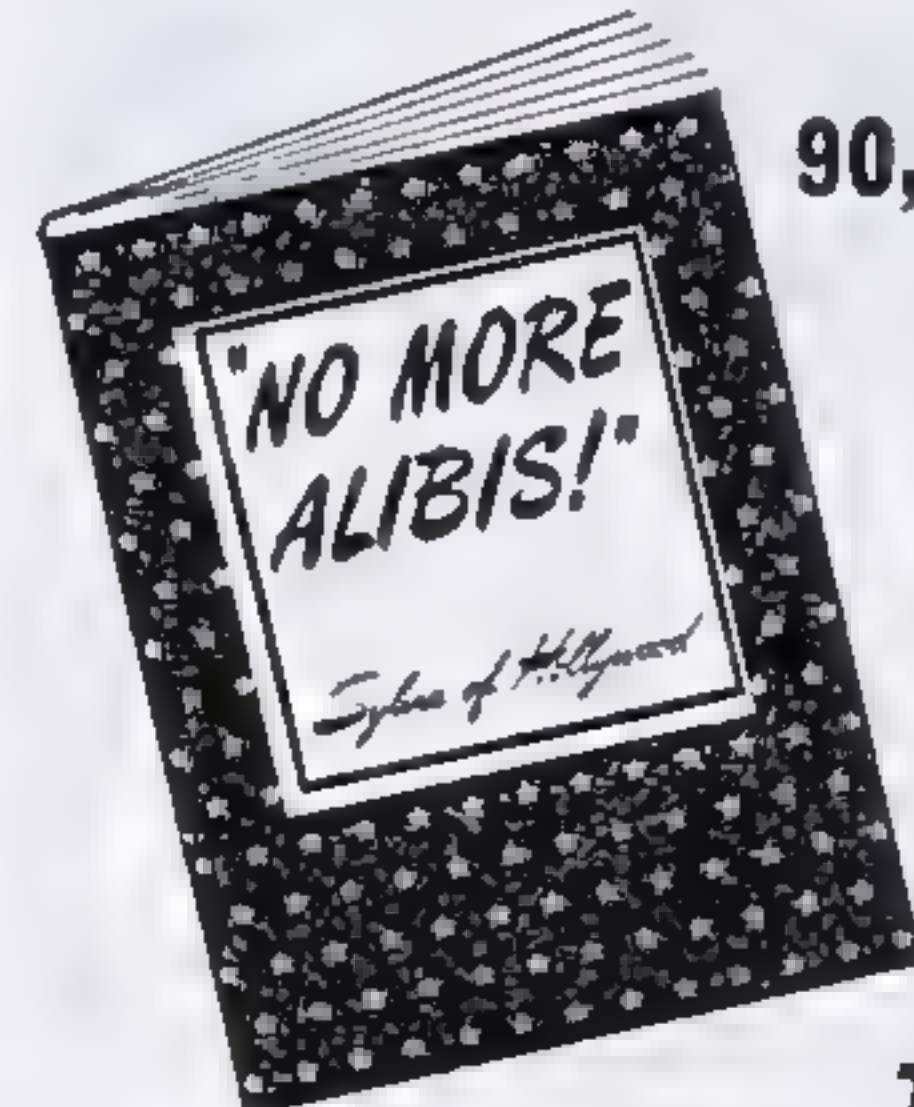
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**DR. PIERRE'S
BORO PHENO FORM**

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

✓ Higher and Higher (RKO)

WE might as well write our last will and testament right now, for our chances of surviving the statement that Frank Sinatra's "Higher And Higher" is far from a classic will be mighty slim.

Mr. Sinatra, who reminds us of a hungry young robin, saves the day and himself, incidentally, by his complete naturalness.

There are other people in the picture, too, or do you care to be reminded? There's Jack Haley, for one, who is swell as the butler of the "impoverished millionaire," Leon Errol. It's Haley who cooks up the scheme of having the scullery maid, Michele Morgan, pose as Errol's debutante daughter so that she can trap a rich man and so that all the servants, including Haley, can be paid.

Morgan is cute and surprisingly aware in her comedy manners. Sinatra is a crooner, named Sinatra, who lives across the way and becomes friendly with Miss Morgan who has a heart only for Haley. Barbara Hale, rival debbie, is the lucky lass who gets him. Marcy McGuire, Victor Borge and Mary Wickes are the best of the supporting players.

Frankie's best songs, "I Couldn't Sleep A Wink Last Night" and "This Is A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening" are sure to become hits.

Your Reviewer Says: What do you care? You'll see it anyway.

✓ The Desert Song (Warner Brothers)

INTO the melodious, romantic and tuneful Romberg musical of yesterday, guess who now comes creeping or, no, goose-stepping along? You're right—the prewar Nazis, no less, and it took the gentleman Warners to bring all this about.

It's fair, nevertheless, remember, and so beautiful in its Technicolor garments and so melodious with its Romberg melodies. Dennis Morgan, the American piano player in Morocco, is completely unsuspected by French Colonel Bruce Cabot of being the "Red Shadow" who leads the Riffs in their struggle for freedom. Could it have been faulty hearing on our part that detected a few flat notes here and there in his singing of "The Riff Song?" If you protest, we stand corrected.

Irene Manning, a French singer in a local cafe, is pretty and talented as well. The late Lynne Overman, an American newspaperman, and Curt Bois, the local censor, provide the comedy.

Gene Lockhart, cafe owner, Faye Emerson, flower girl and lookout for the Riffs, and Victor Francen as the villain, offer stiff competition to Mr. Morgan and Miss Manning.

Your Reviewer Says: Good riff-raff.

Career Girl (P. R. C.)

FRANCES LANGFORD, a stage-struck singer from Kansas City, is about to give up trying to crash Broadway and marry her dullish home-town boy friend Craig Woods when all the gals in her hotel for femmes decide to finance her career for another try. She clicks, of course, and carries off Eddie Norris, playboy business man, in the clicking. Even Miss Langford's singing and the support of Iris Adrian,

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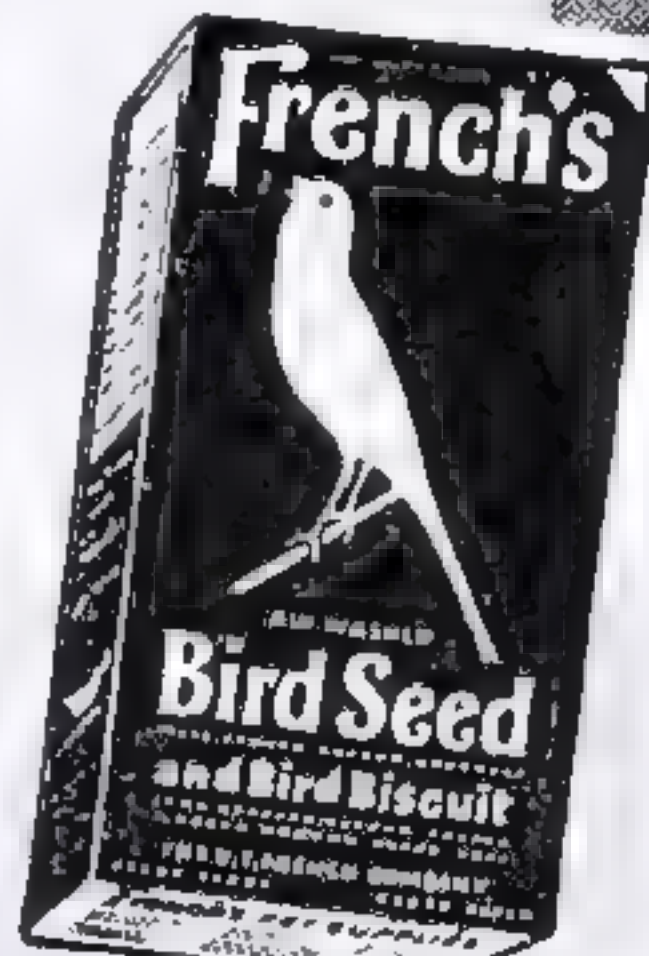
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OWN A CANARY...THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!

Ariel Heath and Alec Craig fail to save this one.

Your Reviewer Says: Back to Kansas City!

✓ Hands Across The Border (Republic)

A ROY ROGERS special and a little honey of a movie is this interesting story of how horses are trained for cavalry use.

Roy is a roving cowhand who persuades Ruth Terry, late of Broadway, not to sell her ranch. In fact, Roy himself aids her in putting the ranch on a paying basis.

"Big Boy" Williams is swell as Rogers' pal. Roy's singing of "Cool Water" will thrill his many, many fans.

Your Reviewer Says: A swell out-west feature.

O, My Darling Clementine (Republic)

ANY relation to the old song of the same name is purely accidental, believe us. In fact, the whole affair seems so very accidental it rates an "oops, sorry please." But who knows, maybe people will like the idea of a show troupe barging into a town where the women folk are dead set against them, and buying the city hall in which to put on their show.

Frank Albertson heads the traveling troupe. Lorna Gray is the mayor's daughter; Roy Acuff's Smoky Mountain Boys, the Tennessee Ramblers, and Isabel Randolph (Mrs. Uppington) are the performers.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, our favorite corn is always canned.

Pistol Packin' Mama (Republic)

LITTLE Ruth Terry, owner of a Las Vegas gambling casino, is doing all right for herself, see, when along come a bunch of Eastern thugs and take over. So little Pistol Packin' Mama Terry treks East to settle matters and does she ever!

Miss Terry puts over a song with a zing. Robert Livingston is the lad who loses his heart to Ruth, and Wally Vernon is supposed to be comical.

Your Reviewer Says: Snappy as a pre-war garter.

Tarzan's Desert Mystery (RKO)

THEY'VE had him everywhere, poor boy, but the desert, and now *Tarzan* finally tramps the sands with *Boy* (Johnny Sheffield), and Cheeta, the chimp, by his side. *Tarzan*, played as usual by Johnny Weissmuller, is out to find a badly needed fever remedy that grows in a certain locale. En route, he meets up with Nancy Kelly. Both Nancy and *Tarzan* fall into the hands of Nazi-agent Otto Kruger but escape with Cheeta's aid. But that's not all, brother. Before we're through we've got to wrestle, or *Tarzan* has, with a lot of prehistoric monsters.

Your Reviewer Says: And you think you have troubles!

✓ The Woman Of The Town (U. A.-Sherman)

FEW people may realize this is actually a biographical tale of a noted newspaperman, "Bat" Masterson, who rose from

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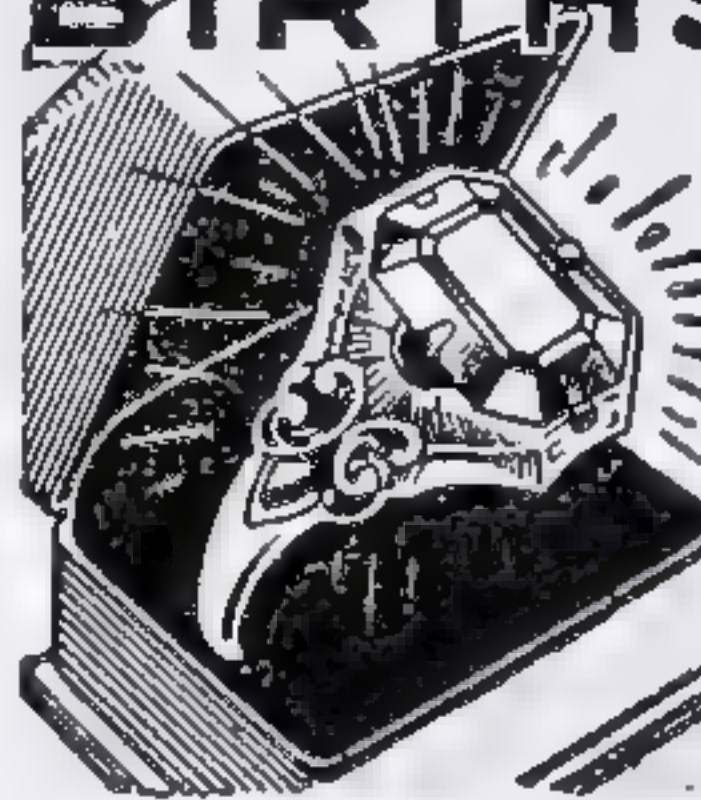
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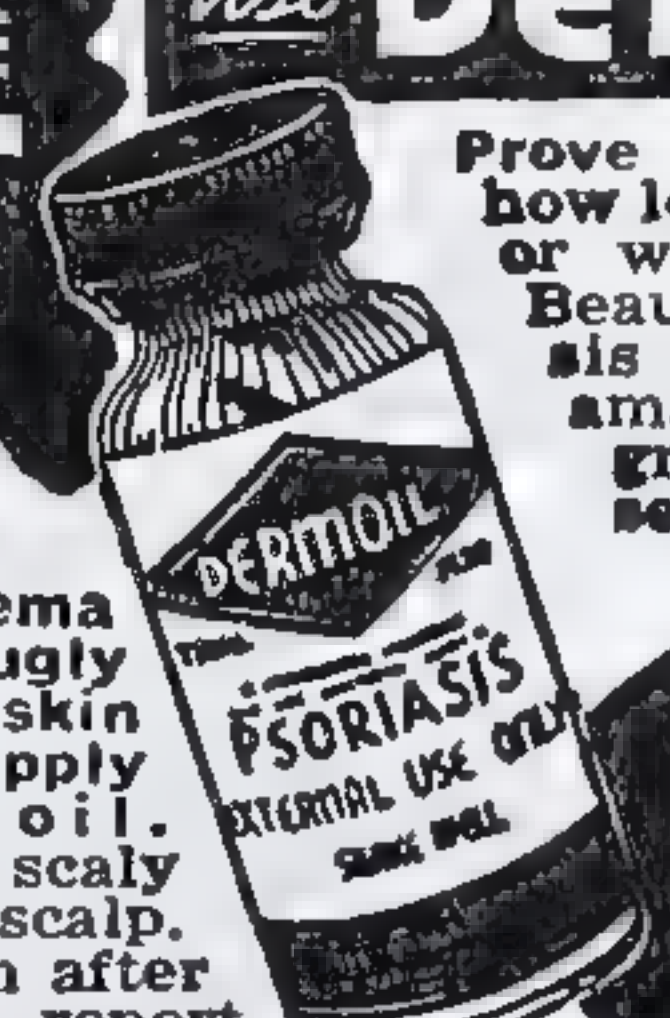
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sheriff of old Dodge City to an important figure in the newspaper world. With him, in the movie at least, rose Claire Trevor, a saloon entertainer befriended by "Bat" (played by Albert Dekker) and a woman who eventually wins the respect of the entire community.

"Bat's" bold bid for her heart and hand, his conflict with Barry Sullivan, a hell-raising cattleman and a rival for Miss Trevor's affections, are thrillingly depicted.

The supporting cast is an interesting one and includes Percy Kilbride as the Reverend Small, Clem Bevans as old Buffalo Burns, Porter Hall as Dog Kelley and Henry Hull as Inky Wilkinson.

Your Reviewer Says: A good story well told.

The West Side Kid (Republic)

It seems Henry Hull is too unhappy with his willful daughter, Dale Evans, and his indifferent wife, Nana Bryant, to want to live. But instead of completing his job, the killer he hires tries to bring harmony into the household and even refuses the fee of \$25,000 offered for the killing when he needs the money to defend himself on another murder charge.

Donald Barry, the killer-gangster, is a swaggering sort of guy, not too impressive. That Evans girl is really a comer.

Your Reviewer Says: Even if you twist our arm we won't say it's good.

There's Something About A Soldier (Columbia)

ONE more story relating how a heel is transformed by Army experience and we'll run screaming from the joint. This

Best Pictures of the Month

The Song Of Bernadette
Destination Tokyo
A Guy Named Joe
Tender Comrade
The Uninvited

Best Performances

Jennifer Jones in "The Song Of Bernadette"
Cary Grant in "Destination Tokyo"
Spencer Tracy in "A Guy Named Joe"
Irene Dunne in "A Guy Named Joe"
Ginger Rogers in "Tender Comrade"
Ruth Hussey in "Tender Comrade"
Robert Ryan in "Tender Comrade"
The Ghost in "The Uninvited"

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time it's Tom Neal who is just too cocky for his own good. His rivalry with war-veteran Bruce Bennett for the attentions of Evelyn Keyes keeps the story going. Neal's final and complete redemption comes about when he discovers Bennett had been with Miss Keyes' brother when the latter died in battle and he is only trying to comfort her. When he learns this, Neal sacrifices his own chances of graduation to aid Bennett. But he still gets the girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Same old story, folks.

✓ The Ghost Ship (RKÖ)

OUR old friend Richard Dix goes stark staring mad in this film and no wonder. We went slightly nuts ourselves just looking at it. Fortunately, however, Richard's plunge into mental derangement is slow, thus allowing the suspense and drama to mount higher than a kite.

Russell Wade, a young officer aboard the ship, suspects Dix when a crew member is killed, and reports his suspicions at the first port, intending to take another ship on the return voyage. Instead, after being knocked unconscious, he finds himself once again aboard the captain's ship where things really get going.

Dix is swell but is given a merry (well no, not merry, exactly) chase for top honors by young Wade.

Your Reviewer Says: It ain't 'cause I'm cold I'm shivering.

What A Man! (Monogram)

JOHNNY DOWNS is a good little boy, dull as dish water and headed nowhere until he finds hiding within his home a gangster's moll (or he thinks she is) who completely renovates him, helps him become office manager, a man on his own, and eventually her husband.

The moll played by cute and so-o-o pretty Wanda McKay.

Your Reviewer Says: We've seen duller A's.

She's For Me (Universal)

DAVID BRUCE, a sober-sided young lawyer, sends for Grace McDonald, a night-club singer and dancer, to vamp his old college pal George Dolenz, the flip young tax expert of the firm, away from the boss' niece. But, of course, you know already, don't you, that Bruce ends up with Gracie and Georgie gets the niece, a very pretty little trick named Lois Collier?

But we liked Gracie and her singing and dancing best of all.

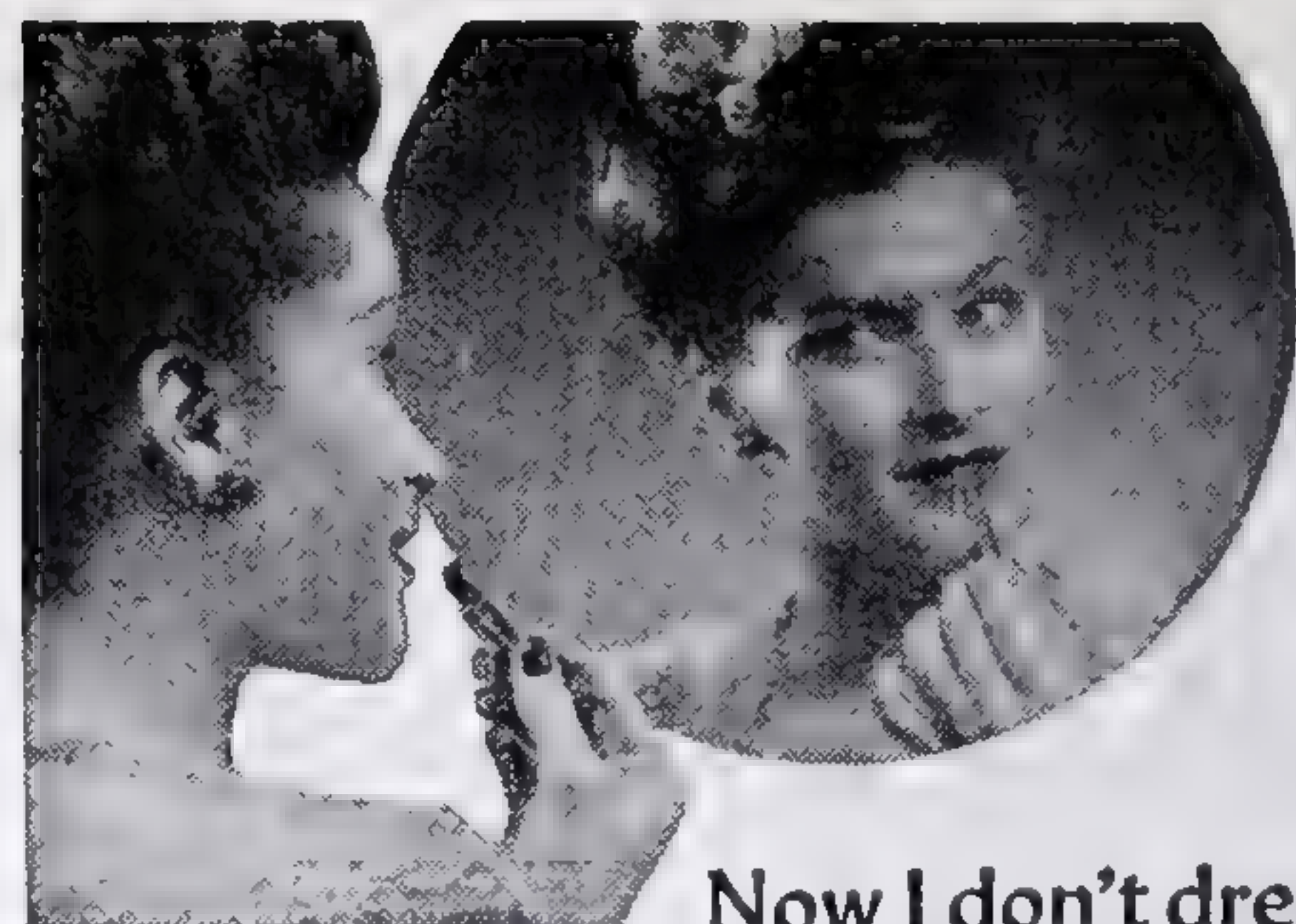
Your Reviewer Says: If your feet hurt, go in and sit down.

✓✓ Destination Tokyo (Warner Brothers)

THERE'S a natural and unstudied quality about this story of a submarine and its men which leaves one unprepared for the intensity that grows so gradually into gripping climax and makes it one of the best of the war films.

Cary Grant, as the sub's captain, turns in a performance so apart from his usual characterizations one cannot at times believe it is Grant. He seems to have attained a very definite and very genuine authoritativeness expressed in the calm, unemotional underplaying of the role. And yet, he gives to it a lot of humanness and quite a lot of gentle manhood.

Dane Clark impresses with his role of the Greek-American. The role of the sub's



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cocky, grinning girl-chaser couldn't have been given to a worthier actor than John Garfield. William Prince, as the pharmacist's mate, and Bob Hutton, as the kid Tommy, are newcomers who will go right to the top.

The story itself is interesting and tells of the strategy of Captain Grant in maneuvering his sub inside Tokyo Bay in order to land three men on the shore for information that will aid our ships in bombing the country.

The special effects showing the subs and ships underwater are so outstanding they should have special consideration around Academy Award time. And Delmer Daves, who makes his directional bow, deserves endless praise.

John Ridgeley, Alan Hale, Warren Anderson and Tom Tully are members of a mighty fine supporting cast.

Your Reviewer Says: One Americans can be proud of.

✓ What A Woman! (Columbia)

WHAT a woman, indeed! Rosalind Russell bangs back into comedy with some good laughs for the customers.

The story deals with a super-powered woman agent in search of the perfect male type to play the lead in the movie version of a lush best-seller. The search proves depressing until on a hunch she goes after the anonymous author who is leading a respectable life as a professor of English in a small university. When he turns out to be tall, blond and terrific, but unimpressed by the bait of a Hollywood career, Roz by a neat trick gets him pitched out of the university right onto the dotted line of her contract. Then comes the hilarious process of awakening the professor's emotional life to make him a good actor.

The proceedings are highlighted by the calculations of a bright reporter, deftly played by Brian Aherne, who is out to get a story on Roz—and Roz herself.

Movie-goers will find a new eyeful in Willard Parker, who plays the professor.

Your Reviewer Says: Something to laugh about.

✓✓ The Uninvited (Paramount)

CRAB on to your seats, friends, and try hard to still those chattering teeth, for here's a thriller to chill the blood. We bemoan the fact that it could have been so much better, as those who have read the book will testify.

But enough of this looking on the dark side. The bright side has Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey as the brother and sister who buy the spirit-infested house, with both giving smart and intelligent performances. Gail Russell, newcomer and object of the evil spirit's wrath, shows promise. Donald Crisp is the coldest old cucumber imaginable, lending exactly the proper atmosphere to the unholy goings on. And speaking of cold numbers, Cornelia Otis Skinner as the nurse gives off no rays of sunshine either. Miss Skinner impresses mightily in her screen debut.

As to the plot—phooey to you if you think we're going to give it away.

Your Reviewer Says: S-t-t-t-o-p sh-sh-shivering.

Three Russian Girls (U. A.)

ANNA STEN comes back to the screen in a drama that has been told and retold—the bravery of nurses at the front. This time, however, it's the Russian front, with Miss Sten giving a fine performance as the head volunteer nurse.

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Kent Smith plays the American flier recuperating from wounds. Mimi Forsythe and Kathy Frye are outstanding.

The most exciting scenes show the nurses in actual combat and the ski maneuvers, which are expertly handled.

Your Reviewer Says: A new country but an old story.

✓ The Heavenly Body (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

It seems that science and mysticism just never get together—that is, if astrology can be called mysticism. At any rate, it is to astronomer William Powell (nice having you back on the screen, Willie) who discovers to his horror that his lovely wife, who has more time on her hands than sense in her head, has taken up astrology. What's more, Hedy believes her astrologer Fay Bainter so thoroughly she is all ready to renounce her husband for the tall, dark and handsome new love promised by the stars. Oddly enough, at the exact moment designated by the horoscope, who should walk into Hedy's life but air-raid warden James Craig, who is wholeheartedly for the "new love" idea. From then on the story has astronomer Powell forgetting all about his new comet in order to keep his wife away from Craig.

At times it grows thinner than a slice of rationed butter, but Powell's skillful timing keeps the fun alive. And Hedy is so "lufely" and Craig so handsome.

Your Reviewer Says: And now see what the stars can predict for Hitler.

✓✓ Gung Ho! (Universal)

ONE thing about these war pictures—they stick pretty well to historical events that are still fresh in one's memory and are told with vigor, accuracy and a straightforward honesty.

What, for heaven's sake, could be more dramatic than the story of Colonel Carlson's raiders on Makin Island? If ever a picture paid tribute to a group of men who earned that honor it's this story of those Marines who won for us this strategic island.

The story opens with a call for volunteer Marines at Camp Pendleton. From the 15,000 who responded, 900 are chosen and 210 finally survive the terrific, heartbreaking combat training. Finally the day arrives when the Marines have learned to the nth degree the Gung Ho spirit, that of working together in complete unison, and into two submarines the lads are packed for the trip to Makin.

Scenes of the actual combat training, sequences within the sub and the actual landing, all lead up to battle scenes that for realism are hard to top.

Randy Scott is the perfect choice as Colonel Thornwald. He plays his role (that of Carlson himself, of course,) with a calm that belies the steeliness of the man who learned this wonderful Gung Ho spirit from the Chinese fighters.

Sam Levene, a clever actor, is outstanding as the veteran who had previously fought with the colonel. Alan Curtis, an ordained minister who believes his place is with the boys, Rod Cameron, as a hill-billy from "Kaintuck," Noah Beery Jr. and David Bruce as disagreeing half-brothers, are so good it's difficult to imagine any other lads in their places. Peter Coe as Kozzarowski and Bob Mitchum are also outstanding in the story worthy of that branch of the service—the Leathernecks, to whom it stands as a fitting tribute.

Your Reviewer Says: Action, blood and courage.

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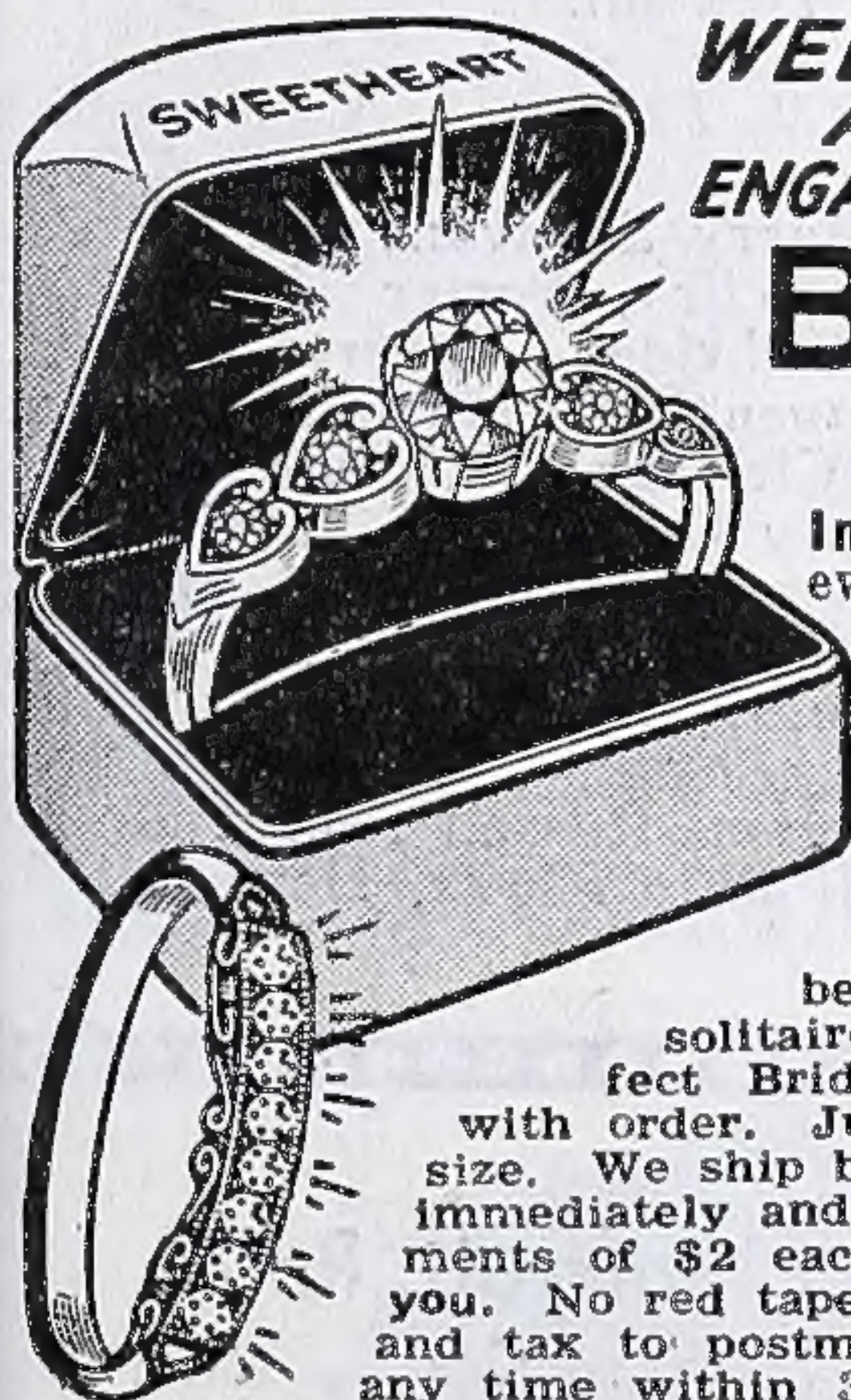
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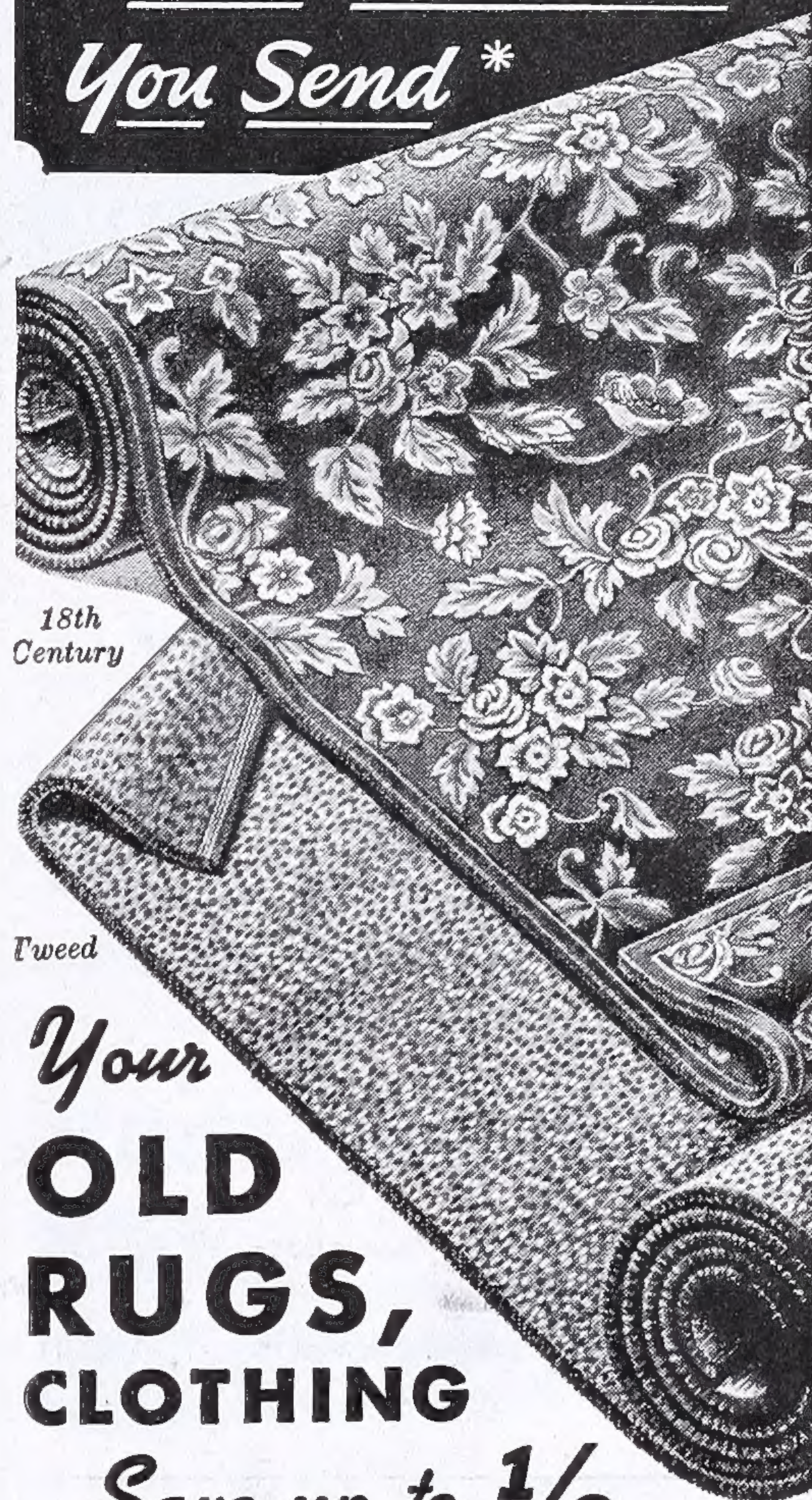
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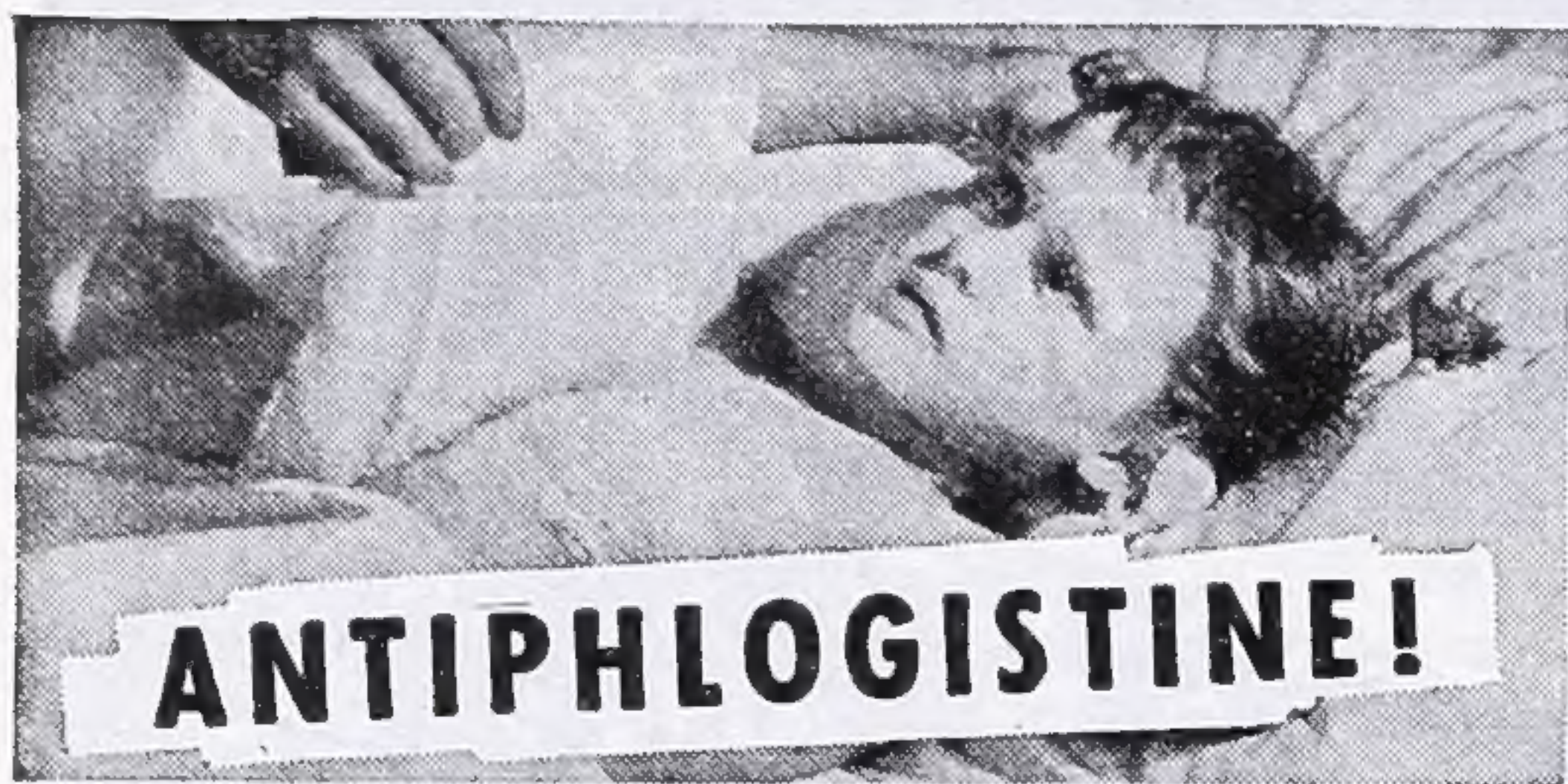
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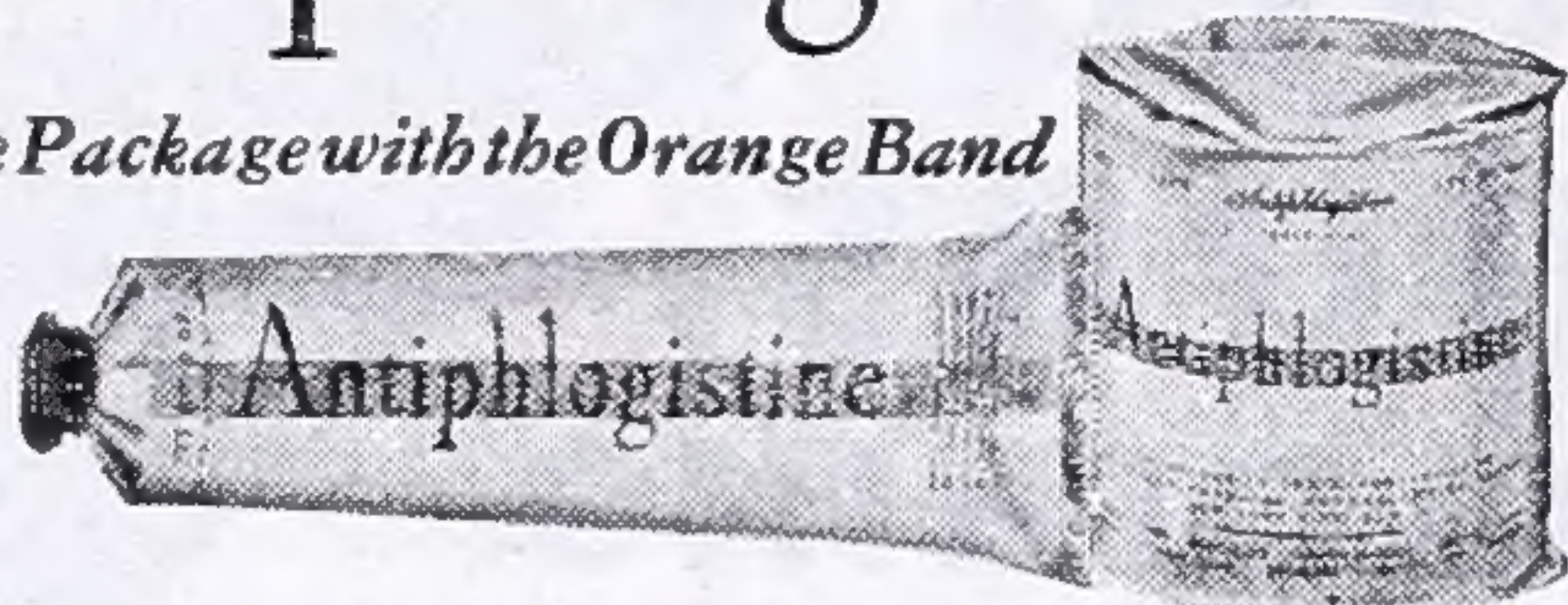
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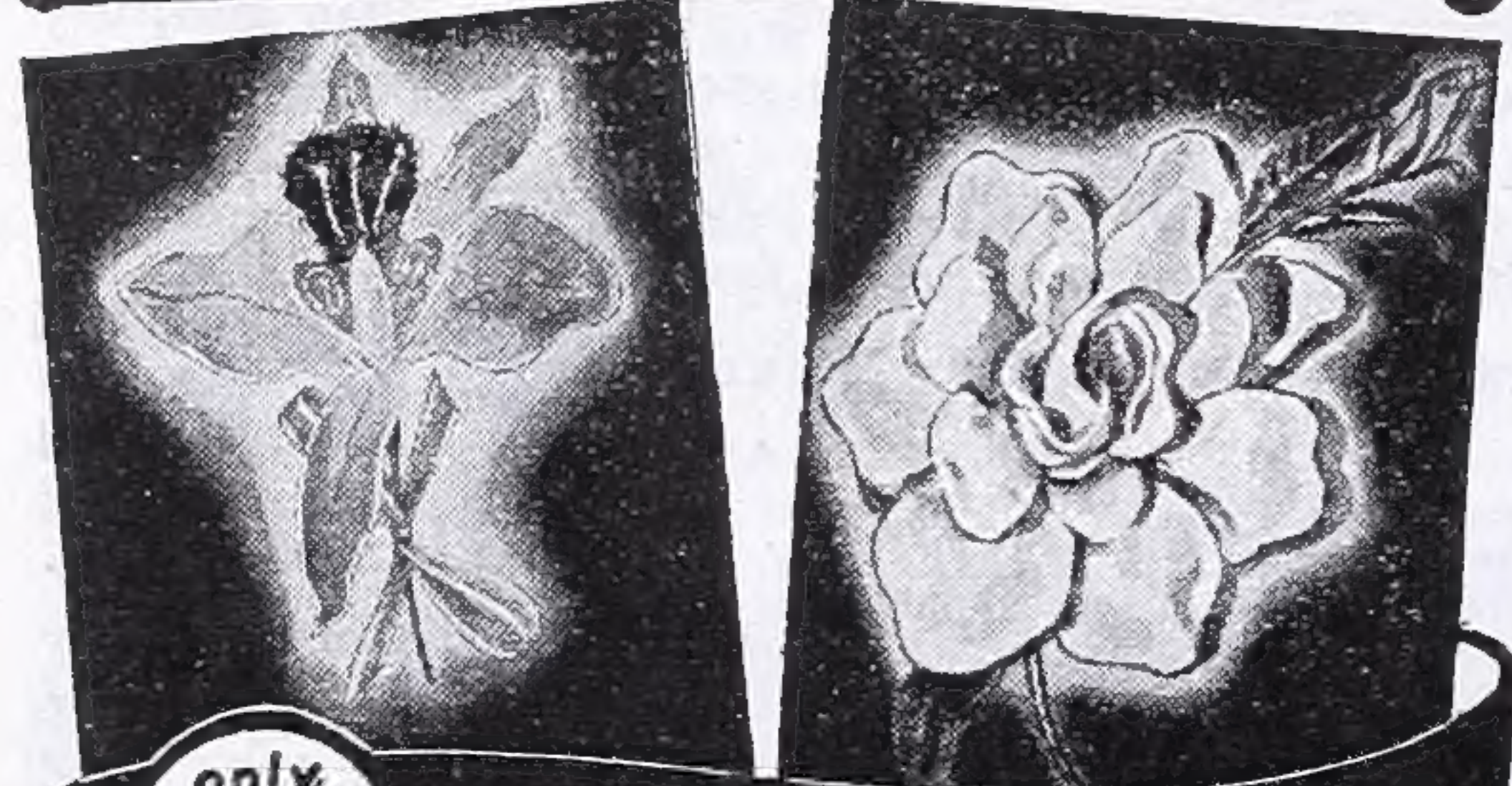


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GUNG-HO—Universal: Colonel Thorwald, Randolph Scott; John Harbison, Alan Curtis; Kurt Richter, Noah Beery Jr.; Lt. C. J. Cristoforos, J. Carrol Naish; Transport (Leo Andreof), Sam Levene; Larry O'Ryan, David Bruce; Captain Dunphy, Richard Lane; McBride, Walter Sande; Lt. Roland Browning, Louis Jean Heydt; Pig-Iron, Robert Mitchum; Rube Tedrow, Rod Cameron; Kathleen Corrigan, Grace McDonald; Commander Blake, Milburn Stone.

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SONG OF BERNADETTE, THE—Twentieth Century-Fox: Bernadette Soubirous, Jennifer Jones; Antoine Nicolau, William Eythe; Peyramale, Charles Bickford; Vital Dutour, Vincent Price; Dr. Dozous, Lee J. Cobb; Sister Marie Therese Vanzous, Gladys Cooper; Louise Soubirous, Anne Revere; Francois Soubirous, Roman Bohnen; Jeanne Abadie, Mary Anderson; Empress Eugenie, Patricia Morison; Lacade, Aubrey Mather; Jacomet, Charles Dingle; Croisine Bouhouhorts, Edith Barrett; Louis Bouriette, Sig Ruman; Aunt Bernarde Casterot, Blanche Yurka; Marie Soubirous, Ermadean Walters; Callet, Marcel Dalio; Dr. Le Crampe, Pedro De Cordoba; Emperor Napoleon III, Jerome Cowan; Bishop of Tarbes, Charles Waldron; Chaplain, Moroni Olsen; Convent Mother Superior, Nana Bryant; Charles Bouhouhorts, Manart Kippen; Jean Soubirous, Merrill Rodin; Justin Soubirous, Nino Pipitone Jr.; Father Pomian, John Maxwell Hayes; Estrade, Jean Del Val; Baker, Nestor Paiva; Madame Bruat, Tala Birell; Madame Nicolau, Eula Morgan; Psychiatrist, Alan Napier; Mother Superior, Dorothy Shearer; Dr. St. Cyr, Frank Reicher; Duran, Charles La Torre; Mayor's Secretary, Nino Pipitone Sr.; Mr. Jones, Edwin Stanley; Baron Massey, Lionel Braham; Minister of Interior, Ian Wolfe; Bishop, Andre Charlot.

TARZAN'S DESERT MYSTERY—RKO: Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller; Boy, Johnny Sheffield; Connie, Nancy Kelly; Hendrix, Otto Kruger; Strader, Joseph Sawyer.

TENDER COMRADE—RKO: Jo Jones, Ginger Rogers; Chris Jones, Robert Ryan; Doris White, Kim Hunter; Helen Stacy, Patricia Collins; Many, Mady Christians; Mike, Richard Martin; Mrs. Henderson, Jane Darwell; Joe Pierson, Richard Gaines.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER—Columbia: Wally Williams, Tom Neal; Carol Harkness, Evelyn Keyes; Frank Malloy, Bruce Bennett; Michael Crocker, John Hubbard; Joan Burton, Jeff Donnell; Alex Grybinski, Frank Sully; Bolivar Jefferson, Lewis Wilson; George Edwards, Robert Stanford; General Sommerton, Jonathan Hale; Lieutenant Martin, Hugh Beaumont; Sergeant Cummings, Kane Richmond; Burroughs, Douglass Drake; Jonesy, Craig Woods.

THREE RUSSIAN GIRLS—U.A., Natasha, Anna Sten; John Hill, Kent Smith; Tamara, Mimi Forsythe; Major Braginski, Alexander Granach; Chijik, Kathy Frye; Trishin, Paul Guilfoyle; Sergei, Kane Richmond; Doctor, Manart Kippen; Misha, Jack Gardner; Shoora, Marcia Lenack; Zina, Mary Herriot; Olga, Anna Marie Stewart; Many, Dorothy Gray; Terkin, Feodor Chaliapin.

UNINVITED, THE—Paramount: Roderick Fitzgerald, Ray Milland; Pamela Fitzgerald, Ruth Hussey; Stella Meredith, Gail Russell; Commander Beech, Donald Crisp; Lizzie Flynn, Barbara Everest; Miss Holloway, Cornelia Otis Skinner; Dr. Scott, Alan Napier; Will Hardy, Ivan S. Simpson; Charlie Jessup, Holmes Herbert; Miss Bird, Margaret Seddon; Miss Ellis, Jessie Newcomb; Annie, Rita Page.

WEST SIDE KID, THE—Republic: Johnny April, Donald Barry; Sam Winston, Henry Hull; Gloria Winston, Dale Evans; Shoeace, Chick Chandler; The Vorrier, Matt McHugh; Mrs. Winston, Nana Bryant; Ramsey Fehsel, Walter Catlett; Donovan, Edward Targan; Gwyllim, Chester Clute; Jerry Winston, Peter Lawford; Dr. Kenton, George Metaxa.

WHAT A MAN!—Monogram: Henry Burrows, Johnny Downs; Jean Rankin, Wanda McKay; Steve Jackson, Robert Kent; Beulah, Etta McDaniels; Prewitt, Harry Holman; Constance, Lillian Bronson; Detective, Wheeler Oakman; Doctor, John Ince; Parsons, I. Stanford Jolley; Boyle, Jack Gardner.

WHAT A WOMAN!—Columbia: Carol Ainsley, Rosalind Russell; Henry Pepper, Brian Aherne; Michael Cobb, Willard Parker; Pat O'Shea, Alan Dinehart; Senator Ainsley, Edward Fielding; Jane Hughes, Ann Savage; Miss Timmons, Norma Varden; Dean Shaeffer, Douglas Wood; Clark, Grady Sutton; Minna, Lilyan Irene; Ben, Frank Dawson.

WOMAN OF THE TOWN, THE—U. A.-Sherman: Dora Hand, Claire Trevor; "Bat" Masterson, Albert Dekker; King Kennedy, Barry Sullivan; Inky Wilkinson, Henry Hull; Dog Kelley, Porter Hall; Rev. Samuel Small, Percy Kilbride; Robert Wright, Arthur Hohl; Daisy Davenport, Marion Martin; Judge Blackburn, George Cleveland; Louella O. Parsons, Beryl Wallace; Fanny Garretson, Teddi Sherman; Buffalo Burns, Clem Bevans; Mrs. Brown, Eula Guy; Mrs. Wright, Claire Whitney; Dr. Sears, Herbert Rawlinson; Wagner, Hal Taliaferro; Eddy Foy, Charley Foy; Mrs. Logan, Frances Morris; Publisher Kansas City Clarion, Russell Hicks; Annie Logan, Marlene Mains; Waddy Kerns, Dewey Robinson.

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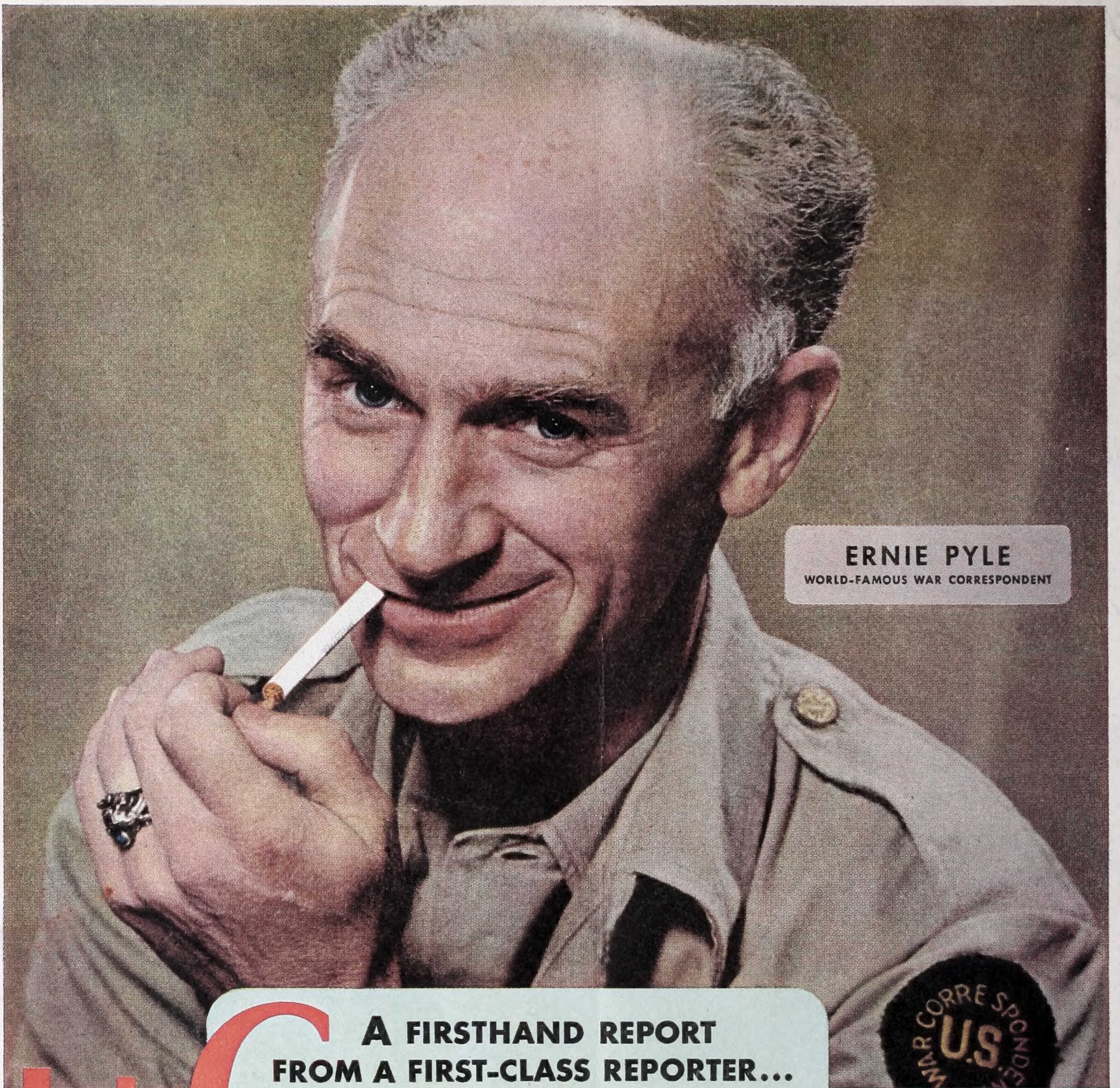
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